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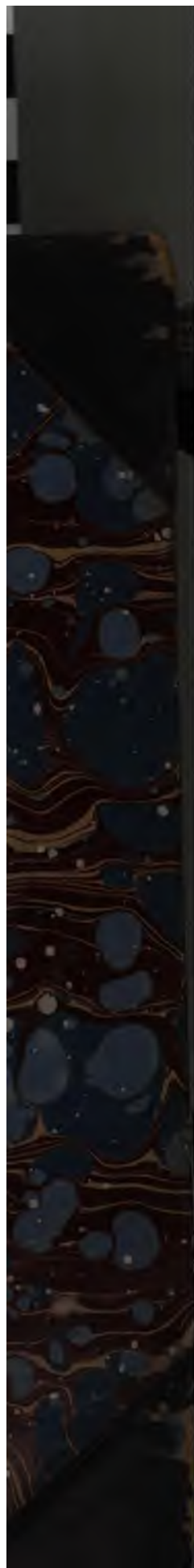
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CONTENTS.

ART. I.—“THE SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST”	PAGE 1
Interest of the subject-matter of “The Sacred Books of the East”—Native faiths of China: Confucianism, its classical books, and Taouism—Persia and the Parsis; interest and importance of their sacred literature—Zoroaster and his doctrine—Hinduism; Professor Max Müller’s Hindu texts—Mr. Rhys Davids’ Buddhist texts—“The Sacred Books” give little fresh information regarding the system of Islam—The spirit in which non-Christian systems should be studied: their historical and practical value, and danger of the study.	
ART. II.—ELECTRIC LIGHTING	33
Stimulus given by Mr. Edison to scientific industry—Most important recent development of Electric Lighting—Electricity not likely to altogether supersede coal-gas—What electricity is; how generated—Siemens’ armature and Wild’s generator—Dynamo generators—Conductors: their importance—Lamps: The “arc” lamp—The “incandescent” lamp: their manufacture—Subdivision of electric current—The question of storing electric energy: various forms of accumulators—The question of “cost.”	
ART. III.—THE NOMENCLATURE OF THE DAYS OF THE WEEK .	56
Study of European languages under a religious aspect: degree of pagan element in them—Struggle between pagan and Christian terminology—The nomenclature of the week—1, in Latin: word “feria”—2, in Greek—	
VOL. VIII.—NO. I. [<i>Third Series.</i>]	A

3, in Slav tongues—4, in the Teutonic dialects—5, in Basque—6, in Irish—Table of results : proportion of religious, indifferent, and pagan elements—The cause of disproportion of these elements in various tongues ; nature of a country's conversion—Preponderance of religious element in Irish : Ireland's sudden and universal conversion and faith.	PAGE
ART. IV.—S. FRANCIS DE SALES : DOCTOR OF THE CHURCH .	74
Praise of S. Francis by various holy men and others— Value of the various biographies of the Saint—His youth : influence of his mother—His studies : his favourite authors—His controversial writings : Contents of "The Controversies" described—His devotional writings : sermons, letters, and treatises—The Saint as a preacher—His numerous letters : they form a body of doctrine—His treatises : "Introduction to a Devout Life" and "The Love of God"—The "Spirit of S. Francis de Sales."	
ART. V.—THE VICES OF AGNOSTIC POETRY	104
Religion a chief source of sublimity in poetry : its loss among agnostic writers great—Their offensive familiarity with God and the name of Christ—Their pantheism and dismal view of life—Perversion of the term "æsthetic"—Agnostic poetry superficial and obscure, exuberant of ornament—Their paganism and its origin : the germs in Shelley, Keats, and Walter Savage Landor : development in A. C. Swinburne—His "Songs before Sunrise"—Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night"—Influence religious poetry has had on the world : agnostic effort to undo this—Advantages of the Christian over the agnostic poet—The great poet still to arise.	
ART. VI.—CATHOLICISM IN NORTH AFRICA	127
Significance of Mgr. Lavigerie's elevation to the Cardinalate—Decline of Christianity in North Africa—Present condition of Christian Missions : new missionary district of the Sahara and Soudan—The Kabyles and the Touaregs, lost and lapsed progeny of early African Christians—Condition, customs, and history of the	

Contents.

iii

PAGE

Touaregs—Tripoli the station of the Algerian missionaries—The town and population of R'damès : life there public and domestic—An exploratory journey of two missionaries to the Azguer-Touaregs—A fatal journey—Jesuit mission among the Kabyles—Instances of Arab heroism in the cause of Christianity—Christian Archæology of North Africa.

ART. VII.—MR. FREEMAN'S "WILLIAM RUFUS" 158

Archaisms, &c., of Mr. Freeman's style—His account of the sieges of Tunbridge, Pevensy, and Rochester—Mr. Freeman's faults as a historian—His account of the appeal of St. Anselm—He admits a grave charge against the Saint's sanctity—Graver accusations in the teeth of authorities—Mr. Freeman's failure to establish his contentions.

ART. VIII.—IRELAND 182

The joint Letter of the Irish Bishops—Its importance—Ireland's troubles owing in great measure to British and Protestant injustice in the past and absence of sympathy in the present—Evictions : their number and atrocity—The "Prevention of Crime" Bill : will not improbably result in condemnations without evidence—Danger to Ireland from communistic agitators : Mr. Davitt and the *Irish World*—The latest demonstration of the landlords.

LETTERS OF POPE LEO XIII. 201

Letter to the Bishops of Sicily—Apostolic letters on the Reform of the Order of St. Basil.

SCIENCE NOTICES 209

A New Antiseptic Process—Eucalyptus and the Roman Malaria—Dr. Siemens on Solar Energy—The Photography of Rapid Motions.

NOTICES OF CATHOLIC CONTINENTAL PERIODICALS 213

Katholik—Hist. Jahrbuch der Goerres-Gesellschaft—Historisch-politische Blätter—La Civiltà Cattolica—Le Contemporain.

NOTICES OF BOOKS	PAGE 225
Abbé Pimont's Hymnes du Bréviaire Romain—Westcott and Hort's Greek New Testament—Father Kleutgen's Institutiones Theologicæ—Father Knabenbaur's Prophet Isaias—Father Nilles's Kalendarium Ecclesiæ Orientalis et Occidentalis—Rev. S. Kettlewell's Thomas à Kempis—Mr. Holmes-Forbes' Science of Beauty—Dr. Decès' Science et Vérité—Mr. Guinness Rogers's Church Systems of England—Paul Fournier's La Question agraire en Irlande—M. Wilson-Cowley's Histoire d'Irlande—Ralston's Tibetan Tales—Madhava Acharya's Hindu Philosophy—Rev. W. Henley Jervis's Gallican Church—Pabisch and Byrne's Alzog's Church History—"Granville Reader" History of England—Abbé Riche's Somme de S. Paul—Rev. F. Hall's Fast-ing Communion—M. A. Meredith's Theotokos—Miss Clerke's Flying Dutchman—Dr. Young's The Sun—Debrett's Peerage—Mr. Maskell's Ancient English Liturgy, and Monumenta Ritualia—Heinrich Heine's Religion and Philosophy in Germany—Speaker's Commentary, Vol. IV.—Agnes Wilmott's History—My Lady at Last—Rev. F. G. Lee's Reginald Barentyne.	

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ART. I.—WILLIAM GEORGE WARD	265
General feeling of loss: and general expression of regret at his death—The important work he did for and through THE DUBLIN REVIEW—His last expression as to the condition and dangers of English Catholics—Catalogue of Mr. Ward's writings.	
ART. II.—ALESSANDRO MANZONI AND HIS WORKS	273
Place of Manzoni in Italian literature—Parallel between Manzoni and Scott—Manzoni's biography: childhood, youth, marriage; his re-conversion to Catholicity—He writes "I Promessi Sposi"—ends his literary career—Domestic life and letters—His character and appearance—Analysis of his three important works: "Il Conte di Carmagnola," "Adelchi," and "I Promessi Sposi"—His lyrical poems—Manzoni's great task was the formation of a literary vernacular.	
ART. III.—THE RESURRECTION OF IRELAND	302
Mr. Lecky's qualifications as an historian—His accurate account of English ascendancy in Ireland—Penal laws at accession of George III., and wretched condition of the peasantry—Rapid and favourable change in their condition after 1760: Irish parliamentary action at this time—Influence of the American War of Independence—Amelioration of commercial and civil disabilities in 1778, and rise of volunteer movement—Repeal of commercial restraints—Agitation for legisla-	

	tive independence—Removal of many of the religious disabilities.	PAGE
ART. IV.—THE CHILDHOOD OF RELIGIONS		331
	Mr. Clodd's books clever and mischievous—The discussions about the origin of religions have shown the existence of some religion in every nation and race—Community of type in all religions: Christian explanation of—Modern explanatory theory rejects a primitive revelation—Fallacy of taking root of word "spirit" as a proof—Attempt to reach monotheism through dualism: Persian dualism a corruption of monotheism—Retgression and not progress to be traced in history of classic paganism, of Indian, and of Jewish religions—Superiority of Vedic over Brahmanic Hinduism: Varuna the last trace of a lost monotheism—Buddhism not a step upwards to monotheism—Traces in all religions of an original monotheism—Mr. Clodd's use of the Bible.	
ART. V.—BERTHOLD AUERBACH		354
	Birth and childhood of Auerbach at Nordstettin; simplicity of life there—Nature of the Suabian dialect—Auerbach travels, and discovers the Black Forest—His Village Tales: "Barfüssele," a local Cinderella, and "Edelweiss;" most fascinating—His strong German sympathies, and the story of "Waldfried"—His 'Auf der Höhe' an attempt to teach Spinoza's philosophy: an outline of the story—His last story, "Landolin"—Three great German literary Slaves since Goethe: Heine, Freiligrath, and Auerbach, compared—Auerbach's rank and work.	
ART. VI.—THE COREA		373
	Corea the "forbidden land:" also the land of martyrs—Its physical aspect; its people, their superstitious religion—Singular beginning of Christianity, without priests—First martyrs: the age of persecutions repeated—Brighter prospects followed by persecution of 1839—New persecution since 1864: Christians nearly swept	

Contents.

iii

PAGE

away—Re-entry of missionaries in 1876, and renewal of persecution in 1878—Corean prison-life—Question of toleration for Christians and Corean foreign policy of exclusion—Present prospects.

ART. VII.—TAINE'S FRENCH REVOLUTION 397

The Revolution a Greek tragedy—Peculiar merit and literary defects of M. Taine's book—His study of the social causes of the revolution; the *ancien régime*; corruptions of society—Analysis of Rousseau's paramount influence—Violence the work of a small class: destruction of the Girondin legend—M. Taine's account of the Church and religion prior to the revolution—Causes of downfall long at work—Three enemies of the Church working together: Gallicanism, Jansenism, and Free-thinking.

ART VIII.—CATHOLIC MEMORIES OF AN OLD ENGLISH CITY . 417

North and North-west of England longest retained the faith—Story of St. Cuthbert and Durham—Building and after-history of the cathedral—Political history centring round Durham—Catholicity in Durham in Elizabeth's reign—Struggle for religion and its final overthrow: last Mass in the cathedral—Martyrs.

LETTER OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE BISHOPS OF IRELAND . 434

SCIENCE NOTICES 438

The British Association—The Channel Tunnel—The Canada Meeting—The Lunar Atmosphere.

NOTICES OF CATHOLIC CONTINENTAL PERIODICALS 441

The Katholik—Historisch-politische Blätter—Görres-Gesellschaft Jahrbuch—La Civiltà Cattolica—Revue des Questions Historiques—Le Contemporain.

NOTICES OF BOOKS 454

Bishop Ullathorne's Groundwork of the Christian Virtues—Dr. Yanzhul's English Free Trade—Rev. J. B. Cox's Matriculation Papers in English—E. W. V. Volckxsom's

Catechism of Modern Elementary Chemistry—Aubrey de Vere's Foray of Queen Meave—Dr. Bardenhewer's Liber de Causis—Father Pope's Translation of Capelatro's Life of St. Philip Neri—Wetzer and Welte's New Kirchenlexikon—T. W. Allies' Church and State—Miss. Kershaw's Bobby and Birdie—the Youth's Cabinet—Our Little Ones—Life of Sister Francis Xavier—G. J. Romanes' Animal Intelligence—Remote Antiquity of Man not proven—Abbé Moigno's Splendeurs de la Foi—Father Wilberforce's Life of St. Lewis Bertrand—Dr. Gutberlet's Lehrbuch der Philosophie—Rev. W. Webster's Spain—Natural Religion—Mr. Mallock's Social Equality—Rev. J. A. McCallan's Sanctuary-Boys' Manual—H. L. Sidney Lear's Life of Lacordaire—Canon Bourke's Life of Archbishop MacHale—Fernan Caballero's National Pictures—Rev. T. Mozley's Reminiscences of Oriel—An Argument for the Divinity of Jesus Christ—Monsignor Seton's Essays—Father Ryder's Poems—T. Davidson's Parthenon Frieze—The Marquess of Bute's Altus of St. Columba—Rev. Edwin Hatch's Early Christian Church—Rev. W. H. Simcox's Beginning of the Christian Church—Bagnall's Translation of Tiele's Egyptian Religion—Monsignor Preston's Protestantism and the Church—W. Scawen Blunt's Future of Islam—Rev. W. W. Skeat's Etymological Dictionary—Rev. F. Drew's Ave Maria—Faiths of the World—Marriage Laws—Seventh Volume of Brother Foley's Records.

BOOKS OF DEVOTION AND SPIRITUAL READING . . . 520

Father Pergmayr's Truths of Salvation—Works of St. Francis of Assisi—A Saint among Saints—C. Kenny's Half-Hours with Saints—Golden Sands—Father Lloyd's Saints of 1881—Bellectius' Solid Virtue—Orsini's Life of the Blessed Virgin—Spirit of St. Francis de Sales—Father Moriarty's All for Love—Daily Prayer-book—Office of the Holy Ghost—Child's Hymn-book—Father Casey's Verses.

THE
DUBLIN REVIEW.

JULY, 1882.

ART. I.—THE SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST.

1. *The Sacred Books of the East*. Translated by various Oriental Scholars, and edited by F. MAX MÜLLER. Vols. I.—XIII. and Vol. XVI. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.
2. *Essays on the Sacred Language, Writings and Religion of the Parsis*. By MARTIN HAUG, Ph.D. Second edition. Edited by S. W. WEST, Ph.D. London: Trübner & Co. (Trübner's Oriental Series).
3. *The Legend of Gaudama, the Buddha of the Burmese*. By the Right Rev. P. BIGANDET, Bishop of Ramatha, Vicar Apostolic of Ava and Pegu. In two volumes. Third edition. London: Trübner & Co. (Trübner's Oriental Series).
4. *A Buddhist Catechism, according to the Canon of the Southern Church*. By HENRY S. OLCOTT, President of the Theosophical Society. London: Trübner & Co.
5. *Confucianism and Taouism*. By ROBERT K. DOUGLAS, Professor of Chinese at King's College, London. Published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

I.

I WISH in this paper to call attention to a series of publications which appear to me to cast much new light upon facts of the highest interest and importance in the history of our race. For assuredly of all historical facts in any age or in any clime, the most momentous are the religious. What men really believe about the meaning and end of human life, about their own nature and destiny—these it may be safely affirmed are the first things about them. “*Idearum notionumque vicissitudines potius quam hominum vitas exigit historia,*” observes a learned writer.*

* Plater.

He is speaking especially of the history of medicine, but the dictum holds good universally: for the lives of men are but the expression of their ideas and notions: our deeds are the results of our thoughts. We could not act at all without some sort of creed—even if it be only the melancholy creed of Goethe's Faust, "to know that nothing can be known," or that which Mr. Carlyle describes as being held with most real assent by the majority of Englishmen, "a belief in the inalienable nature of purchased beef." Now the series of publications of which I am about to speak, "*The Sacred Books of the East*," merits our attention as unfolding for us the true character of those great religions which have played, and are playing, so vast a part in the career of humanity. Let us consider for a moment the religious condition of the world. According to the most trustworthy statistics, Catholics, at the present moment, constitute twelve per cent. of the human race—I mean nominal Catholics; among them, as we know too well, being multitudes of whom M. Gambetta, M. Clémenceau, M. Paul Bert, M. Van Humbeck, M. Bara, Signor Alberto Mario, Signor Ferrari may be taken as types—while Greek Christians amount to six per cent., and Christians of all Protestant sects and denominations, from Anglicanism down to Mormonism, to eight per cent. So that the total number of Christians, using the word in its widest signification, may be said to be twenty-six per cent. of the world's population, or 327,000,000 of souls. Of the remaining seventy-four per cent. 160,000,000 are reckoned as Hindus, and 155,000,000 as Moham-madans, whence it would seem that both these classes of religionists outnumber the population of the countries nominally Catholic. Buddhists appear to reach the astounding figure of 500,000,000. It is true that in this calculation are included all the inhabitants of China, a country where, as Professor Max Müller observes, it is difficult to know to what religion a man belongs, as the same person may profess two or three. But rough measures alone are possible in a census of creeds. As I have just observed, vast multitudes in Europe, wholly indifferent or bitterly hostile to the Catholic religion, are ranged by the statistician among its votaries. With better reason is the occasional conformist to the Buddhist Church in China reckoned among Buddhists, although he may also assist now and then at the Confucian sacrifices and may sometimes share in the worship of the Taossean temples.

Such, then, is the position of mankind at present, religiously considered: only twelve per cent. even nominal adherents of the Church which the Apostles set up at Pentecost, the Church which, as we Catholics know (it is part of our faith), alone has "the adoption of sons and the glory and the covenants, and

the revealed law and the service of God and the promises;” only twenty-six per cent.—make it 30·7 per cent., which is Berghaus’ estimate—who by any stretch of figures can be reckoned as professed Christians. And this, be it remembered, after Christianity has been in the world two thousand years. But two thousand years are a small space in the past history of mankind. In the ages before Christ the knowledge of the true God was embodied in Judaism, which had no pretension to be a universal religion, but emphatically repudiated that character, and which, as a matter of fact, was confined to a small tribe of Northern Semites, ignorant of and unknown by the countless generations who in every clime were engaged in filling the earth and subduing it. The earliest date which can at present be fixed with absolute certainty is perhaps that of the beginning of the indisputably historical kings of Egypt, in the forty-fifth century before Christ. Before that we can but dimly conjecture regarding the antiquity of the human race upon the earth. But I suppose all competent authorities are now agreed that it is immense, and that the old chronological notions long current on the subject must be abandoned. However that may be, and whatever view we may take upon this matter, it is clear that an overwhelmingly vast majority of mankind have passed away without any acquaintance with the religious system, whether in its present form of Christianity, or in its earlier Hebrew phase, to which we turn for guidance in life and hope in death. And surely the inquiry what filled the place in their existence, which that system fills in ours, is an inquiry of the highest interest and importance to every student of man and society, and of the history of man and society; for to express again, in the emphatic language of Professor Max Müller, what I have already said in other words, “The history of man is the history of religion.”

The great debt which we owe to the distinguished Oxford Professor who planned this series of “Sacred Books of the East,” and to the Oriental scholars who have worked with him in carrying out his design, is that these volumes supply us with the means of understanding the great non-Christian religions more fully and fairly than was previously possible. For here are made easily accessible to us, for the first time,* accurate, complete, and unembellished English versions of the authentic documents upon which rest the six great systems professing to

* “Several have [previously] been translated into English, French, German, or Latin, but in some cases these translations are difficult to procure, in others they are loaded with notes or commentaries which are intended for students by profession only.”—*Preface to “Sacred Books of the East,”* p. xli.

be founded on books—viz., the religion of the Brahmans, the religion of the followers of Buddha, the religion of the followers of Zoroaster, the religion of the followers of Confucius, the religion of the followers of Lâotze, the religion of the followers of Mohammed. As Professor Max Müller writes :—

These are the only great and original religions which profess to be founded on Sacred Books, and have preserved them in manuscript. Neither Greeks, nor Romans, nor Germans, nor Celts, nor Slaves have left us anything that deserves the name of Sacred Books. The Homeric Poems are national Epics, like the Rāmâyana and the Nibelunge, and the Homeric Hymns have never received that general recognition or sanction which alone can impart to the poetical effusions of personal piety the sacred or canonical character which is the distinguishing feature of the Vedic Hymns. The sacred literature of the early inhabitants of Italy seems to have been of a liturgical rather than of a purely religious kind, and whatever the Celts, the Germans, the Slaves may have possessed of sacred traditions about their gods and heroes, having been handed down by oral tradition chiefly, has perished beyond all hope of recovery. Some portions of the Eddas alone give us an idea of what the religious and heroic poetry of the Scandinavians may have been. The Egyptians possessed Sacred Books, and some of them, such as the Book of the Dead, have come down to us in various forms. There is a translation of the Book of the Dead, by Dr. Birch, published in the fifth volume of Bunsen's "Egypt," and a new edition and translation of this important work may be expected from the combined labours of Birch, Chabas, Lepsius, and Naville. In Babylon and Assyria, too, important fragments of what may be called a Sacred Literature have lately come to light. The interpretation, however, of these hieroglyphic and cuneiform texts is as yet so difficult that, for the present, they are of interest to the scholar only, and hardly available for historical purposes.*

The six religions, then, which I have enumerated are those for the elucidation of which this series of Sacred Books of the East is designed. What I propose now to do is to give some account of the works which the translators of the fourteen volumes as yet published have put before us, and that not in the way of criticism of the manner in which they have executed their task—an undertaking for which my own extremely slight tincture of Oriental scholarship would in no case qualify me. I shall assume, as the verdict of the most competent authorities authorizes me to do, that, upon the whole, these versions have been well and faithfully executed. And I shall merely indicate briefly the nature and historical value of the documents which they make accessible to us.

* "Sacred Books of the East," vol. i. Pref. p. lx.

II.

The six religions at the sources of which we are thus about to glance, may be grouped in two classes :—those confined to particular peoples, tribes, or races, which we may, perhaps, call national or tribal religions ; and those which, like Christianity, aim at embracing the whole human race, and which may aptly be denominated universal religions. Confucianism and Tâoism, Zoroastrianism and Brahminism, are of the former kind ; Buddhism and Mohammedanism of the latter. Let us first look at the Sacred Books of the former group.

We will begin with the religions of China, the indigenous religions ; for Buddhism, as I need hardly say, is a foreign importation, perhaps introduced into the country in the third century, B.C., but certainly not authoritatively recognized till the third quarter of our first century.* The two great native faiths of China are Confucianism and Tâoism ; and of these Confucianism, the State religion, “ the religion of China *par excellence*,” as Dr. Legge calls it, is of peculiar interest to us just now, because it in some sort realizes the ideal of a certain school of modern thinkers. As M. Quinet has well remarked, “ Rationalism is the religion of China ; positive faith the only heresy ; the strong-minded man the only Pope.”† And again :—“ At the other end of the world a society is discovered, whose principles are equality of all its members, intellect the sole ground of pre-eminence, personal merit the sole aristocracy. Everything there is regulated by the laws of human nature, its one great idol being good sense. But as soon as these marvels have aroused the admiration of the West, comes the discovery that this wonderful people neither breathes, nor moves, nor lives, and that all this wisdom has only ended by creating an automaton. Why is this ? Because man is there deprived of an ideal superior to himself. Stifled within the narrow limits of humanity, the dwarf society has, in everything, lost its crown. Morality wants heroism ; royalty its royal muse ; verse poetry ; philosophy metaphysics ; life immortality, because, above all, God is wanting.” Such, according to M. Edgar Quinet, is Confucianism ; and the description of it is just enough. I should observe, however, that the name Confucianism is somewhat inaccurate. Confucius—the date of his birth is B.C. 551—emphatically repudiated the character of Founder of a religion. He claimed to be only a transmitter. “ He would neither affirm nor relate anything for which he could not adduce some document of acknowledged authority ; although,

* See Dr. Legge’s Preface to the Texts of Confucianism, “ Sacred Books of the East,” vol. iii. Pref. xiii.

† “ La Génie des Religions.”

as Dr. Legge justly remarks, it is possible that his accounts of the ancient views and practices took, unconsciously to himself, some colour from the peculiar character of his mind.* And, as this very learned writer goes on to observe:—"It is an error even to suppose that Confucius compiled the historical documents, poems, and other ancient books, from various works existing in his time. Portions of the oldest works had already perished. His study of those that remained, and his exhortations to his disciples also to study them, contributed to their preservation. What he wrote or said about their meaning should be received by us with reverence; but if all the works which he handled had come down to us entire, we should have been, so far as it is possible for foreigners to be, in the same position as he was for learning the ancient religion of his country. Our textbooks would be the same as his. Unfortunately, most of the ancient books suffered loss and injury after Confucius had passed from the stage of life. We have reason, however, to be thankful that we possess so many and so much of them. No other literature comparable to them for antiquity has come down to us in such a state of preservation."

Of this literature, the four great classics which we possess are called the Shû King, the Shih King, the Yî King, and the Lî King—that is to say, the Book of History,† the Book of Poetry, the Book of Changes,‡ and the Book of Rites. Of these, the first and third and a considerable portion of the second have been translated by Dr. Legge, in the third and sixteenth volumes of the "Sacred Books," as also the short treatise attributed to Confucius, known as the Hsiâo King, or Classic of Filial Piety—an attempt to construct a religion on that basis. More of the authoritative documents of Confucianism, are promised us in subsequent volumes of the "Sacred Books," as well as the texts of the other native religion of China founded by the contemporary of Confucius, Lâotze. Here it must suffice to point out the points in which

* "Sacred Books," vol. iii. Pref. xiv.

† The documents of various kinds which it contains relate to the period from about B.C. 2357–627.—*Sacred Books of the East*, vol. iii. p. 1.

‡ Fr. Angelo Lotti gives the following account of this curious work:—"Quid igitur tandem famosus iste Yî King? Paucis accipe: ex linearum qualitate continua vel intercisâ; earumque situ, imo, medio, vel supremo; mutuaque ipsarum relatione, occursu, dissidio, convenientia; ex ipso scilicet trigrammatum corpore seu forma, tum ex trigrammatum symbolo seu imagine, tum ex trigrammatum proprietate seu virtute, tum etiam aliquando ex unius ad alterum hexagramma varietate, eruitur aliqua imago, deducitur aliqua sententia, quoddam veluti oraculum continens, quod sorte etiam consulere possis ad documentum obtinendum, moderandæ vitæ solvendove dubio consentaneum. Ita liber juxta Confucii explicationem in scholis tradi solitam."—Quoted by Dr. Legge, "Sacred Books," vol. xvi. Pref. p. xvii.

the two systems differ and agree. They differ in this. Confucius put aside, in practice, the supernatural. His attitude towards it was not one of denial. He may be said to have held a kind of shadowy theism. He appears to have thought of Heaven as the Epicureans thought of the gods:—

. . . namque deos didici securum agere ævum
Nec si quid miri faciat natura deos id
Tristes ex alto cœli demittere tecto.

He acknowledges—as Mr. Douglas puts it—“a supreme Providence, which orders but does not direct.”* “Spirits,” he says—meaning the spirits of departed ancestors—“are to be honoured, but kept at a distance.” He believes that man is born good, and that the evil in the world is the fruit of bad education and bad laws, and remediable, in great part, at all events, by the State. The development of those emotions which arise from man’s real nature, and are good, the suppression of those emotions from without which tend to evil—such is his royal road to human perfectibility. He holds that not transcendental problems, but the question how to promote the greatest happiness—that is to say, the greatest material comfort—of the greatest number, should occupy the mind of the wise man. Lâotze, on the other hand, is essentially a mystic, and his religion derives its name of Tâoism from Tâo—the Absolute and Eternal—which he conceived of, as M. Julien observes, as “dépourvu d’action, de pensée, de jugement, d’intelligence,” and as the only reality from which are all things, by which are all things, and to which all things return. The exact meaning of Tâo has much exercised Sinologists. It has been rendered by some as the Way, by others as the Truth, by others, again, as the Life. It would appear to be all these, and would seem to present some analogy to Will, as Schopenhauer conceives of it, the primordial reality, the universal and fundamental essence, whence issue all activities, pervading the universe, primarily unconscious, but attaining consciousness in the world of representation. In a world which is full of evil, peace is to be found only in “laying hold of the great form of Tâo,”† and the way to lay hold upon this One Reality is by self-abnegation. “One pure act of self-resignation he holds to be worth a hundred thousand exercises of one’s own will.”‡ It was doubtless these elements of mysticism and asceticism which rendered Tâoism—as also in later times Buddhism—a living power to multitudes in China, the deeper instincts of whose spiritual nature the mere Utilitarianism

* See Professor Douglas’s “Confucianism,” *passim*.

† “Tâo-Ti King,” c. xxxv., quoted by Mr. Douglas, “Taouism,” p. 212.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 213.

or Secularism or Positivism—call it what you will—of Confucius failed to satisfy. They are elements, it may be observed in passing, which in the course of twenty-five centuries appear to have been corrupted into mere abject superstition and magic. So much as to the difference between the systems of Confucius and Lâotze. What they have in common is that they are both politico-ethical systems. Both look to an enlightened despot to remedy the woes of the world: but Confucius would have him achieve this desirable consummation by laws; Lâotze by moral influence. It must be acknowledged that many of the maxims of Lâotze display profound political wisdom, which politicians—I will not say statesmen—of our own day might with advantage learn; as, for example, when he teaches that “a nation is a growth, not a manufacture;” that “the spiritual weapons of this world cannot be formed by laws and regulations;” and that “prohibitory enactments and constant intermeddling in political and social matters merely tend to produce the evils which they are intended to avert.”* By way of specimen of the Confucian doctrine I would call particular attention to the very remarkable treatise called “The Great Plan,” which we find in the Shû King.† This document, which unfortunately is too long to be presented here, is worthy of very careful study. It is of the most venerable antiquity, and may probably be referred—at all events, as to the larger portion of it—to a period of two thousand years before Christ. “The Great Plan,” it should be explained, means “the great model for the government of the nation; the method by which the people may be rendered happy and tranquil, in harmony with their condition, through the perfect character of the king, and his perfect administration of government.” As P. Gaubil says, “the book is a treatise at once of physics, astrology, divination, politics, morals, and religion.”‡

III.

And now let us pass from China to Persia, and look at the documents which remain to us of the great religion of the Magi—once the dominant creed of a mighty empire, now almost extinct in its ancient seat, and kept alive by the small community, numbering at the outside only some 150,000 souls, known as the Parsis, and for the last two centuries settled at Bombay. “As the Parsis are the ruins of a people [writes Professor Darmesteter], so are their Sacred Books the ruins of a religion. There has been no other great belief in the world that ever left such poor and meagre monuments of its past splendour. Yet great is the value which that small book, the Avesta, and the belief of that

* Douglas, p. 198.

† Part v. book iv. p. 139.

‡ Quoted by Dr. Legge, *ibid.*

scanty people, the Parsis, have in the eyes of the historian and theologian, as they present to us the last reflex of the ideas which prevailed in Iran during the five centuries which preceded, and the seven which followed the birth of Christ, a period which gave to the world the Gospels, the Talmud, and the Qur'ân. Persia, it is known, had much influence on each of the movements which produced, or proceeded from, those three books; she lent much to the first heresiarchs, much to the Rabbis, much to Mohammed. By help of the Parsi religion and the Avesta, we are enabled to go back to the very heart of that most momentous period in the history of religious thought which saw the blending of the Aryan mind with the Semitic, and thus opened the second stage of Aryan thought."*

Such is the interest and importance of the sacred literature of the Parsis. The story of the opening up of that literature to European investigation is one of the most romantic in the history of scholarship. Until towards the end of the last century the Zend-Avesta, although manuscripts of it had been brought to Europe, was a sealed book to the Western world. It was about the year 1750 that Anquetil Duperron conceived the design of penetrating its secrets and of earning for himself the glory of being the first to explore those mysterious regions of religious thought. It was an aspiration which might well have seemed Quixotic in the extreme, for the enthusiastic young Frenchman was without money, without friends, and but modestly equipped with scholarship. But, "*audax omnia perpeti*," he worked his way out to Bombay as a common sailor. Arrived there, after a very difficult and dangerous voyage, he found himself apparently little nearer his end than when he started, but fortunately the protection of the French Government was obtained for him. He set about learning the Avesta and Pahlavi languages, and after many rebuffs he acquired the confidence and friendship of learned Parsi priests. At last he thought himself sufficiently advanced to engage upon a translation of the Zend-Avesta, and in 1761 he returned to Europe bringing it with him, as well as some one hundred and eighty Oriental manuscripts. In 1771 he published his great work, "*Zend-Avesta, the work of Zoroaster, containing the theological, physical, and moral ideas of this law-giver, the ceremonies of the divine service which he established, and several important traits respecting the ancient history of the Persians, translated into French from the Zend original, with Notes and several Treatises for illustrating the matters contained in it.*"

Thus was a beginning made of Avesta studies in Europe.

* "*Sacred Books*," vol. iv. Introduction, p. xii.

Anquetil's work was at first received by most scholars of name with incredulity and even contempt. Sir William Jones and the Persian lexicographer Richardson thought that he had been imposed upon by the Parsi priests, and that the documents which he had obtained from them were manifest forgeries. Meiners and Tychsen were of the same opinion. But Kleuker admitted the authenticity of Anquetil's work, as also did most French Orientalists. Its authenticity has long ago been put beyond question; but the researches of later scholars have shown that its translations are often very wide of the sense of the original, as is not surprising seeing that the translator possessed neither grammar nor dictionary of the Avesta language. Dr. Haug indeed observes,* that from a critical point of view it can only be regarded as a summary in an extended form of the contents of the Avesta. It was another Frenchman, the illustrious Eugène Burnouf, who, among his other titles to fame, must be reckoned the real founder of Avesta philology; but, as Dr. Haug points out, "he never could have succeeded in laying the foundations without Anquetil's labours." The foundations were however laid, and securely; and subsequent scholars—conspicuous among them Bopp and Spiegel, Westergaard and Benfey, the learned Catholic divine Windischmann, whose researches were cut short by his premature death, and M. C. de Harlez, the distinguished Louvain professor—have reared upon them the present well-compacted edifice of Zend learning. Lastly must be mentioned the French savant Dr. Darmesteter, to whom we owe the translation of the Vendidad published in the fourth volume of the "Sacred Books of the East." The Vendidad is but one out of four portions of the Zend-Avesta. Dr. Haug describes it as "the code of the religious, civil, and criminal laws of the ancient Iranians." The other three portions are known as the Yasna, the Visparad, and the Yasht, and of these translations will be given in subsequent volumes of the "Sacred Books." But besides the Avesta there is another collection of writings held sacred by the Parsis—the Pahlavi texts.† It is to these that we must go for "most of the details relating to the traditions, ceremonies, and customs of the ancient faith." We find in them much of the mediæval edifice built by later Persian priestcraft on the old foundations, with a strange mixture of old and new materials; and they exhibit the usual symptoms of declining powers—a strong

* "Essays on the Parsis," p. 25. I am largely indebted to Dr. Haug for the foregoing account of Anquetil Duperron's work.

† A curious idiom in which not only the vocabulary, but even the grammar of the Iranian tongue has been invaded by Semitic influences. See Haug's "Essays," p. 78; and Sayce's "Introduction to the Science of Language," vol. ii. p. 81.

insistence upon complex forms and minute details, with little of the freedom of treatment and simplicity of outline characteristic of the ancient bards.* Of some of these we have translations by Dr. West in the fourth volume of the "Sacred Books." Others will be published in future volumes.

For the ancestors of the Iranians and the Hindus, as of the Kelts and Germans, Greeks and Italians, we must unquestionably go to the Aryan clan, which before its dispersion was seated in Bactriana, on the western slopes of the Belurtag and Mustag, and near the sources of the Oxus and the Jaxartes. "After this clan broke up [observes Professor Max Müller] the ancestors of the Indians and Zoroastrians must have remained together for some time, in their migrations or new settlements, and I believe it was the reform of Zoroaster which produced, at last, the split between the worshippers of the Vedic gods and the worshippers of Ormuzd."† When this happened is very uncertain. Dr. Haug tells us that "under no circumstances can we assign Zoroaster a later date than B.C. 1000;" and that "we may even find reason for placing his era much earlier, and making him a contemporary of Moses;"‡ while Pliny places him several thousand years before Moses. Bunsen writes, "Zoroaster the prophet cannot have lived later than B.C. 3000 (250 years before Abraham, therefore), but 6,000 or 5,000 before Plato may more likely be correct, according to the statement of Aristotle or Eudoxus."§ The causes of the schism, Dr. Haug observes, were of a social and political, as well as of a religious nature. The Iranians not only cast off the idolatrous Deva religion, into which the ancient Aryan worship had degenerated, but also forsook the pastoral for the agricultural way of life.|| As to Zoroaster's doctrines, the same learned and judicious writer thus briefly, but clearly and accurately, summarizes them:—

The leading idea of his theology was Monotheism—*i.e.*, that there are not many gods, but only one [symbolized by and manifested in the elements—especially fire];¶ and the principle of his speculative philosophy was Dualism—*i.e.*, the supposition of two primeval causes of the real world, and of the intellectual; while his moral philosophy was moving in the Triad of thought, word, and deed. Having regard

* Dr. West's Introduction to the Pahlavi Texts, "Sacred Books of the East," vol. v. p. ix.

† "Lectures on the Science of Language," 1st series, p. 199.

‡ "Essays," p. 297.

§ Max Müller's "Chips from a German Workshop," vol. iii. p. 478.

|| "Essays," p. 292.

¶ I interpolate these words from Professor Monier Williams's little book, "Hinduism," p. 5.

to the early period at which he must have lived, long before the Greeks were acquainted with anything like philosophical speculation, we cannot expect him to have established a complete and developed system of philosophical thoughts, which cannot even be said of Plato; but the few philosophical ideas which may be discovered in his sayings show that he was a great and deep thinker, who stood far above his contemporaries, and even above the most enlightened men of many subsequent centuries. The great fame he enjoyed, even with the ancient Greeks and Romans, who were so proud of their own learning and wisdom, is a sufficient proof of the high and pre-eminent position he must once have occupied in the history of the progress of the human mind.*

By way of specimen of Zoroaster's teaching, it must suffice to quote the following hymn :—

I will now tell you who are assembled here the wise sayings of Mazda, the praises of Ahura and the hymns of the good spirit, the sublime truth which I see arising out of these sacred flames.

You shall, therefore, hearken to the soul of nature (*i.e.*, to plough and cultivate the earth); contemplate the beams of fire with a most pious mind! Every one, both men and women, ought to-day to choose his creed (between the Deva and the Ahura religion). Ye offspring of renowned ancestors, awake to agree with us (*i.e.*, to approve of my lore, to be delivered to you at this moment)!

(The prophet begins to deliver the words revealed to him through the sacred flames.)

In the beginning there was a pair of twins, two spirits, each of a peculiar activity; these are the good and the base, in thought, word, and deed. Choose one of these two spirits! Be good, not base!

And these two spirits united created the first (the material things); one, the reality; the other, the non-reality. To the liars (the worshippers of the devas—*i.e.*, gods) existence will become bad, whilst the believer in the true God enjoys prosperity.

Of these two spirits you must choose one, either the evil, the originator of the worst actions, or the true, holy spirit. Some may wish to have the hardest lot (*i.e.*, those who will not leave the polytheistic deva-religion), others adore Ahuramazda by means of sincere actions.

You cannot belong to both of them (*i.e.*, you cannot be worshippers of the one true God, and of many gods at the same time). One of the devas, against whom we are fighting, might overtake you, when in deliberation (what faith you are to embrace), whispering you to choose the worst mind.† Then the devas flock together to assault

* "Essays," p. 301.

† "Worse mind: a philosophical term," Dr. Haug explains, "employed by Zoroaster, to designate his principles of non-existence, non-reality, which is the cause of all evils."

the two lives (the life of the body and that of the soul), praised by the prophets.

And to succour this life (to increase it), Armaiti* came with wealth, the good and true mind; she, the everlasting one, created the material world; but the soul, as to time, the first cause among created beings, was with Thee.

But when he (the evil spirit) comes with one of these evils (to sow mistrust among the believers), then thou hast the power through the good mind of punishing them who break their promises, O righteous spirit!†

Thus let us be such as help the life of the future.‡ The wise living spirits are the greatest supporters of it.§ The prudent man wishes only to be there where wisdom is at home.

Wisdom is the shelter from lies, the annihilation of the destroyer (the evil spirit). All perfect things are garnered up in the splendid residence of the Good Mind (Vohu-manô), the Wise (Mazda),|| and the Righteous (Asha), who are known as the best beings.

Therefore perform ye the commandments which, pronounced by Mazda himself, have been given to mankind; for they are a nuisance and perdition to liars, but prosperity to the believer in the truth; they are the fountain of happiness.¶

Of this portion of the Yasna, Dr. Haug remarks:—

It is a metrical speech, delivered by Spitama Zarathushtra himself, when standing before the sacred fire, to a numerous attended meeting of his countrymen. The chief tendency of this speech is to induce his countrymen to forsake the worship of the devas or gods—i.e., polytheism, to bow only before Ahuramazda, and to separate themselves entirely from the idolaters. In order to gain the object wished for, he propounds the great difference which exists between the two religions, Monotheism and Polytheism, showing that, whereas the former is the fountain of all prosperity both in this and the other life, the latter is utterly ruinous to mankind. He attempts further to explain the origin of both these religions, so diametrically opposed to each other, and finds it in the existence of two primeval causes, called “existence” and “non-existence.” But this merely philosophical doctrine is not to be confounded with his theology, according to which he acknowledged only one God.**

* She is the angel of earth and the personification of prayer.

† “That is to say,” as Dr. Haug thinks, “those who give to-day the solemn promise to leave the polytheistic religion and to follow that preached by Zoroaster will be punished by God should they break their promise.”

‡ Here, according to Dr. Haag we have “the germs of the doctrine of the resurrection.”

§ The archangels.

¶ Yas. xxx.

|| Three names of archangels.

** “Essays,” p. 149.

IV.

In speaking of the Avesta I have quoted, with assent, the view of the illustrious *savant*, Dr. Haug, the most thorough and scientific champion of the comparative school: the school, that is, which holds that the true key to its interpretation is to be found in comparing it with the Vedas; the school which, as Dr. Darmesteter expresses it, insists upon the undeniable fact, that the Avesta and the Veda are "two echoes of one and the same voice, the reflex of one and the same thought; and that the Vedas, therefore, are both the best lexicon, and the best commentary to the Avesta."* Still, as this very accomplished scholar reminds us, "relationship is not identity," and "to understand the Iranian language and religion we must know not only whence they came, but what they became." I must not, however, pursue this subject, but must now go on to Hinduism, and say something about what has been done for its elucidation by the series of "Sacred Books." Thirty-six years ago a man of high gifts and noble aims, the late Mr. Maurice, in his Preface to his well-known Boyle Lectures on the Religions of the World, wrote "The Essay of Mr. Colebrook on the Vedas, in the eighth volume of the 'Asiatic Researches,' and Mr. Rosen's Latin translation of the Rig-Veda, are at present the chief helps which the Western student possesses for the knowledge of the earliest Hindu faith;" and in a footnote to the words "at present" he adds "I understand that a young German, now in London, whose knowledge of Sanscrit is profound, and his industry *plus quam Germanica*, has it in contemplation to publish and translate all the Vedas." The "young German" in question is now the Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford, and a *savant* of European and more than European celebrity. For his name is familiar as a household word, not only wherever Western civilization has penetrated, but in the regions of the dim mysterious East, hitherto most inaccessible to our modes of thought; even where

Far hence, in Asia,
On the smooth convent roofs,
On the gold terraces
Of holy Lassa,
Bright shines the sun.

The task to which Professor Max Müller was preparing to address himself when Mr. Maurice wrote has been successfully carried out, and the first complete edition has been given to the world of the Rig-Veda, together with the most authoritative

* "Sacred Books," vol. iv. Introd. p. xxvi.

commentary of Hindu theologians—the Commentary of Sāyana Akārya.

The Rig-Veda, as I need hardly say, is emphatically *the* Veda, the other books bearing that name being merely different arrangements of its hymns for special purposes, and having only a liturgical interest. It is divided into three portions known as Mantra, hymns of prayer and praise; Brahmana, ritual; and Upanishad, mystic doctrine in which “all the religious philosophy of the Vedic age is gathered up,” not for the multitude, but for those that could receive it. A translation of the Hymns of the Rig-Veda will be given by Professor Max Müller in a forthcoming volume of the Sacred Books. Here, by way of specimen of the ancient sacred verse of our Aryan ancestors, I quote the following metrical rendering of one of them :*—

Nor Aught nor Nought existed ; yon bright sky
Was not, nor heaven's broad woof outstretched above.
What covered all ? what sheltered ? what concealed ?
Was it the water's fathomless abyss ?
There was not death—yet was there nought immortal,
There was no confine betwixt day and night ;
The only One breathed breathless by itself,
Other than It there nothing since has been.
Darkness there was, and all at first was veiled
In gloom profound—an ocean without light—
The germ that still lay covered in the husk
Burst forth, one nature, from the fervent heat.
Then first came love upon it, the new spring
Of mind—yea, poets in their hearts discerned,
Pondering, this bond between created things
And uncreated. Comes this spark from earth
Piercing and all-pervading, or from heaven ?
Then seeds were sown, and mighty powers arose—
Nature below, and power and will above—
Who knows the secret ? who proclaimed it here
Whence, whence this manifold creation sprang ?
The gods themselves came later into being—
Who knows from whence this great creation sprang ?
He from whom all this great creation came,
Whether his will created or was mute,
The Most High Seer that is in highest heaven,
He knows it—or perchance even He knows not.

Of the Upanishads five of the principal are given us in the first volume of the “Sacred Books,” together with a copious and very learned Introduction, in which their history, their position

* From “Chips from a German Workshop,” vol. i. p. 78. It is the 129th Hymn of the tenth book of the Rig-Veda.

in Vedic literature, their character and meaning are discussed with all the vigour, incisiveness, and critical acumen which characterize Professor Max Müller. I may note in passing that Anquetil Duperron, the discoverer and first translator of the Zend-Avesta, was also the first to render the Upanishads accessible to European Scholars by means of a Latin translation made by him from a Persian version prepared in 1657 for Dârâ Shukoh, the eldest son of the famous monarch Shâh Jehân. This translation, although, as Professor Max Müller truly observes, executed in an utterly unintelligible style, is of special interest as having been the principal medium through which Schopenhauer obtained his acquaintance with Oriental thought. It is not easy to overrate the obligations of the prophet of nineteenth-century pessimism to this ancient philosophy. He himself in one place asserts that every one of the detached statements which constitute the Upanishads may be deduced as a necessary result from the fundamental thoughts which he enunciates, and admonishes his readers that initiation in this primeval Indian wisdom is the best preparation for his doctrine. Elsewhere he says:—"Oh, how thoroughly is the mind here washed clean of all early engrafted Jewish superstitions, and of all philosophy that cringes before those superstitions. In the whole world there is no study so elevating and beneficial. It has been the solace of my life, and will be the solace of my death." And again:—"In India our religion will now and never strike root: the primitive wisdom of the human race will never be pushed aside there by the events of Galilee. On the contrary, Indian wisdom will flow back upon Europe, and produce a thorough change in our knowing and thinking."* I quote these singular statements because they seem to possess a certain importance as exhibiting the estimate of this ancient philosophy formed by an intellect which, however strangely perverted, must be allowed to be one of the most acute, subtle, and vigorous of modern times. Even the aberrations of genius are instructive. Great wits are worthy of study even when they overstep the "thin partitions," which, as we know, divide them from madness. For the rest, few disciplined minds of any school of thought that have weighed the matter will refuse assent to Professor Max Müller's judgment that here Schopenhauer "seems to have allowed himself to be carried away by his enthusiasm for the less known;" that "he is blind to the dark sides of the Upanishads, and wilfully shuts his eyes to the bright rays of eternal truth in the Gospels."†

* See Prof. Max Müller's Introduction to the Upanishads, "Sacred Books," vol. i. pp. lix.-lxiv.

† *Ibid.* p. lxiv.

I give one passage from the Upanishads. It is the fourteenth khanda of the Khândogya-Upanishad. I have selected it as more likely to be attractive and intelligible than most to the generality of English readers:—

All this (i.e., all that exists) is Brahman {neuter}. Let a man meditate on that (visible world), as beginning, ending, and breathing in it (the Brahman). Now man is a creature of will. According to what his will is in this world, so will he be when he has departed this life. Let him therefore have this will and belief:—The intelligent whose body is spirit, whose form is light, whose thoughts are true, whose nature is like ether (omnipresent and invisible), from whom all works, all desires, all sweet odours and tastes proceed; he who embraces all this, who never speaks, and is never surprised; he is my self within the heart, smaller than a corn of rice, smaller than a corn of barley, smaller than a mustard seed, smaller than a canary seed or the kernel of a canary seed. He also is my self within the heart, greater than the earth, greater than the sky, greater than heaven, greater than all these worlds. He from whom all works, all desires, all sweet odours and tastes proceed, who embraces all this, who never speaks, and is never surprised, he, my self within the heart, is that Brahman. (n.) When I shall have departed from hence I shall obtain him (that Self). He who has this faith has no doubt.* Thus said Sândilya: yea; thus he said.†

It may be well to find place here for the few sentences in which Professor Max Müller has admirably summed up the true character of the Upanishads:—

There is not what could be called a philosophical system in these Upanishads. They are, in the true sense of the word, guesses at truth, frequently contradicting each other, yet all tending in one direction. The keynote of the whole Upanishads is "Know thyself," but with a much deeper meaning than that of the *Γνῶθι σεαυτόν* of the Delphic Oracle. The "Know thyself" of the Upanishads means, Know thy true self, that which underlies thine Ego, and find it and know it in the highest, the Eternal Self, the One without a second, which underlies the whole world. This was the final solution of the search after the Infinite, the Invisible, the Unknown, the Divine, a search begun in the simplest hymns of the Veda, and ended in the Upanishads, or, as they were afterwards called, the Vedānta, the end or the highest object of the Veda.‡

¶.

I must not linger over the collections of Aphorisms of the sacred laws of the Hindus given us in vols. ii. and vii. of the

* Or, He who has faith and no doubt will obtain this.

† "Sacred Books," vol. i. p. 48.

‡ "Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion:" delivered in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, in April, May, and June, 1878, by F. Max Müller, p. 318.

"Sacred Books," or over the instalment of the translation of the Satapatha-Brâhmana presented in vol. xii. ; neither must I pause to speak of the works in illustration of later Brahminism—the Bhagavat-Gîtâ and the other episodes from the Mahâbhârata contained in the eighth volume of the series. I must hasten on to the Buddhistic texts which it presents to us. Here its value is especially great, for what Mr. Rhys Davids calls "the discovery of early Buddhism" has placed all previous knowledge of the subject in an entirely new light. "I use the term discovery [he continues] advisedly, for although Pâli texts have existed for many years in our public libraries they are only now beginning to be understood ; and the Buddhism of the Pâli Pitakas is not only a quite different thing from Buddhism as hitherto commonly received, but is antagonistic to it."* I do not know how that difference and antagonism can be better illustrated than by a reference to the work of the late Mr. Maurice, of which I have already spoken. Struck, as well he might be, by the vast extent of Buddhism, the Boyle lecturer pleaded earnestly for its investigation. "The most prevailing religion which does exist, or ever has existed, must," as he felt, "express some necessities of man's heart, some necessities of our own : " and using the best authorities within his reach he set himself to inquire what the chief facts about this religion were. The measure of success which attended his researches may best be judged of from the main conclusions at which he arrived. They were these : "That Buddhism is Theism in its highest form and conception," and that "Thibet must be regarded as its proper centre and home." We have travelled far since the day when these astounding views about the doctrine of Gotama were the best attainable by a man of the keen perceptions and wide sympathies of Mr. Maurice. The late Eugène Burnouf, in his "Introduction to the History of Buddhism"—which by the way Mr. Maurice seems just to have missed ; it was published in 1844—may be fairly considered to have initiated its scientific study, and a goodly company of Orientalists—English and French, German and Danish, Hindu and American—have followed in his wake. The general result of their laborious devotion has been to throw a flood of light where a generation ago there was darkness that might be felt. The religious literatures of Nepal and Thibet, of China and Burmah, are yielding up their secrets ; and although there are still large gaps in our knowledge, it is *knowledge* as far as it goes—not unsubstantial speculation nor nebulous conjecture. But by far the most important contribution to it has been begun by Mr. Rhys Davids in his translations from the Pâli Pitakas—the three Baskets or Bodies of Tradition

* "Sacred Books," vol. xi. Int. p. xxv.

in which the canonical scriptures of the Southern Buddhist Church are comprised, and which unquestionably present to us the primitive form of the religion, "the belief of the earliest Buddhists—the Buddhists in India—as to what the original doctrines taught by the Buddha himself had been." How far that belief was well founded is a problem which probably, we may say certainly, will never be fully and exactly solved. But it may be solved in part and approximately. "Scholars will never be unanimously agreed on all points; but they will agree in ascribing some points of the early Buddhist Dharma or doctrine only to the early disciples, and, after allowing for all reasonable doubts, they will agree in ascribing other parts to the great Teacher himself."* Among the discourses which, at all events in substance, may be attributed to Buddha is the *Dhammakakkappavattana-Sutta*, the Discourse upon the Foundation of the Kingdom of Righteousness, given by Mr. Rhys Davids in the eleventh volume of the "Sacred Books":—"It would be difficult [as this great authority judges] to estimate too highly the historical value of this Sutta. There can be no reasonable doubt [he thinks] that the very ancient tradition accepted by all Buddhists, as to the substance of the discourse is correct, and that we really have in it a summary of the words in which the great Indian thinker and reformer for the first time successfully promulgated his new ideas. It presents to us [he adds] in a few short and pithy sentences the very essence of that remarkable system which has had so profound an influence on the religious history of so large a portion of the human race."† For these reasons I shall quote the larger portion of it. But I should first mention the occasion upon which it was delivered. The Buddha, as the legend relates, had accomplished the six years of his hermit life of seclusion and mortification in the desert of Uruvâli, and had gone victoriously through the great conflict with Mâra, the Prince of the Power of the Air, under the sacred Bo tree on the banks of the Nairanjaia, which issued in his attaining the supreme intelligence. The forty days following that momentous event were spent by him in an ecstasy of meditation. And then did he set out on his first evangelical journey to preach the law, "sweet, filling the soul with joy, and accessible only to the wise," whereby all beings may "free themselves from the influence of the five great passions which is the source of all mutability."‡ To Benares did he direct his steps, and night

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† *Ibid*, p. 140.

‡ See "The Life or Legend of Gaudama," by the Right Rev. P. Bigandet, Vicar Apostolic of Ava and Pegu, vol. i. p. 112.

had already fallen when he reached the Deer Park, three miles from that city. It was, as the Buddhists deem, the solemn entry upon his public ministry, the inauguration of the Kingdom of Righteousness which he had come into the world to set up; and their poets of every clime have vied with one another in endeavouring to express their sense of the importance of the occasion.

The evening was like a lovely maiden; the stars were the pearls upon her neck; the dark clouds her braided hair; the deepening space her flowing robe. As a crown she had the heavens where the gods dwell; these three worlds were as her body; her eyes were the white lotus flowers which open to the rising moon; and her voice as it were the humming of the bees. To do homage to the Buddha, and to hear the first preaching of his word, this lovely maiden came. The gods throng to hear the discourse until the heavens are empty; and the sound of their approach is like the rain of a storm; all the worlds in which there are sentient beings are made void of life, so that the congregation assembled was in number infinite, but at the sound of the blast of the glorious trumpet of Sakka, the king of the gods, they became still as a waveless sea. And each of the countless listeners thought that the sage was looking towards himself, and was speaking to him in his own tongue, though the language used was Māgadhi!*

Then, turning to the five religious mendicants who had continued with him in the desert and afterwards had forsaken him, but now had repented and believed on him, did he deliver this sermon called "The Foundation of the Kingdom of Righteousness."

There are two extremes, O Bhikkhus,† which the man who has given up the world ought not to follow—the habitual practice, on the one hand, of those things whose attraction depends upon the passions, and especially of sensuality—a low and pagan way (of seeking satisfaction), unworthy, unprofitable, and fit only for the worldly-minded—and the habitual practice, on the other hand, of asceticism (or self-mortification), which is painful, unworthy, and unprofitable. There is a middle path, O Bhikkhus, avoiding these two extremes, discovered by the Tathāgata‡—a path which opens the eyes and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment, to Nirvāṇa! What is that middle path, O Bhikkhus, avoiding these two extremes, discovered by the Tathāgata—that path which opens the eyes, and bestows understanding, which leads to

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peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment, to Nirvâna? Verily! it is this noble eightfold path; that is to say:—

Right views;
Right aspirations;
Right speech;
Right conduct;
Right livelihood;
Right effort;
Right mindfulness; and
Right contemplation.

This, O Bhikkhus, is that middle path, avoiding these two extremes, discovered by the Tathâgata—that path which opens the eyes, and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment, to Nirvâna!

Now this, O Bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning suffering.

Birth is attended with pain, decay is painful, disease is painful, death is painful. Union with the unpleasant is painful, painful is separation from the pleasant; and any craving that is unsatisfied, that too is painful. In brief, the five aggregates which spring from attachment (the conditions of individuality and their cause) are painful.*

This then, O Bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning suffering.

Now this, O Bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the origin of suffering.

Verily, it is that thirst (or craving), causing the renewal of existence, accompanied by sensual delight, seeking satisfaction now here, now there—that is to say, the craving for the gratification of the passions, or the craving for (a future) life, or the craving for success (in this present life).†

* Mr. Rhys Davids has here this note:—"One might express the central thought of this First Noble Truth in the language of the nineteenth century by saying that pain results from existence as an individual. It is the struggle to maintain one's individuality which produces pain—a most pregnant and far-reaching suggestion."

† Upon this passage Mr. Rhys Davids comments as follows:—"The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life' correspond very exactly to the first and third of these three tanhâs. 'The lust of the flesh, the lust of life, and the pride of life,' or 'the lust of the flesh, the lust of life, and the love of this present world,' would be not inadequate renderings of all three. The last two are in Pâli bhava-tanhâ and vibhava-tanhâ, on which Childers, on the authority of Vigésinha, says, 'The former applies to the sassata-ditthi, and means a desire for an eternity of existence; the latter applies to the ukkheda-ditthi, and means a desire for annihilation in the very first (the present) form of existence.' Sassata-ditthi may be called the 'everlasting life heresy,' and ukkheda-ditthi the 'let-us-eat-and-drink-for-to-morrow-we-die heresy.' These two heresies, thus implicitly condemned, have very close analogies to theism and materialism. Spence Hardy says ('Manual of Buddhism,' p. 496):—'Bhawatanhâ signifies the pertinacious love of existence induced by the supposition that transmigratory existence is not only eternal, but felicitous and desirable. Wibhava-tanhâ is the love of the present life, under

to the early period at which he must have lived, long before the Greeks were acquainted with anything like philosophical speculation, we cannot expect him to have established a complete and developed system of philosophical thoughts, which cannot even be said of Plato; but the few philosophical ideas which may be discovered in his sayings show that he was a great and deep thinker, who stood far above his contemporaries, and even above the most enlightened men of many subsequent centuries. The great fame he enjoyed, even with the ancient Greeks and Romans, who were so proud of their own learning and wisdom, is a sufficient proof of the high and pre-eminent position he must once have occupied in the history of the progress of the human mind.*

By way of specimen of Zoroaster's teaching, it must suffice to quote the following hymn:—

I will now tell you who are assembled here the wise sayings of Mazda, the praises of Ahura and the hymns of the good spirit, the sublime truth which I see arising out of these sacred flames.

You shall, therefore, hearken to the soul of nature (*i.e.*, to plough and cultivate the earth); contemplate the beams of fire with a most pious mind! Every one, both men and women, ought to-day to choose his creed (between the Deva and the Ahura religion). Ye offspring of renowned ancestors, awake to agree with us (*i.e.*, to approve of my lore, to be delivered to you at this moment)!

(The prophet begins to deliver the words revealed to him through the sacred flames.)

In the beginning there was a pair of twins, two spirits, each of a peculiar activity; these are the good and the base, in thought, word, and deed. Choose one of these two spirits! Be good, not base!

And these two spirits united created the first (the material things); one, the reality; the other, the non-reality. To the liars (the worshippers of the devas—*i.e.*, gods) existence will become bad, whilst the believer in the true God enjoys prosperity.

Of these two spirits you must choose one, either the evil, the originator of the worst actions, or the true, holy spirit. Some may wish to have the hardest lot (*i.e.*, those who will not leave the polytheistic deva-religion), others adore Ahuramazda by means of sincere actions.

You cannot belong to both of them (*i.e.*, you cannot be worshippers of the one true God, and of many gods at the same time). One of the devas, against whom we are fighting, might overtake you, when in deliberation (what faith you are to embrace), whispering you to choose the worst mind.† Then the devas flock together to assault

* "Essays," p. 301.

† "Worse mind: a philosophical term." Dr. Haug explains, "employed by Zoroaster, to designate his principles of non-existence, non-reality, which is the cause of all evils."

the two lives (the life of the body and that of the soul), praised by the prophets.

And to succour this life (to increase it), Armaiti* came with wealth, the good and true mind; she, the everlasting one, created the material world; but the soul, as to time, the first cause among created beings, was with Thee.

But when he (the evil spirit) comes with one of these evils (to sow mistrust among the believers), then thou hast the power through the good mind of punishing them who break their promises, O righteous spirit!†

Thus let us be such as help the life of the future.‡ The wise living spirits are the greatest supporters of it.§ The prudent man wishes only to be there where wisdom is at home.

Wisdom is the shelter from lies, the annihilation of the destroyer (the evil spirit). All perfect things are garnered up in the splendid residence of the Good Mind (Vohu-manô), the Wise (Mazda),|| and the Righteous (Asha), who are known as the best beings.

Therefore perform ye the commandments which, pronounced by Mazda himself, have been given to mankind; for they are a nuisance and perdition to liars, but prosperity to the believer in the truth; they are the fountain of happiness.¶

Of this portion of the Yasna, Dr. Haug remarks :—

It is a metrical speech, delivered by Spitama Zarathushtra himself, when standing before the sacred fire, to a numerously attended meeting of his countrymen. The chief tendency of this speech is to induce his countrymen to forsake the worship of the devas or gods—i.e., polytheism, to bow only before Ahuramazda, and to separate themselves entirely from the idolaters. In order to gain the object wished for, he propounds the great difference which exists between the two religions, Monotheism and Polytheism, showing that, whereas the former is the fountain of all prosperity both in this and the other life, the latter is utterly ruinous to mankind. He attempts further to explain the origin of both these religions, so diametrically opposed to each other, and finds it in the existence of two primeval causes, called “existence” and “non-existence.” But this merely philosophical doctrine is not to be confounded with his theology, according to which he acknowledged only one God.**

* She is the angel of earth and the personification of prayer.

† “That is to say,” as Dr. Haug thinks, “those who give to-day the solemn promise to leave the polytheistic religion and to follow that preached by Zoroaster will be punished by God should they break their promise.”

‡ Here, according to Dr. Haug we have “the germs of the doctrine of the resurrection.”

§ The archangels.

¶ Yas. xxx.

|| Three names of archangels.

** “Essays,” p. 149.

IV.

In speaking of the Avesta I have quoted, with assent, the view of the illustrious *savant*, Dr. Haug, the most thorough and scientific champion of the comparative school: the school, that is, which holds that the true key to its interpretation is to be found in comparing it with the Vedas; the school which, as Dr. Darmesteter expresses it, insists upon the undeniable fact, that the Avesta and the Veda are "two echoes of one and the same voice, the reflex of one and the same thought; and that the Vedas, therefore, are both the best lexicon, and the best commentary to the Avesta."* Still, as this very accomplished scholar reminds us, "relationship is not identity," and "to understand the Iranian language and religion we must know not only whence they came, but what they became." I must not, however, pursue this subject, but must now go on to Hinduism, and say something about what has been done for its elucidation by the series of "Sacred Books." Thirty-six years ago a man of high gifts and noble aims, the late Mr. Maurice, in his Preface to his well-known Boyle Lectures on the Religions of the World, wrote "The Essay of Mr. Colebrook on the Vedas, in the eighth volume of the 'Asiatic Researches,' and Mr. Rosen's Latin translation of the Rig-Veda, are at present the chief helps which the Western student possesses for the knowledge of the earliest Hindu faith;" and in a footnote to the words "at present" he adds "I understand that a young German, now in London, whose knowledge of Sanscrit is profound, and his industry *plus quam Germanica*, has it in contemplation to publish and translate all the Vedas." The "young German" in question is now the Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford, and a *savant* of European and more than European celebrity. For his name is familiar as a household word, not only wherever Western civilization has penetrated, but in the regions of the dim mysterious East, hitherto most inaccessible to our modes of thought; even where

Far hence, in Asia,
On the smooth convent roofs,
On the gold terraces
Of holy Lassa,
Bright shines the sun.

The task to which Professor Max Müller was preparing to address himself when Mr. Maurice wrote has been successfully carried out, and the first complete edition has been given to the world of the Rig-Veda, together with the most authoritative

* "Sacred Books," vol. iv. Introd. p. xxvi.

commentary of Hindu theologians—the Commentary of Sâyana Akârya.

The Rig-Veda, as I need hardly say, is emphatically *the* Veda, the other books bearing that name being merely different arrangements of its hymns for special purposes, and having only a liturgical interest. It is divided into three portions known as Mantra, hymns of prayer and praise; Brahmana, ritual; and Upanishad, mystic doctrine in which “all the religious philosophy of the Vedic age is gathered up,” not for the multitude, but for those that could receive it. A translation of the Hymns of the Rig-Veda will be given by Professor Max Müller in a forthcoming volume of the Sacred Books. Here, by way of specimen of the ancient sacred verse of our Aryan ancestors, I quote the following metrical rendering of one of them :*—

Nor Aught nor Nought existed ; yon bright sky
Was not, nor heaven's broad woof outstretched above.
What covered all ? what sheltered ? what concealed ?
Was it the water's fathomless abyss ?
There was not death—yet was there nought immortal,
There was no confine betwixt day and night ;
The only One breathed breathless by itself,
Other than It there nothing since has been.
Darkness there was, and all at first was veiled
In gloom profound—an ocean without light—
The germ that still lay covered in the husk
Burst forth, one nature, from the fervent heat.
Then first came love upon it, the new spring
Of mind—yea, poets in their hearts discerned,
Pondering, this bond between created things
And uncreated. Comes this spark from earth
Piercing and all-pervading, or from heaven ?
Then seeds were sown, and mighty powers arose—
Nature below, and power and will above—
Who knows the secret ? who proclaimed it here
Whence, whence this manifold creation sprang ?
The gods themselves came later into being—
Who knows from whence this great creation sprang ?
He from whom all this great creation came,
Whether his will created or was mute,
The Most High Seer that is in highest heaven,
He knows it—or perchance even He knows not.

Of the Upanishads five of the principal are given us in the first volume of the “Sacred Books,” together with a copious and very learned Introduction, in which their history, their position

* From “Chips from a German Workshop,” vol. i. p. 78. It is the 129th Hymn of the tenth book of the Rig-Veda.

in Vedic literature, their character and meaning are discussed with all the vigour, incisiveness, and critical acumen which characterize Professor Max Müller. I may note in passing that Anquetil Duperron, the discoverer and first translator of the Zend-Avesta, was also the first to render the Upanishads accessible to European Scholars by means of a Latin translation made by him from a Persian version prepared in 1657 for Dârâ Shukoh, the eldest son of the famous monarch Shâh Jehân. This translation, although, as Professor Max Müller truly observes, executed in an utterly unintelligible style, is of special interest as having been the principal medium through which Schopenhauer obtained his acquaintance with Oriental thought. It is not easy to overrate the obligations of the prophet of nineteenth-century pessimism to this ancient philosophy. He himself in one place asserts that every one of the detached statements which constitute the Upanishads may be deduced as a necessary result from the fundamental thoughts which he enunciates, and admonishes his readers that initiation in this primeval Indian wisdom is the best preparation for his doctrine. Elsewhere he says:—"Oh, how thoroughly is the mind here washed clean of all early engrafted Jewish superstitions, and of all philosophy that cringes before those superstitions. In the whole world there is no study so elevating and beneficial. It has been the solace of my life, and will be the solace of my death." And again:—"In India our religion will now and never strike root: the primitive wisdom of the human race will never be pushed aside there by the events of Galilee. On the contrary, Indian wisdom will flow back upon Europe, and produce a thorough change, in our knowing and thinking."* I quote these singular statements because they seem to possess a certain importance as exhibiting the estimate of this ancient philosophy formed by an intellect which, however strangely perverted, must be allowed to be one of the most acute, subtle, and vigorous of modern times. Even the aberrations of genius are instructive. Great wits are worthy of study even when they overstep the "thin partitions," which, as we know, divide them from madness. For the rest, few disciplined minds of any school of thought that have weighed the matter will refuse assent to Professor Max Müller's judgment that here Schopenhauer "seems to have allowed himself to be carried away by his enthusiasm for the less known;" that "he is blind to the dark sides of the Upanishads, and wilfully shuts his eyes to the bright rays of eternal truth in the Gospels."†

* See Prof. Max Müller's Introduction to the Upanishads, "Sacred Books," vol. i. pp. lix.-lxiv.

† *Ibid.* p. lxiv.

I give one passage from the Upanishads. It is the fourteenth khanda of the Khândogya-Upanishad. I have selected it as more likely to be attractive and intelligible than most to the generality of English readers:—

All this (i.e., all that exists) is Brahman (neuter). Let a man meditate on that (visible world), as beginning, ending, and breathing in it (the Brahman). Now man is a creature of will. According to what his will is in this world, so will he be when he has departed this life. Let him therefore have this will and belief:—The intelligent whose body is spirit, whose form is light, whose thoughts are true, whose nature is like ether (omnipresent and invisible), from whom all works, all desires, all sweet odours and tastes proceed; he who embraces all this, who never speaks, and is never surprised; he is my self within the heart, smaller than a corn of rice, smaller than a corn of barley, smaller than a mustard seed, smaller than a canary seed or the kernel of a canary seed. He also is my self within the heart, greater than the earth, greater than the sky, greater than heaven, greater than all these worlds. He from whom all works, all desires, all sweet odours and tastes proceed, who embraces all this, who never speaks, and is never surprised, he, my self within the heart, is that Brahman. (n.) When I shall have departed from hence I shall obtain him (that Self). He who has this faith has no doubt.* Thus said Sândilya: yea; thus he said.†

It may be well to find place here for the few sentences in which Professor Max Müller has admirably summed up the true character of the Upanishads:—

There is not what could be called a philosophical system in these Upanishads. They are, in the true sense of the word, guesses at truth, frequently contradicting each other, yet all tending in one direction. The keynote of the whole Upanishads is "Know thyself," but with a much deeper meaning than that of the *Γνῶθι σεαυτόν* of the Delphic Oracle. The "Know thyself" of the Upanishads means, Know thy true self, that which underlies thine Ego, and find it and know it in the highest, the Eternal Self, the One without a second, which underlies the whole world. This was the final solution of the search after the Infinite, the Invisible, the Unknown, the Divine, a search begun in the simplest hymns of the Veda, and ended in the Upanishads, or, as they were afterwards called, the Vedānta, the end or the highest object of the Veda.‡

V.

I must not linger over the collections of Aphorisms of the sacred laws of the Hindus given us in vols. ii. and vii. of the

* Or, He who has faith and no doubt will obtain this.

† "Sacred Books," vol. i. p. 48.

‡ "Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion:" delivered in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, in April, May, and June, 1878, by F. Max Müller, p. 318.

"Sacred Books," or over the instalment of the translation of the Satapatha-Brāhmaṇa presented in vol. xii. ; neither must I pause to speak of the works in illustration of later Brahminism—the Bhagavat-Gītā and the other episodes from the Mahābhārata contained in the eighth volume of the series. I must hasten on to the Buddhistic texts which it presents to us. Here its value is especially great, for what Mr. Rhys Davids calls "the discovery of early Buddhism" has placed all previous knowledge of the subject in an entirely new light. "I use the term discovery [he continues] advisedly, for although Pāli texts have existed for many years in our public libraries they are only now beginning to be understood ; and the Buddhism of the Pāli Pitakas is not only a quite different thing from Buddhism as hitherto commonly received, but is antagonistic to it."* I do not know how that difference and antagonism can be better illustrated than by a reference to the work of the late Mr. Maurice, of which I have already spoken. Struck, as well he might be, by the vast extent of Buddhism, the Boyle lecturer pleaded earnestly for its investigation. "The most prevailing religion which does exist, or ever has existed, must," as he felt, "express some necessities of man's heart, some necessities of our own ;" and using the best authorities within his reach he set himself to inquire what the chief facts about this religion were. The measure of success which attended his researches may best be judged of from the main conclusions at which he arrived. They were these : "That Buddhism is Theism in its highest form and conception," and that "Thibet must be regarded as its proper centre and home." We have travelled far since the day when these astounding views about the doctrine of Gotama were the best attainable by a man of the keen perceptions and wide sympathies of Mr. Maurice. The late Eugène Burnouf, in his "Introduction to the History of Buddhism"—which by the way Mr. Maurice seems just to have missed ; it was published in 1844—may be fairly considered to have initiated its scientific study, and a goodly company of Orientalists—English and French, German and Danish, Hindu and American—have followed in his wake. The general result of their laborious devotion has been to throw a flood of light where a generation ago there was darkness that might be felt. The religious literatures of Nepal and Thibet, of China and Burmah, are yielding up their secrets ; and although there are still large gaps in our knowledge, it is *knowledge* as far as it goes—not unsubstantial speculation nor nebulous conjecture. But by far the most important contribution to it has been begun by Mr. Rhys Davids in his translations from the Pāli Pitakas—the three Baskets or Bodies of Tradition

* "Sacred Books," vol. xi. Int. p. xxv.

in which the canonical scriptures of the Southern Buddhist Church are comprised, and which unquestionably present to us the primitive form of the religion, "the belief of the earliest Buddhists—the Buddhists in India—as to what the original doctrines taught by the Buddha himself had been." How far that belief was well founded is a problem which probably, we may say certainly, will never be fully and exactly solved. But it may be solved in part and approximately. "Scholars will never be unanimously agreed on all points; but they will agree in ascribing some points of the early Buddhist Dharma or doctrine only to the early disciples, and, after allowing for all reasonable doubts, they will agree in ascribing other parts to the great Teacher himself."* Among the discourses which, at all events in substance, may be attributed to Buddha is the *Dhammakakkappavattana-Sutta*, the Discourse upon the Foundation of the Kingdom of Righteousness, given by Mr. Rhys Davids in the eleventh volume of the "Sacred Books":—"It would be difficult [as this great authority judges] to estimate too highly the historical value of this *Sutta*. There can be no reasonable doubt [he thinks] that the very ancient tradition accepted by all Buddhists, as to the substance of the discourse is correct, and that we really have in it a summary of the words in which the great Indian thinker and reformer for the first time successfully promulgated his new ideas. It presents to us [he adds] in a few short and pithy sentences the very essence of that remarkable system which has had so profound an influence on the religious history of so large a portion of the human race."† For these reasons I shall quote the larger portion of it. But I should first mention the occasion upon which it was delivered. The Buddha, as the legend relates, had accomplished the six years of his hermit life of seclusion and mortification in the desert of Uruvâli, and had gone victoriously through the great conflict with Mâra, the Prince of the Power of the Air, under the sacred Bo tree on the banks of the Nairanjaia, which issued in his attaining the supreme intelligence. The forty days following that momentous event were spent by him in an ecstasy of meditation. And then did he set out on his first evangelical journey to preach the law, "sweet, filling the soul with joy, and accessible only to the wise," whereby all beings may "free themselves from the influence of the five great passions which is the source of all mutability."‡ To Benares did he direct his steps, and night

* "Sacred Books," vol. xi. p. 21, Int. p. xxi.† *Ibid.*, p. 140.

‡ See "The Life or Legend of Gaudama," by the Right Rev. F. Bigandet, Vicar Apostolic of Ava and Pegu, vol. i. p. 112.

had already fallen when he reached the Deer Park, three miles from that city. It was, as the Buddhists deem, the solemn entry upon his public ministry, the inauguration of the Kingdom of Righteousness which he had come into the world to set up; and their poets of every clime have vied with one another in endeavouring to express their sense of the importance of the occasion.

The evening was like a lovely maiden; the stars were the pearls upon her neck; the dark clouds her braided hair; the deepening space her flowing robe. As a crown she had the heavens where the gods dwell; these three worlds were as her body; her eyes were the white lotus flowers which open to the rising moon; and her voice as it were the humming of the bees. To do homage to the Buddha, and to hear the first preaching of his word, this lovely maiden came. The gods throng to hear the discourse until the heavens are empty; and the sound of their approach is like the rain of a storm; all the worlds in which there are sentient beings are made void of life, so that the congregation assembled was in number infinite, but at the sound of the blast of the glorious trumpet of Sakka, the king of the gods, they became still as a waveless sea. And each of the countless listeners thought that the sage was looking towards himself, and was speaking to him in his own tongue, though the language used was Māgadhi!*

Then, turning to the five religious mendicants who had continued with him in the desert and afterwards had forsaken him, but now had repented and believed on him, did he deliver this sermon called "The Foundation of the Kingdom of Righteousness."

There are two extremes, O Bhikkhus,† which the man who has given up the world ought not to follow—the habitual practice, on the one hand, of those things whose attraction depends upon the passions, and especially of sensuality—a low and pagan way (of seeking satisfaction), unworthy, unprofitable, and fit only for the worldly-minded—and the habitual practice, on the other hand, of asceticism (or self-mortification), which is painful, unworthy, and unprofitable. There is a middle path, O Bhikkhus, avoiding these two extremes, discovered by the Tathāgata‡—a path which opens the eyes and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment, to Nirvāna! What is that middle path, O Bhikkhus, avoiding these two extremes, discovered by the Tathāgata—that path which opens the eyes, and bestows understanding, which leads to

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peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment, to Nirvâna? Verily! it is this noble eightfold path; that is to say:—

Right views;
Right aspirations;
Right speech;
Right conduct;
Right livelihood;
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Right contemplation.

This, O Bhikkhus, is that middle path, avoiding these two extremes, discovered by the Tathâgata—that path which opens the eyes, and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment, to Nirvâna!

Now this, O Bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning suffering.

Birth is attended with pain, decay is painful, disease is painful, death is painful. Union with the unpleasant is painful, painful is separation from the pleasant; and any craving that is unsatisfied, that too is painful. In brief, the five aggregates which spring from attachment (the conditions of individuality and their cause) are painful.*

This then, O Bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning suffering.

Now this, O Bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the origin of suffering.

Verily, it is that thirst (or craving), causing the renewal of existence, accompanied by sensual delight, seeking satisfaction now here, now there—that is to say, the craving for the gratification of the passions, or the craving for (a future) life, or the craving for success (in this present life).†

* Mr. Rhys Davids has here this note:—"One might express the central thought of this First Noble Truth in the language of the nineteenth century by saying that pain results from existence as an individual. It is the struggle to maintain one's individuality which produces pain—a most pregnant and far-reaching suggestion."

† Upon this passage Mr. Rhys Davids comments as follows:—"The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life' correspond very exactly to the first and third of these three tanhâs. 'The lust of the flesh, the lust of life, and the pride of life,' or 'the lust of the flesh, the lust of life, and the love of this present world,' would be not inadequate renderings of all three. The last two are in Pâli bhava-tanhâ and vibhava-tanhâ, on which Childers, on the authority of Vigésinha, says, 'The former applies to the sassata-ditthi, and means a desire for an eternity of existence; the latter applies to the ukkheda-ditthi, and means a desire for annihilation in the very first (the present) form of existence.' Sassata-ditthi may be called the 'everlasting life heresy,' and ukkheda-ditthi the 'let-us-eat-and-drink-for-to-morrow-we-die heresy.' These two heresies, thus implicitly condemned, have very close analogies to theism and materialism. Spence Hardy says ('Manual of Buddhism,' p. 496):—'Bhawatanhâ signifies the pertinacious love of existence induced by the supposition that transmigratory existence is not only eternal, but felicitous and desirable. Wibhava-tanhâ is the love of the present life, under

This then, O Bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the origin of suffering.

Now this, O Bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the destruction of suffering.

Verily, it is the destruction in which no passion remains, of this very thirst; the laying aside of, the getting rid of, the being free from, the harbouring no longer of this thirst.

This then, O Bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the destruction of suffering.

Now this, O Bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the way which leads to the destruction of sorrow. Verily! it is this noble eightfold path; that is to say:—

Right views;
Right aspirations;
Right speech;
Right conduct;
Right livelihood;
Right effort;
Right mindfulness; and
Right contemplation.

This then, O Bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the destruction of sorrow.

That this was the noble truth concerning sorrow, was not, O Bhikkhus, among the doctrines handed down, but there arose within me the eye (to perceive it), there arose the knowledge (of its nature), there arose the understanding (of its cause), there arose the wisdom (to guide in the path of tranquillity), there arose the light (to dispel darkness from it).

And again, O Bhikkhus, that I should comprehend that this was the noble truth concerning sorrow, though it was not among the doctrines handed down, there arose within me the eye, there arose the knowledge, there arose the understanding, there arose the wisdom, there arose the light.

And again, O Bhikkhus, that I had comprehended that this was the noble truth concerning sorrow, though it was not among the doctrines handed down, there arose within me the eye, there arose the knowledge, there arose the understanding, there arose the wisdom, there arose the light.

That this was the noble truth concerning the origin of sorrow, though it was not among the doctrines handed down, there arose within me the eye; but there arose within me the knowledge, there arose the understanding, there arose the wisdom, there arose the light.

And again, O Bhikkhus, that I should put away the origin of

the notion that existence will cease therewith, and that there is to be no future state. Vibhava in Sanskrit means, 1, development; 2, might, majesty, prosperity; and 3, property: but the technical Buddhist sense, as will be seen from the above, is something more than this."

sorrow, though the noble truth concerning it was not among the doctrines handed down, there arose within me the eye, there arose the knowledge, there arose the understanding, there arose the wisdom, there arose the light.

And again, O Bhikkhus, that I had fully put away the origin of sorrow, though the noble truth concerning it was not among the doctrines handed down, there arose within me the eye, there arose the knowledge, there arose the understanding, there arose the wisdom, there arose the light.

That this, O Bhikkhus, was the noble truth concerning the destruction of sorrow, though it was not among the doctrines handed down; but there arose within me the eye, there arose the knowledge, there arose the understanding, there arose the wisdom, there arose the light.

And again, O Bhikkhus, that I should fully realize the destruction of sorrow, though the noble truth concerning it was not among the doctrines handed down, there arose within me the eye, there arose the knowledge, there arose the understanding, there arose the wisdom, there arose the light.

And again, O Bhikkhus, that I had fully realized the destruction of sorrow, though the noble truth concerning it was not among the doctrines handed down, there arose within me the eye, there arose the knowledge, there arose the understanding, there arose the wisdom, there arose the light.

That this was the noble truth concerning the way which leads to the destruction of sorrow, was not, O Bhikkhus, among the doctrines handed down; but there arose within me the eye, there arose the knowledge, there arose the understanding, there arose the wisdom, there arose the light.

And again, O Bhikkhus, that I should become versed in the way which leads to the destruction of sorrow, though the noble truth concerning it was not among the doctrines handed down, there arose within me the eye, there arose the knowledge, there arose the understanding, there arose the wisdom, there arose the light.

And again, O Bhikkhus, that I had become versed in the way which leads to the destruction of sorrow, though the noble truth concerning it was not among the doctrines handed down, there arose within me the eye, there arose the knowledge, there arose the understanding, there arose the wisdom, there arose the light.

So long, O Bhikkhus, as my knowledge and insight were not quite clear regarding each of these four noble truths in this triple manner, in this twelvefold manner—so long was I uncertain whether I had attained to the full insight of that wisdom which is unsurpassed in the heavens or on earth, among the whole races of Samanas and Brâhmans, or of gods or men.

But as soon, O Bhikkhus, as my knowledge and insight were quite clear regarding each of these four noble truths, in this triple order, in this twelvefold manner—then did I become certain that I had attained to the full insight of that wisdom which is unsurpassed in the heavens or

on earth, among the whole race of Samanas and Brâhmanas, or of gods or men.

And now this knowledge and this insight has arisen within me. Immovable is the emancipation of my heart. This is my last existence. There will now be no rebirth for me! *

So much must serve as a sample of the Buddhistic literature to which the "Sacred Books" introduce us. The time would fail me to draw out even the outlines of the system which they present to us. Nor is it possible for me to say anything of the later developments which that system received. But before I pass on I would make three remarks. The first is, that so far is Thibet from being the centre and proper home of Buddhism, as Mr. Maurice supposed, that it exhibits to us only one of the latest and most curious transformations of the Buddha's teaching. The Turanian worshippers of the Grand Lama have about as much in common with primitive Buddhists as Mormons have in common with primitive Christians. Again, Buddhism not only is not "the highest form of Theism," but it is not in any proper sense Theistic at all. Atheistic it certainly is not, nor is it Anti-theistic, whether in the form of Materialism or Agnosticism. Its first position is the unreality of the phenomenal world, and its strongest sanctions are drawn from the unseen and supersensual realities hidden from us by the "muddy vesture of decay" which doth "so closely hem us in." It might, with more reason, be described as Polytheistic. "Gods many and Lords many" it unquestionably recognizes. But of the supreme creative personal Deity of the great Semitic faiths it—like the other Aryan religions—is ignorant. The almighty power ruling over gods and men is, as it teaches, law, inexorably just and absolutely perfect: "a power not ourselves, a stream of tendency that makes for righteousness." Thirdly, I note that Buddhism, like Zoroastrianism, was a reform, ethical and religious. It was, indeed, more than this. There was a new element in it. But it was also a going back to older and purer conceptions than those commonly current in the age when it arose. Like the authors of the Upanishads, Buddha attaches supreme importance to knowledge. As we saw in the Discourse upon the Foundation of the Kingdom of Righteousness, the very basis of his doctrine is the Noble Eightfold Path "which opens the eyes, which bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to further enlightenment, to Nirvâna." But, unlike the earlier sages, Buddha places this knowledge not in apprehension of the Absolute but in a clear perception of the facts of the three worlds: in discernment of the true character of the universal law and conformity thereto. Thus, in the sermon

* "Sacred Books," vol. xi. pp. 146-153.

entitled "Dvayatānupassanā Sutta," which we find in the Mahāvagga he leads his disciples to the understanding of the two laws (*dhamma*) relating to pain and the origin of pain :—

Those who do not understand pain and the origin of pain, and where pain wholly and totally is stopped, and do not know the way that leads to the cessation of pain.

They, deprived of the emancipation of thought and the emancipation of knowledge, are unable to put an end to rebirth, they will verily continue to undergo birth and decay.

And those who understand pain and the origin of pain, and where pain wholly and totally is stopped, and who know the way that leads to the cessation of pain,

They, endowed with the emancipation of thought and the emancipation of knowledge, are able to put an end to rebirth, they will not undergo birth and decay.*

And the sermon thus ends :—

Form, sound, taste, smell, and touch are all wished for, pleasing and charming things as long as they last ; so it is said.

By you, by the world of men and gods these things are deemed a pleasure, but when they cease it is deemed pain by them.

By the noble the cessation of the existing body is regarded as pleasure ; this is the opposite of what the wise in all the world hold. What fools say is pleasure that the noble say is pain, what fools say is pain that the noble know as pleasure :—see here is a thing difficult to understand, here the ignorant are confounded.

For those that are enveloped there is gloom, for those that do not see there is darkness, and for the good it is manifest, for those that see there is light ; even being near, those that are ignorant of the way and the law do not discern anything.

By those that are overcome by the passions of existence, by those that follow the stream of existence, by those that have entered the realm of Māra (the prince of evil), this law is not perfectly understood.

Who except the noble deserve the well-understood state (of Nirvāṇa) ? Having perfectly conceived this state, those free from passion are completely extinguished.†

Buddha proclaims the doctrine most emphatically of the free agency and moral responsibility of man, and calls upon all to work out their salvation by purity, detachment, and universal love and pity. Thus, as one scripture has it, "scrupulously avoiding all wicked actions, reverently performing all virtuous ones, purifying our intentions from all selfish ends—this is the doctrine of the Buddhas."‡ And so the verse of the Prati-moksha :—

* "Sacred Books," vol. x. part ii. p. 132. † *Ibid.* p. 144.

‡ Beal's "Catena of Buddhist Scriptures," p. 156.

The heart, scrupulously avoiding all idle dissipation,
Diligently applying itself to the holy law of Buddha,
Letting go lust and consequent disappointment,
Fixed and unchangeable enters on Nirvâna.

As Mr. Rhys Davids says, "For the first time in the history of the world Buddhism proclaimed a salvation which each man could gain for himself, and by himself in this world, during this life, without having the least reference to God or gods, either great or small."* His works are his real self: for of a soul, as we understand it, Buddha knew nothing. What remains of him when he dies and creatively determines his future existence, whether in heaven, upon the earth, or in hell, is his Karma, his individualized doing. His body decays and falls into nothingness; and not only his material properties (Rûpa), but his sensations (Vedanâ), his abstract ideas (Saññâ), his mental and moral predispositions (Sankhârâ), and his thought or reason (Viññâna)—all these constituent elements of his being pass away. The first group, material qualities, are like a mass of foam, that gradually forms and then vanishes. The second group, the sensations, are like a bubble dancing on the face of the water. The third group, the ideas, are like the uncertain mirage that appears in the sunshine. The fourth group, the mental and moral predispositions, are like the plantain-stalk, without firmness or solidity. And the last group, the thoughts, are like a spectre or magical illusion.† All these drop from him at death. But his Karma remains, unless he has attained to the supreme state of Arahat—the crown of Buddhist saintship, when Karma is extinguished and Nirvâna is attained. For those who enjoy this perfect rest which results from the extinction of desire, there is absolute deliverance from the whirlpool of existence, and that is the highest good. So in the "Book of the Great Decease" we read, the Blessed One told his disciples, the day after he had prophesied to them his approaching death:—

It is through not understanding and grasping four conditions (four things), O brethren, that we have had to run so long, to wander so long, in this weary path of transmigration, both you and I.

And what are these four?

The noble conduct of life, the noble earnestness in meditation, the noble kind of wisdom, and the noble salvation of freedom. But when noble conduct is realized and known, when noble meditation is realized and known, when noble wisdom is realized and known, when noble freedom is realized and known, then is the craving for existence rooted

* Hibbert Lectures, p. 29. † Mr. Rhys Davids' "Buddhism," p. 93.

out, that which leads to renewed existence is destroyed, and there is no more birth.*

VI.

It is customary to regard Buddhism as a decadent faith. Thus Dr. Edkins, in his valuable volume of sketches, historical, descriptive, and critical, of that religion, speaks of it as having fallen into "helplessness and decay;" and he further expresses the opinion that its decay is hopeless, and that its weakness is growing.† On the other hand, a recent writer goes so far as to make the singular suggestion that Buddhism may perhaps be "that one of all the world's great creeds that is destined to be the religion of the future."‡ What is certain is, that of all the three "universal" religions Buddhism now least exhibits that missionary activity which is perhaps the most infallible sign of religious vitality. It may, doubtless does, appeal powerfully to a certain class of minds among contemporary European thinkers. But, speaking broadly, it may be said to have ceased for centuries to advance. Far otherwise is it with the faith of Islam. Moslem missionaries are at the present time doing a vast work of successful proselytism among the barbarous tribes of Central Africa, which sufficiently shows how far the religious movement initiated by Mohammed is from having spent its force; and a recent writer, whose long experience in Southern India gives peculiar weight to his words, tells us that in his judgment "the Church has hardly yet realized how great a barrier the system of Islam is to her progress in the East."§ Regarding the system of Islam, "the Sacred Books" give us little fresh information. Their contribution to the better understanding of this religion is Professor Palmer's new translation of the *Qur'an*, which has the merit of setting before the reader more plainly than any previous version what the original really is and what it contains. Perhaps our greatest gain of late years towards a proper comprehension of Mohammedanism has been the more accurate and intelligent appreciation of the character of

* "Sacred Books," vol. xi. p. 65. † "Chinese Buddhism," pp. 1, 2.

‡ "The signs abound that of all the world's great creeds that one is destined to be the much-talked-of religion of the future, which shall be found in least antagonism with Nature and with law. Who dare predict that Buddhism will not be the one chosen?"—*A Buddhist Outcastism*, by Henry S. Olcott, President of the Theosophical Society. Preface.

§ "The Faith of Islam," by the Rev. Edward Sell, Int. p. xii. I do not know exactly what Mr. Sell intends by "the Church," but his general meaning is clear. Let me here bear testimony to the great value of his work from which I quote.

Mohammed, which has become general. A few centuries ago our ancestors identified him with the devil :—

The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman.
Modo he's called and Mahu. *

I suppose few people now who have considered the matter in the light of the evidence available to us would maintain this view of the Dreamer of the Desert, or would even pronounce him a conscious impostor. "That he himself thoroughly believed in the reality of his revelation"—we read in Professor Palmer's valuable Introduction—"there can be no doubt, especially during the early part of his prophetic career." And again, "In forming our estimate of Mohammed's character, and of the religion which we are accustomed to call by his name, we must put aside the theories of imposture and enthusiasm," although "in his later history" the Professor thinks "there are evidences of that tendency to pious fraud which the profession of a prophet necessarily involves."† However that may be, there can be no question what an unspeakably valuable comment upon the Qúran is afforded by what we now know of its author; of the ascetic simplicity of his habits, his indulgence to his inferiors, his fondness for children, the frankness of his friendships, the nobleness of his generosity, the dauntlessness of his courage, the sweetness and winningness of his look and discourse, his indifference to the praise of men. No really fruitful study of the religion of Islam is well possible if it be viewed apart from the person of its Founder. It is, as Cardinal Newman has well said,‡ with spiritual births as with physical. As the tree is, so is the fruit. The child is like the parent. Little is likely to be added in the future to our information about Mohammed. Perhaps just now the most interesting and fruitful fields of inquiry in connection with Islam are its hagiology and its philosophy. And they are fields in which up to the present comparatively little has been done by European scholars.

VII.

I have reached my proper limits. But there are a few words which I should like to say in concluding this most imperfect survey of so great a subject. First, as to the spirit in which our investigation of non-Christian religions should be undertaken. If any one is in search of puerility, absurdity, inanity, he will find them in abundance in these "Sacred Books." But in this quest he will probably miss all that makes the Books most

* *i.e.*, Mahound or Mohammed.

† "Sacred Books," vol. vi. Int. p. xlv.

‡ "Discourses to Mixed Congregations," p. 368.

worthy of study. One of the most interesting and important of facts about the human race is the universality of religious ideas. As God left Himself not without testimony in the physical order to the nations whom He "suffered to walk in their own ways," "doing good from heaven, giving rain and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness," so assuredly has He not left Himself without testimony in the hearts and consciences of the incalculable millions, the works of His hands, beyond the pale of Judaism or Christianity. Of such as think other than this, may we not say, in Jeremy Taylor's phrase, "These persons do not believe noble things of God"? Surely we may say, and surely we ought to remember, that in all religions, however overlaid by superstition or marred by ignorance, or perverted by passion, there is a divine element. That this is so has been stated with great force and beauty by one whose words are always forcible and beautiful. I venture, therefore, to quote the following passage, slightly abbreviating it, from Cardinal Newman's "History of the Arians." His Eminence is speaking of that doctrine of the Alexandrian School which he calls *the divinity of Traditionary Religion*:—

We know well enough for practical purposes what is meant by Revealed Religion—viz., that it is the doctrine taught in the Mosaic and Christian Dispensations, and contained in the Holy Scriptures, and is from God in a sense in which no other doctrine can be said to be from Him. Yet, if we would speak correctly, we must confess, on the authority of the Bible itself, that all knowledge of religion is from Him, and not only that which the Bible has transmitted to us. There never was a time when God had not spoken to man, and told him to a certain extent his duty. . . . We are expressly told in the New Testament, that at no time He left Himself without witness in the world, and that in every nation He accepts those who fear and obey Him. It would seem, then, that there is something true and divinely revealed, in every religion, all over the earth, overloaded, as it may be, and at times even stifled by the impieties which the corrupt will and understanding of man have incorporated with it, so that Revelation, properly speaking, is an universal, not a local gift. . . . The word and the Sacraments are the characteristics of the elect people of God; but all men have had more or less the guidance of Tradition, in addition to those internal notions of right and wrong which the Spirit has put into the heart of each individual. This vague and uncertain family of religious truths, originally from God, but sojourning without the sanction of miracle, or a definite home, as pilgrims up and down the world, and discernible and separable from the corrupt legends with which they are mixed, by the spiritual mind alone, may be called the *Dispensation of Paganism*, after the example of [St. Clement of Alexandria].* And further, Scripture

* Clement says: "Τὴν φιλοσοφίαν Ἑλλήσιν οἶον διαθήκην οἰκεῖαν δεδόσθαι, ἰποβάθραν οὖσαν τῆς κατὰ Χριστὸν φιλοσοφίας."—*Strom.*, vi. p. 648.

gives us reason to believe that the traditions, thus originally delivered to mankind at large, have been secretly reanimated and enforced by new communications, from the unseen world; though these were not of such a nature as to be produced as evidence, or used as criteria and tests, and roused the attention rather than informed the understandings of the heathen. The book of Genesis contains a record of the Dispensation of Natural Religion, or paganism, as well as of the patriarchal. . . . Job was a pagan in the same sense in which the Eastern nations are pagans in the present day. He lived among idolaters, yet he and his friends had cleared themselves from the superstitions with which the true creed was beset; and while one of them was divinely instructed by dreams, he himself at length heard the voice of God out of the whirlwind, in recompense for his long trial and his faithfulness under it. . . . There is nothing unreasonable in the notion, that there may have been heathen poets and sages, or sibyls again, in a certain extent divinely illuminated, and organs through whom religious and moral truth was conveyed to their countrymen; though their knowledge of the Power from whom the gift came, nay, and their perception of the gift as existing in themselves, may have been very faint or defective. This doctrine, thus imperfectly sketched, shall now be presented to the reader in the words of St. Clement. "To the Word of God," he says, "all the host of angels and heavenly powers is subject, revealing, as He does, His holy office (*economy*), for Him who has put all things under Him. Wherefore, His are all men; some actually knowing Him, others not as yet, some as friends" (Christians), "others as faithful servants" (Jews), "others as simply servants" (heathen). He is the Teacher, who instructs the enlightened Christian by mysteries, and the faithful labourer by cheerful hopes, and the hard of heart with His keen corrective discipline; so that His providence is particular, public, and universal. . . . He it is who gives to the Greeks their philosophy by His ministering Angels . . . for He is the Saviour not of these or those, but of all. . . . His precepts, both the former and the latter, are drawn forth from one fount."*

If this is so—as who can doubt?—surely the spirit in which we should approach these "Sacred Books" is clear enough. Hidden in every one of them we should delight to trace "something that could lift up the human heart from this earth to a higher world, something that could make man feel the omnipresence of a higher power, something that could make him shrink from evil, and incline to good; something that could sustain him in his short journey through life, with its bright moments of happiness and its long hours of terrible distress."† The most degraded fetish worshipper seems to me wise and venerable beside the Atheist, equipped with all the culture of this enlightened age. The votary of Mumbo Jumbo, at least, has retained that power of

* "The Arians of the Fourth Century," 3rd ed. (1871), pp. 81–85.

† Preface to the "Sacred Books," p. xxxviii.

looking up to something higher than faith and reason supply, which is lacking to the Materialist of nineteenth-century Europe, into whose soul, as he gropes amid the beggarly elements of corruption, death has entered, according to the too true judgment passed upon a celebrated physicist : "à force de se promener dans l'atmosphère des sépulchres son âme a gagné la mort." Such an one may well dismiss these ancient faiths as mere superstitions. Not so the man who really believes in God. That makes all the difference in our view of this world. It has been well said that human history is not only the record of the deeds of man, that it is the record of the dealings of God with man. This is pre-eminently true of the history of religions.

But again. Besides its high historical interest, the study of these non-Christian religions possess a great practical value, which must not be lost sight of. Here let me once more quote the weighty words of Cardinal Newman :—

If [the doctrine of the divinity of traditionary religion] be scriptural [His Eminence writes] it is not difficult to determine the line of conduct which is to be observed by the Christian apologist and missionary. Believing God's hand to be in every system, so far forth as it is true (though Scripture alone is the depository of His unadulterated and complete revelation), he will, after St. Paul's manner, seek some points in the existing superstitions as the basis of his own instructions instead of indiscriminately condemning and discarding the whole assemblage of heathen opinions and practices ; and he will address his hearers, not as men in a state of actual perdition, but as being in imminent danger of the "wrath to come," because they are in bondage and ignorance, and probably under God's displeasure, that is, the vast majority of them are so in fact, but not necessarily so, from the very circumstance of their being heathen. And while he strenuously opposes all that is idolatrous, immoral, and profane in their creed, he will profess to be leading them on to perfection, and to be recovering and purifying, rather than reversing the essential principles of their belief.*

Precisely. And this being so, surely it may be said that an intelligent comprehension of the religions from which they seek to win men to the faith of Christ is almost a necessary preparation for those devoted persons who essay the work of converting the heathen. Mr. Matthew Arnold in his gently bantering way observes, "For any one who weighs the matter well, the missionary in clerical coat and gaiters whom one sees in woodcuts preaching to a group of picturesque Orientals, is, from the inadequacy of his criticism,

* "The Arians of the Fourth Century," p. 86. Compare the striking passage in St. Augustine (de Doct. Christ. l. ii. c. 40), in which he says that such moral and theological truths as Pagan systems contain should be applied "ad usum justum prædicandi evangelii."

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her need of help from that "wisdom

A higher hand must move

If all be not in vain;

Her footsteps, moving

With wisdom, like the

True is this of the knowledge man
volumes of which I have been speaking
For the rest it seems to me that
reverently and gladly recognizing in
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ART II.—ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

1. *Parliamentary Blue Book : Lighting by Electricity.* 1879.
2. *Electric Lighting by Incandescence.* By W. E. SAWYER. Spon. 1881.
3. *Exposition Internationale de Electricité, Paris.* Catalogue Officiel. Août, 1881.
4. *International Electric Exhibition.* Official Catalogue. Crystal Palace, 1881-1882.

THE history of scientific discovery offers very little of greater interest than the late development of electricity. It has often happened that, when the pioneers of science have made some little advance in a branch of experimental research, difficulties apparently insurmountable bar further progress, and force the world to wait, perhaps for years, the application of well-known principles, which finally result in a discovery of great practical importance. The history of nearly every great invention, which during this and the concluding part of last century has contributed to change the commercial conditions and even the political aspect of the world, has been of this kind, and the recent development of electrical science, pointing out as it does the almost boundless uses to which the subtle fluid may be applied, is no exception to this apparent condition of scientific progress. For many years most of the general principles which underlie late discoveries in this wide field of research have been known; though it has been left for us to witness their application in the inventions which, during the last few years, have rendered electricity subservient to man's use, and which from time to time have startled us by the novel and unexpected results produced by its means.

There can be little doubt that we are indebted to the genius and insight of the great American experimentalist, Mr. Edison, for the stimulus which has brought about the late extraordinary advance in scientific industry. With his name many of the wonderful discoveries of the last few years will be associated as lastingly as the present locomotive and railway system is with that of the great Stephenson. By him and by Mr. Hughes, an American also, though long settled in England, we have been shown that it is not only possible to converse and distinctly recognize the tones of a voice speaking many miles away, but that sounds inaudible to the ordinary organs may be transmitted to any required distance and magnified to almost any intensity. The "Telephone" has already become a factor in modern mercantile transactions, and though not yet so largely adopted here as

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There can be little doubt that we are indebted to the genius and insight of the great American experimentalist, Mr. Edison, for the stimulus which has brought about the late extraordinary advance in scientific industry. With his name many of the wonderful discoveries of the last few years will be associated as lastingly as the present locomotive and railway system is with that of the great Stephenson. By him and by Mr. Hughes, an American also, though long settled in England, we have been shown that it is not only possible to converse and distinctly recognize the tones of a voice speaking many miles away, but that sounds inaudible to the ordinary organs may be transmitted to any required distance and magnified to almost any intensity. The "Telephone" has already become a factor in modern mercantile transactions, and though not yet so largely adopted here as

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The International Exhibition held in Paris in 1878 was the occasion when the electric light was first seen as an illuminant in competition with older methods of street lighting, and when the public first realized that from the same source domestic requirements might soon be supplied. Up to that time the known methods of producing the light were so costly that by most it was considered impracticable for general use, and never likely to be anything more than a scientific toy. The visitors to the Paris Exhibition, however, were able to see the "Jablochkoff" system of "electric candle" illuminating large spaces, such as the Place de l'Opéra, in a way much superior to the best gas lighting; and it required very little foresight to predict that the monopoly of gas companies for municipal lighting was in danger, and that a few years would witness the electric light installed as the illuminator of at least our great cities. Still, perhaps even the most sanguine believers in the light of the future would never have predicted the rapid development which the last two years have manifested. In 1879 a Parliamentary Blue Book* gave it on the authority of those best qualified to express an opinion, that there were practical difficulties which made it impossible that the electric light should come into general use; and that though it might in certain cases, where an abundance of concentrated light was required, be used with advantage, and even with economy, still it could not be expected to meet the ordinary requirements of municipal, much less of domestic, lighting.

Since the issue of this report it has been sufficiently demonstrated that these scientific witnesses were entirely wrong in the opinion they had formed. The Exhibition of Electrical Science, held last year in Paris, at the Palais de l'Industrie, and that of the present year at the Crystal Palace, have proved that the predictions of the enthusiastic supporters of electric lighting are in a fair way to be realized. In saying this we do not for a moment suppose that whatever part electricity is destined to play in providing light to the world, it is likely altogether to

* "Lighting by Electricity," Aug. 13, 1879.

supersede coal gas. The conveniences furnished by the use of ordinary gas are so great that it is improbable it will ever cease to be used for many purposes. Should it ever be so supplanted as a lighting agent, there is abundant use for it as a fuel, and also as furnishing the simplest and best methods of driving our electric generators. Such uses not requiring the expensive methods of purifying needed where it is to be used as a light, we shall be enabled probably to procure it at a fractional part of its present cost. However, what the two electrical exhibitions have proved is, that in a very short time we may hope to have electric lighting in very general use, not only for public but for private purposes; and hence, it will not perhaps be without use if we devote a few pages to a survey of a subject of now very general interest.

The apparatus necessary for the production of the electric light may be classed under the three heads of motors, generators and lamps. And leaving, as apart from the subject, any consideration of the question of motors, whether gas, water, or steam, we will confine ourselves, without going too much into detail, to the consideration of electric generators and lamps, specimens of which have been collected literally by hundreds at the late exhibitions. It may, however, be well, first of all, to speak of the electricity itself which it is the purpose of these generators to produce for the lamps to utilize in the shape of light.

As nothing has been talked about so much for the last few years, both in scientific and unscientific circles, it may seem rather rash to assert that no one at this moment knows exactly what electricity is. Newton expressed his deliberate opinion that cohesion, light, heat, and the communication of the brain with the muscles, were to be referred to the same cause—an electric fluid, which, as an ether or spiritus pervades all bodies. For our present purpose we may accept Newton's idea as substantially correct, and regard electricity as a non-elastic, weightless fluid, diffused throughout the universe. In its natural state it obeys the common law of "inertia," and unless acted upon by force tends to remain inert. It has become the fashion to speak about electricity as if it were some new power which had been lately discovered, or some vast latent force which men had just learnt to make use of. We need scarcely say that such a view is quite false. Electricity is powerless unless we have previously expended force or work upon it. It is rather a means of transmitting or storing up force than a power itself, and though we have spoken of it as a fluid, it would perhaps be nearer the truth if we were to describe it as "a mode of motion."

A series of most interesting experiments, carried out in the Paris

Exhibition by Dr. Bjerkness,* have proved that thin elastic discs caused to vibrate in a fluid, present all the phenomena of electrical attraction and repulsion, according as they pulsate synchronously or irregularly; which by some is considered to go far to establish the theory which makes electricity a "mode of motion" of the subtle and all-pervading ether. This "mode of motion," or flow of the electric fluid, is established by the use of some external force, which in the case of the electric light is immediately the engine which drives the generator, and remotely the combustion of the carbon to make gas or steam. The work done by this engine at the generator is transmitted by the electric current along the conducting wires, and is reproduced in the shape of light, heat, or motion. Thus, the great use of electricity at present is the capability it affords of readily transporting energy produced by water, air, or steam, from a point where work can easily be done, and storing it up for future use.

The old methods of generating electricity were so costly that no extensive utilization was possible. For the most part the current was produced by a galvanic battery of some kind, and resulted from the chemical destruction of a metal more or less valuable; and this rendered the mechanical energy produced too expensive to allow electricity to compete successfully with any other form of lighting. The values of the different methods of producing work are usually compared by what is called the number of "foot-pounds" they are calculated to produce, which being translated into ordinary language means the number of feet to which one pound could be raised by the force exerted. On this basis of comparison it will be seen that, in the case of electric lighting, the period of usefulness of the galvanic battery is gone. For we are told that "the value of a pound of coal in mechanical energy is about 12,000,000 foot-pounds; the value of a pound of zinc about 1,845,000 foot-pounds. The cost of a pound of zinc is about twenty-five times the cost of a pound of coal,"† which would make the mechanical energy produced by the galvanic battery more than 150 times as expensive as that produced by the combustion of coal.

The transformation of force into electricity is now no longer chemical but mechanical, and as it would be difficult to give any clear idea of the many different forms of electric generators at present in the market without the aid of diagrams, we shall content ourselves with some general remarks upon them. However much they may differ in principle, they all depend on the

* See *Nature*, Jan. 19, 1882.

† Sawyer, "Electric Lighting," cap. i.

discovery made by Faraday in 1832, and described by him in the *Philosophical Magazine* of that year,* and about which the well-known lines were written—

Around the magnet Faraday
Was sure that Volta's lightnings play,
But how to draw them from the wire?
He took the lesson from the heart,
'Tis when we meet, 'tis when we part,
Breaks forth the electric fire.

Faraday found that when a wire is passed across the poles of a magnet there is produced a force tending to make the electric current pass along the wire. It had long been known that when a wire traversed by an electric current was rolled round a bar of steel, the steel at once, and for as long as the current continued to pass, acquired a magnetic power; and Faraday arrived at the conclusion, after many experiments and disappointments, that the converse should also be true, and that thus when a wire was made to pass round a magnet, a current should be established in the wire. If therefore a wire is wound in the form of a helix or hollow bobbin, and a magnet is moved longitudinally across it, a current is produced in the bobbin, and a still greater current when the magnet is introduced into the hollow of the wire helix. It was discovered also, that when two concentric bobbins of insulated or covered wire were wound round a centre-piece of soft iron, the inner helix being of thicker wire than the outer, and the iron core was magnetized, a very powerful current of electricity was established in the outer coil. This current Faraday called a "secondary," or "induced" current, and his discovery is the basis of the present electric generators. A year later, 1832-3, the magneto-electric machine was made by Pixii, at Paris, and thus fifty years ago the conversion of mechanical energy into electricity was shown to be possible. The earlier experimentalists in this field of science, among whom we may name Saxton in 1833, Clarke in 1836, and Holmes in 1837, though far in advance of their times, made little progress towards the realization of the present day. The problem has occupied the attention of electricians for more than thirty years, has been how to construct a machine capable of converting mechanical into electric energy without the excessive waste of power which made its production too expensive for practical purposes. The first advance in solving the problem was made in 1857 by the invention of the "Siemens' armature." The Siemens' armature consists of an iron cylinder

* P. 125.

cut longitudinal grooves, along which, lengthways, a coil of insulated wire is wound. This armature, on being made to revolve very rapidly between the opposite poles of a magnet, establishes a strong induced current in the helix of wire whilst cutting the magnet's line of force.

Ten years after the invention of the Siemens' armature, Wild constructed an electrical machine in which we have the first germ of a perfect generator. The current produced in one armature made to revolve, as we have described, between the poles of a magnet, was used to furnish electric force to the coils of a large electro-magnet, between the poles of which another Siemens' armature of larger size was rotated. The current induced in this second armature was conducted away for external use. In this machine it is stated that ninety per cent. of the current generated could be made available to any purpose to which electricity was applicable. The disadvantage of the "Siemens' armature" is the high speed of rotation necessary, as its value as a generator is directly proportional to the square of the speed of rotation. As a consequence of this great speed the armature is heated and is gradually destroyed. Its advantages, however, are the extreme simplicity of its construction, and its small size, allowing it to rotate between the poles of a magnet which are placed very near together, or, as it is generally called, in a field of very high magnetic force. It is still found a convenient form for use in electro-plating and laboratory work.

Wild's machine, as we have stated, depended on a compound magnetic battery for the initial electric force, which was passed on with greatly intensified power through the first Siemens' armature to the large coils of the electro-magnet, between the poles of which the second and larger armature revolved. Opposed to the principle of Wild is that of accumulation by mutual action and reaction. In the iron of every electro-magnet there exists, after the cause exciting its coils has been withdrawn, a small remnant of force known as "residual magnetism." This residue of force is made to circulate through the coil of the armature and returned with an increased power to the coils of the electro-magnet, which again, in its turn, causes a corresponding increase in the current circulating through the armature. Mutual action of this nature goes on, till what is known as a point of magnetic saturation is attained, and the magnet is charged sufficiently to give its highest quantity of electricity. This principle of accumulation by mutual action is employed in many modern generators, as in the "Gramme" and "Dynamo" dynamos. It has this disadvantage however, that the force of equalizing the resistance of the external circuit is not sufficient to satisfy the results. To explain this it is

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necessary somewhat to anticipate what we shall have to say later, and to state that every conductor of electricity offers more or less resistance to the passage of the current. This resistance, depending on several things, such as the length and size of the conductor as well as its conducting powers, is liable to variation. Such variation either in interruption or increase of resistance destroys, or partially weakens, the field of generating force; the most satisfactory results being always obtained when the external resistance is equal to the internal resistance of the machine; that is, when fifty per cent of the current generated is expended in exciting the machine, and the other fifty in giving light, we have the maximum of work with a minimum expenditure of power. This is the reason why machines of this type are better adapted for working one lamp of great power than a number of lights on the same circuit; as, when there are many, there is a greater chance of a variation in the current.

The permanent magnet of the Wild machines has almost entirely given way to generators with electro-magnets, which are both more compact and more powerful. In the Paris Exhibition, M. de Meritens showed a machine of great power, in which a large number of extremely powerful steel magnets were used; each magnet being, it was stated, capable of supporting $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. In this machine the power necessary to excite and sustain the field of force of the ordinary dynamos is saved; but the increased cost of production, together with their cumbersome proportions, will, there can be little doubt, prevent their general use.

The dynamo machines for generating the electric current may be divided into two great classes—those producing “direct” currents—that is, currents which always flow in the same direction; and “alternate,” the direction of which is always changing. The “Lontin” may be taken as a type of an “alternating” current machine. In principle it consists of a wheel of bar-magnets on the “Wild” principle, revolving in front of a second large and stationary ring of soft iron, a series of small electro-magnets. The revolving wheel of magnets constitutes the field of force, and as it moves round, alternately, opposite poles of the bar-magnets are presented to the poles of the electro-magnets of the stationary ring and induce alternate currents in them. By this arrangement as many different circuits can be worked by these machines as there are electro-magnets in the stationary ring; and each coil can be made to serve for one or many lamps, according to the power of the machine, which can also be made to supply large and small lamps, while several coils can be attached to feed one large lamp of great power where required. It is also a good point that an accident may happen to one circuit without its affecting the remaining circuits. The chief “alternating” machines on this

type are the alternating Gramme and Siemens, besides the machine of de Meritens already spoken of.

Of "direct" current machines the best known is that of M. Gramme. It was not, however, the first machine of this kind, for underlying its principle is the "Pacinotti" ring machine, which was invented before M. Gramme constructed his generator, though it did not come into notice till a subsequent time. This "Pacinotti ring" machine was invented by an Italian, Dr. Antonio Pacinotti, in 1860, and was fully described in the June number of the Italian journal of science, *Il Nuovo Cimento*, four years later. The machine thus described was intended as an electro-magnetic engine, but it was clearly, like the "Gramme" generator, applicable to the double purpose of serving either as an electric current producer, or, if its action were reversed, as a magnetic motor. It differs from the Gramme machine only in having projections on the revolving wheel, between which, as in the Brush machine, the endless wire coil was wound.

The essential feature of M. Gramme's generator is a soft iron ring, wound throughout with a continuous copper wire well insulated, the ends of which being joined together the whole constitutes an endless wire roll. This ring is in reality the armature of the machine, and is made to revolve between the poles of electro-magnets, which are constructed to overlap somewhat the periphery of the wheel. In this armature there are no sudden reversals of polarity, and a "direct" current is transmitted along the wire conductors.

On this principle, with various modifications, the "Maxim," the "Bürgin" and the "Brush" dynamos are constructed. The latter is, perhaps, the most extensively used of all generators, especially in America; and though it agrees somewhat closely in principle with the "Gramme," it differs essentially in the armature used, which is more of the type of the "Pacinotti" ring. The wire is not wound round the ring in one continuous roll, but in several separate coils, which are connected in pairs, each pair being independent of every other. The object of this arrangement will be made clear if we bear in mind that, as the armature revolves, only a portion of it can be cutting at any one time the lines of magnetic force; and, as a consequence, electric currents are being generated only in that portion. If the wire forms but one continuous roll, or, what comes to the same, if formed of separate rolls these are joined together, the electric current having to pass through the whole wire encounters useless resistance, and is consequently much weakened in intensity. To obviate this Mr. Brush connected the separate coils of the armature in pairs, and thus in his machine the current is passed only through those helices which are being acted upon by the

both of his hearers' religion and of his own, a hardly less grotesque object in his intellectual equipment for his task than in his outward attire.* Missionaries may with reason decline to learn their theology of Mr. Matthew Arnold. Still it always is, or ought to be, of advantage to see ourselves as others see us: nor perhaps is the advantage derivable least when the view is unflattering.

Lastly, let me venture to say one word of protest against the suspicion with which such studies as these for which I have pleaded are regarded by some excellent Catholics. No intellectual pursuit is without its danger. Knowledge in any department into which the mind of man can penetrate is but learned ignorance unless she is conscious of her own imperfection; her need of help from that "wisdom which is from above."

A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain; and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child.

True is this of the knowledge made accessible to us by the volumes of which I have been speaking, as of all knowledge. For the rest it seems to me that the religious mind, while reverently and gladly recognizing in these vast non-Christian systems such verities, theological and ethical, as they present—remembering with St. Augustine, "*Nec quisquam præter Te alius est Doctor veri ubicumque et undecumque claruerit*"†—will be inspired with thoughts of devout thankfulness to the Giver of all good, who, according to the expression of the Prince of the Apostles, has called us "into His admirable light." An admirable light indeed! How admirable we shall best understand by comparing it with the surrounding darkness, fitfully relieved by here and there a bright beam of truth, in which so incalculably vast a proportion of the children of men have been shrouded. Why we have thus been distinguished, thus made to differ from others, is of course a mystery—one of the countless mysteries which surround us in the order of Grace as in the order of Nature. Here, as at every step we take in any of the paths of life, all our speculations may well lead us to the conclusion, "*O altitudo divitiarum sapientiæ Dei! quam incomprehensibilia sunt judicia ejus, et investigabiles viæ ejus!*"

W. S. LILLY.

* "Literature and Dogma," p. 24.

† "Confes." l. v. c. 6.

ART II.—ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

1. *Parliamentary Blue Book: Lighting by Electricity.* 1879.
2. *Electric Lighting by Incandescence.* By W. E. SAWYER. Spon. 1881.
3. *Exposition Internationale de Electricité, Paris.* Catalogue Officiel. Août, 1881.
4. *International Electric Exhibition.* Official Catalogue. Crystal Palace, 1881-1882.

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There can be little doubt that we are indebted to the genius and insight of the great American experimentalist, Mr. Edison, for the stimulus which has brought about the late extraordinary advance in scientific industry. With his name many of the wonderful discoveries of the last few years will be associated as lastingly as the present locomotive and railway system is with that of the great Stephenson. By him and by Mr. Hughes, an American also, though long settled in England, we have been shown that it is not only possible to converse and distinctly recognize the tones of a voice speaking many miles away, but that sounds inaudible to the ordinary organs may be transmitted to any required distance and magnified to almost any intensity. The "Telephone" has already become a factor in modern mercantile transactions, and though not yet so largely adopted here as

in America, there are still few cities of any size in England which have not already their "Telephone Exchange," the subscribers to which can converse at will with their friends, convey their orders to their tradespeople, or settle important business with their lawyer or broker. By means, moreover, of the "Microphone," the voices of singers in an opera, and the tones of actors in a theatre, have been listened to by people miles away from the stages upon which they were performing; and we have almost come to believe that the pictures drawn in jest of the "upper ten" being able to enjoy in the seclusion of their own homes the declamation of a favourite actor, or the notes of some celebrated singer, may not be so very far from becoming a reality.

But perhaps the most important recent development of electricity, and certainly the most interesting to the world at large, is its application to lighting purposes, and the power it may in the near future afford us as a motor for the ordinary domestic and practical needs of private individuals. The most graphic pictures have been drawn for us of the advantages we may hope to derive from the electric fluid when it can be supplied to our houses, and stored away in "accumulators," like water in our house-cisterns. We are told that we shall then be able to light our rooms, drive our sewing-machines, turn our lathes, and in a dull summer ripen the fruit in our hothouses, independently of the sun's rays. All this, if not accomplished, appears on the eve of being realized, and already we hear of rivers being made to light up cities on their banks by the force supplied by the moving water, and of the ebb and flow of tides being at last compelled to use some of their giant strength in drawing the electric fluid from the great reservoir of Nature—the earth. Whatever we may think of the variety of uses to which it is proposed to put the subtle electric force, the electric light is, to all intents and purposes, an accomplished fact, and it is to this special development of electricity we would direct the attention of our readers.

The lighting of public streets is altogether a refinement of modern civilization. Rome, for example, even in the days of its highest culture, was left after nightfall to complete darkness, and torches were carried by slaves to show the road to those who ventured out at night. On rare occasions, perhaps, at some festival or games, cities were illuminated at the public expense; but, as a rule, it would have been held a waste of public money to devote it to such a purpose. In the Middle Ages some little advance was made in this respect by the light shed from the lamp or taper, which had to be burnt before the Madonna or saint's image, placed at the corners of most of the streets. Indeed, even up to this present generation, London was con-

tented with the very scanty light shed by the old oil lamps, which hung at very considerable intervals in the streets; and link-boys were a necessity to light late-returning people to their doors. Fifty years of gas, however, have made us not only accustomed to fairly lighted streets, but anxious to procure even better illumination. This desire has given an impetus to the search after a more effectual, and perhaps more economical, source of light, which, after many disappointments and delays, has apparently been successful.

The International Exhibition held in Paris in 1878 was the occasion when the electric light was first seen as an illuminant in competition with older methods of street lighting, and when the public first realized that from the same source domestic requirements might soon be supplied. Up to that time the known methods of producing the light were so costly that by most it was considered impracticable for general use, and never likely to be anything more than a scientific toy. The visitors to the Paris Exhibition, however, were able to see the "Jablochkoff" system of "electric candle" illuminating large spaces, such as the Place de l'Opéra, in a way much superior to the best gas lighting; and it required very little foresight to predict that the monopoly of gas companies for municipal lighting was in danger, and that a few years would witness the electric light installed as the illuminator of at least our great cities. Still, perhaps even the most sanguine believers in the light of the future would never have predicted the rapid development which the last two years have manifested. In 1879 a Parliamentary Blue Book* gave it on the authority of those best qualified to express an opinion, that there were practical difficulties which made it impossible that the electric light should come into general use; and that though it might in certain cases, where an abundance of concentrated light was required, be used with advantage, and even with economy, still it could not be expected to meet the ordinary requirements of municipal, much less of domestic, lighting.

Since the issue of this report it has been sufficiently demonstrated that these scientific witnesses were entirely wrong in the opinion they had formed. The Exhibition of Electrical Science, held last year in Paris, at the Palais de l'Industrie, and that of the present year at the Crystal Palace, have proved that the predictions of the enthusiastic supporters of electric lighting are in a fair way to be realized. In saying this we do not for a moment suppose that whatever part electricity is destined to play in providing light to the world, it is likely altogether to

* "Lighting by Electricity," Aug. 13, 1879.

supersede coal gas. The conveniences furnished by the use of ordinary gas are so great that it is improbable it will ever cease to be used for many purposes. Should it ever be so supplanted as a lighting agent, there is abundant use for it as a fuel, and also as furnishing the simplest and best methods of driving our electric generators. Such uses not requiring the expensive methods of purifying needed where it is to be used as a light, we shall be enabled probably to procure it at a fractional part of its present cost. However, what the two electrical exhibitions have proved is, that in a very short time we may hope to have electric lighting in very general use, not only for public but for private purposes; and hence, it will not perhaps be without use if we devote a few pages to a survey of a subject of now very general interest.

The apparatus necessary for the production of the electric light may be classed under the three heads of motors, generators and lamps. And leaving, as apart from the subject, any consideration of the question of motors, whether gas, water, or steam, we will confine ourselves, without going too much into detail, to the consideration of electric generators and lamps, specimens of which have been collected literally by hundreds at the late exhibitions. It may, however, be well, first of all, to speak of the electricity itself which it is the purpose of these generators to produce for the lamps to utilize in the shape of light.

As nothing has been talked about so much for the last few years, both in scientific and unscientific circles, it may seem rather rash to assert that no one at this moment knows exactly what electricity is. Newton expressed his deliberate opinion that cohesion, light, heat, and the communication of the brain with the muscles, were to be referred to the same cause—an electric fluid, which, as an ether or spiritus pervades all bodies. For our present purpose we may accept Newton's idea as substantially correct, and regard electricity as a non-elastic, weightless fluid, diffused throughout the universe. In its natural state it obeys the common law of "inertia," and unless acted upon by force tends to remain inert. It has become the fashion to speak about electricity as if it were some new power which had been lately discovered, or some vast latent force which men had just learnt to make use of. We need scarcely say that such a view is quite false. Electricity is powerless unless we have previously expended force or work upon it. It is rather a means of transmitting or storing up force than a power itself, and though we have spoken of it as a fluid, it would perhaps be nearer the truth if we were to describe it as "a mode of motion." A series of most interesting experiments, carried out in the Paris

Exhibition by Dr. Bjerkness,* have proved that thin elastic discs caused to vibrate in a fluid, present all the phenomena of electrical attraction and repulsion, according as they pulsate synchronously or irregularly; which by some is considered to go far to establish the theory which makes electricity a "mode of motion" of the subtle and all-pervading ether. This "mode of motion," or flow of the electric fluid, is established by the use of some external force, which in the case of the electric light is immediately the engine which drives the generator, and remotely the combustion of the carbon to make gas or steam. The work done by this engine at the generator is transmitted by the electric current along the conducting wires, and is reproduced in the shape of light, heat, or motion. Thus, the great use of electricity at present is the capability it affords of readily transporting energy produced by water, air, or steam, from a point where work can easily be done, and storing it up for future use.

The old methods of generating electricity were so costly that no extensive utilization was possible. For the most part the current was produced by a galvanic battery of some kind, and resulted from the chemical destruction of a metal more or less valuable; and this rendered the mechanical energy produced too expensive to allow electricity to compete successfully with any other form of lighting. The values of the different methods of producing work are usually compared by what is called the number of "foot-pounds" they are calculated to produce, which being translated into ordinary language means the number of feet to which one pound could be raised by the force exerted. On this basis of comparison it will be seen that, in the case of electric lighting, the period of usefulness of the galvanic battery is gone. For we are told that "the value of a pound of coal in mechanical energy is about 12,000,000 foot-pounds; the value of a pound of zinc about 1,845,000 foot-pounds. The cost of a pound of zinc is about twenty-five times the cost of a pound of coal,"† which would make the mechanical energy produced by the galvanic battery more than 150 times as expensive as that produced by the combustion of coal.

The transformation of force into electricity is now no longer chemical but mechanical, and as it would be difficult to give any clear idea of the many different forms of electric generators at present in the market without the aid of diagrams, we shall content ourselves with some general remarks upon them. However much they may differ in principle, they all depend on the

* See *Nature*, Jan. 19, 1882.

† Sawyer, "Electric Lighting," cap. i.

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discovery made by Faraday in 1832, and described by him in the *Philosophical Magazine* of that year,* and about which the well-known lines were written—

Around the magnet Faraday
Was sure that Volta's lightnings play,
But how to draw them from the wire?
He took the lesson from the heart,
'Tis when we meet, 'tis when we part,
Breaks forth the electric fire.

Faraday found that when a wire is passed across the poles of a magnet there is produced a force tending to make the electric current pass along the wire. It had long been known that when a wire traversed by an electric current was rolled round a bar of steel, the steel at once, and for as long as the current continued to pass, acquired a magnetic power; and Faraday arrived at the conclusion, after many experiments and disappointments, that the converse should also be true, and that thus when a wire was made to pass round a magnet, a current should be established in the wire. If therefore a wire is wound in the form of a helix or hollow bobbin, and a magnet is moved longitudinally across it, a current is produced in the bobbin, and a still greater current when the magnet is introduced into the hollow of the wire helix. It was discovered also, that when two concentric bobbins of insulated or covered wire were wound round a centre-piece of soft iron, the inner helix being of thicker wire than the outer, and the iron core was magnetized, a very powerful current of electricity was established in the outer coil. This current Faraday called a "secondary," or "induced" current, and his discovery is the basis of the present electric generators. A year later, 1832-3, the magneto-electric machine was made by Pixii, at Paris, and thus fifty years ago the conversion of mechanical energy into electricity was shown to be possible. The earlier experimentalists in this field of science, among whom we may name Saxton in 1833, Clarke in 1836, and Holmes in 1852, though far in advance of their times, made little progress towards the realization of the present day. The problem which has occupied the attention of electricians for more than forty years, has been how to construct a machine capable of converting mechanical into electric energy without the excessive waste of power which made its production too expensive for practical purposes. The first advance in solving the problem was made in 1857 by the invention of the "Siemens' armature." Primarily the Siemens' armature consists of an iron cylinder, in which are

* P. 125.

cut longitudinal grooves, along which, lengthways, a coil of insulated wire is wound. This armature, on being made to revolve very rapidly between the opposite poles of a magnet, establishes a strong induced current in the helix of wire whilst cutting the magnet's line of force.

Ten years after the invention of the Siemens' armature, Wild constructed an electrical machine in which we have the first germ of a perfect generator. The current produced in one armature made to revolve, as we have described, between the poles of a magnet, was used to furnish electric force to the coils of a large electro-magnet, between the poles of which another Siemens' armature of larger size was rotated. The current induced in this second armature was conducted away for external use. In this machine it is stated that ninety per cent. of the current generated could be made available to any purpose to which electricity was applicable. The disadvantage of the "Siemens' armature" is the high speed of rotation necessary, as its value as a generator is directly proportional to the square of the speed of rotation. As a consequence of this great speed the armature is heated and is gradually destroyed. Its advantages, however, are the extreme simplicity of its construction, and its small size, allowing it to rotate between the poles of a magnet which are placed very near together, or, as it is generally called, in a field of very high magnetic force. It is still found a convenient form for use in electro-plating and laboratory work.

Wild's machine, as we have stated, depended on a compound magnetic battery for the initial electric force, which was passed on with greatly intensified power through the first Siemens' armature to the large coils of the electro-magnet, between the poles of which the second and larger armature revolved. Opposed to the principle of Wild is that of accumulation by mutual action and reaction. In the iron of every electro-magnet there exists, after the cause exciting its coils has been withdrawn, a small remnant of force known as "residual magnetism." This residue of force is made to circulate through the coil of the armature and returned with an increased power to the coils of the electro-magnet, which again, in its turn, causes a corresponding increase in the current circulating through the armature. Mutual action of this nature goes on, till what is known as a point of magnetic saturation is attained, and the machine is charged sufficiently to give its highest quantity of electricity. This principle of accumulation by mutual action is made use of in many modern generators, as in the "Gramme" and "Brush" dynamos. It has this disadvantage however, that the maintenance of equality in the resistance of the external circuit is essential to satisfactory results. To explain this it is

necessary somewhat to anticipate what we shall have to say later, and to state that every conductor of electricity offers more or less resistance to the passage of the current. This resistance, depending on several things, such as the length and size of the conductor as well as its conducting powers, is liable to variation. Such variation either in interruption or increase of resistance destroys, or partially weakens, the field of generating force; the most satisfactory results being always obtained when the external resistance is equal to the internal resistance of the machine; that is, when fifty per cent of the current generated is expended in exciting the machine, and the other fifty in giving light, we have the maximum of work with a minimum expenditure of power. This is the reason why machines of this type are better adapted for working one lamp of great power than a number of lights on the same circuit; as, when there are many, there is a greater chance of a variation in the current.

The permanent magnet of the Wild machines has almost entirely given way to generators with electro-magnets, which are both more compact and more powerful. In the Paris Exhibition, M. de Meritens showed a machine of great power, in which a large number of extremely powerful steel magnets were used; each magnet being, it was stated, capable of supporting $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. In this machine the power necessary to excite and sustain the field of force of the ordinary dynamos is saved; but the increased cost of production, together with their cumbersome proportions, will, there can be little doubt, prevent their general use.

The dynamo machines for generating the electric current may be divided into two great classes—those producing “direct” currents—that is, currents which always flow in the same direction; and “alternate,” the direction of which is always changing. The “Lontin” may be taken as a type of an “alternating” current machine. In principle it consists of a wheel of bar-magnets on the “Wild” principle, revolving in front of a second large and stationary ring of soft iron, a series of small electro-magnets. The revolving wheel of magnets constitutes the field of force, and as it moves round, alternately, opposite poles of the bar-magnets are presented to the poles of the electro-magnets of the stationary ring and induce alternate currents in them. By this arrangement as many different circuits can be worked by these machines as there are electro-magnets in the stationary ring; and each coil can be made to serve for one or many lamps, according to the power of the machine, which can also be made to supply large and small lamps, while several coils can be attached to feed one large lamp of great power where required. It is also a good point that an accident may happen to one circuit without its affecting the remaining circuits. The chief “alternating” machines on this

type are the alternating Gramme and Siemens, besides the machine of de Meritens already spoken of.

Of "direct" current machines the best known is that of M. Gramme. It was not, however, the first machine of this kind, for underlying its principle is the "Pacinotti" ring machine, which was invented before M. Gramme constructed his generator, though it did not come into notice till a subsequent time. This "Pacinotti ring" machine was invented by an Italian, Dr. Antonio Pacinotti, in 1860, and was fully described in the June number of the Italian journal of science, *Il Nuovo Cimento*, four years later. The machine thus described was intended as an electro-magnetic engine, but it was clearly, like the "Gramme" generator, applicable to the double purpose of serving either as an electric current producer, or, if its action were reversed, as a magnetic motor. It differs from the Gramme machine only in having projections on the revolving wheel, between which, as in the Brush machine, the endless wire coil was wound.

The essential feature of M. Gramme's generator is a soft iron ring, wound throughout with a continuous copper wire well insulated, the ends of which being joined together the whole constitutes an endless wire roll. This ring is in reality the armature of the machine, and is made to revolve between the poles of electro-magnets, which are constructed to overlap somewhat the periphery of the wheel. In this armature there are no sudden reversals of polarity, and a "direct" current is transmitted along the wire conductors.

On this principle, with various modifications, the "Maxim," the "Bürgin" and the "Brush" dynamos are constructed. The latter is, perhaps, the most extensively used of all generators, especially in America; and though it agrees somewhat closely in principle with the "Gramme," it differs essentially in the armature used, which is more of the type of the "Pacinotti" ring. The wire is not wound round the ring in one continuous roll, but in several separate coils, which are connected in pairs, each pair being independent of every other. The object of this arrangement will be made clear if we bear in mind that, as the armature revolves, only a portion of it can be cutting at any one time the lines of magnetic force; and, as a consequence, electric currents are being generated only in that portion. If the wire forms but one continuous roll, or, what comes to the same, if formed of separate rolls these are joined together, the electric current having to pass through the whole wire encounters useless resistance, and is consequently much weakened in intensity. To obviate this Mr. Brush connected the separate coils of the armature in pairs, and thus in his machine the current is passed only through those helices which are being acted upon by the

magnetic force. Thus, only three-fourths of these armature helices are included in the circuit at any given time, these being all that at that time are cutting the lines of magnetic force. In the Crystal Palace Exhibition some ten or twelve dynamos of the Brush system were shown. One machine supplied the electric current to some forty "Arc" lights, each of 2,000 candle power, while another produced a single light of 150,000 candle power. We are not aware of any other machine at present in the market capable of giving the like results.

Besides the generators already described there are a great number of others, showing modifications of various kinds of the principles underlying the generators of Siemens, Gramme and Brush. The best known among them are the Häfner-Alteneck, or New Siemens, the Weston, the Edison and the Sawyer dynamo.

Before considering the "lamps" designed to utilize the mechanical force of the motors in the shape of light, it may be well to say a word about the "conductors," which enable us to transmit the force from the generator to the lamp. This factor in any system of electric lighting is far more important than it may at first sight appear to be, as it has a great deal to do with the proper utilization of the force. As compared with a system of lighting by gas, the wires take the place of the gas mains and service pipes used to convey the gas from the gasometer to the place where it is to be used. It will, no doubt, appear a much more simple operation to carry a conducting wire from the generator to the lamp than to lay a properly sealed pipe to convey gas. This is not, however, the case, and herein lies one of the greatest obstacles which electrical engineering has had as yet to encounter. If it be granted—which it may be without departing much from the truth—that the "generators" are as effective as they can be made, putting on one side the "accumulators," which in time we may hope will simplify the system of conductors now necessary, the only reason why the electric light is not yet what it should be is in great measure on account of defective conducting wires. They are at present the weak point in the system of electric lighting, and have interfered with its adoption in several towns. When first the experiment of lighting the City of London by different systems was tried, it will be remembered that the attempt failed for a time on account of defective conductors. Many of the wires had to be taken up at great expense, and replaced by others of better conductivity. In Edinburgh and Liverpool we believe that the company which undertook the lighting by electricity gave up the attempt after a four months' struggle with the wire difficulty. In the case of the last-named city it is fair to say that the difficulty was

encountered, chiefly because permission was refused to break up the streets to lay the wires underground, and it was found impossible to carry them overhead.

Of course, the best method of forming conducting mains must of necessity be a matter of experience, and every day should add to our knowledge in this respect. At present, an insulated copper wire or bar, enclosed in an iron tube, would appear to be the most suitable main conductor. To prevent unnecessary resistance to the flow of the current is the chief point to be attended to. According to a well-known law, resistance is encountered in direct proportion to the length of the conductor, and inversely to its size—that is, if the length of the main is doubled the resistance will be doubled, but if the size be doubled the resistance is halved. In this we have much the same law that governs the flow of water through service pipes: the longer the pipe and the smaller the bore the greater is the resistance to the flow of the liquid.

From this general law it follows that to avoid resistance, it is necessary to increase the size of the conductor in the same proportion as we increase the length of the circuit. This so far multiplies the cost of electric lighting at great distances that it is improbable that any system of general distribution from a centre of mechanical power will ever be attempted.* At the same time, we do not believe that the cost alone would stand in the way, as there is sufficient reason for saying that a suitable insulated conductor would cost less per mile than an eight-inch gas main, while the waste by leakage would be considerably less per cent. than that from the present gas system. While practically the “conductors” are the most vulnerable part of the electrical distribution, theoretically there is no limit to the possible transmission of electric energy. It is perhaps not too much to hope that the labours of electricians may in a short time overcome the difficulties of conduction, and realize for us some of those vast results predicted by enthusiastic believers in the future of electricity. On this point we would refer our readers to a most interesting letter from Mr. Bessemer in the *Times* of April 18 of this year, from which we cannot forbear to make one quotation:—

Although coal [he says, after stating that the “output” for the year 1881 was no less than 154,184,300 tons], is still our great agent in the production of motive power, it must not be forgotten that Sir William Thomson has clearly shown that by the use of dynamo-electrical machines, working by the falls of Niagara, motive power could be generated to an almost unlimited extent, and that no less

* Sawyer, “Electric Lighting,” p. 160.

than 26,250 horse-power so obtained could be conveyed to a distance of 300 miles, by means of a single copper wire of half-an-inch in diameter, with a loss in transmission of not more than 20 per cent., and hence, delivering at the opposite end of the wire 21,000 horse-power. What a magnificent vista of legitimate mercantile enterprise this simple fact opens up for our own country. Why should we not at once connect London with one of our nearest coal fields by means of a copper rod of one inch in diameter, and capable of transmitting 84,000 horse-power to London, and thus practically bring up the coal by wire instead of by rail.

With our present knowledge we might be led to doubt whether such a scheme will ever be realized, as the immense power here described as being passed along the conductor would apparently be inconveniently unmanageable and dangerous.

In approaching the subject of "lamps" we feel that we are once more treading on firm and sure ground. Most people have by this time seen, and perhaps examined for themselves, various forms of electrical lamps. Any description of them therefore may be easily understood; while a want of such knowledge must make all accounts of the "generators" somewhat puzzling and uninteresting. Electric lights may be classed under the two heads of "arc" and "incandescent" lights. In the former the carbon is consumed more or less rapidly, while in the latter the process of combustion is theoretically prevented altogether, and practically retarded to a great extent. The theory upon which both classes of lamps are based is that heat is developed, and consequently light produced, if the heat be intense enough, whenever the flow of the electric fluid encounters resistance. This happens most effectually whenever carbon is introduced into the circuit, since carbon being a very bad conductor offers considerable resistance to the electric current, and the heat thus developed either manifests itself in the carbon itself (if in an incandescent lamp) or at the points of the carbon rods attached to the two ends of the conducting wire, where the electric fluid manifests itself in a bright "arc" of light as it passes from the one to the other.

The "arc" lamp works somewhat in the following manner. The points of the carbon ends of the circuit being made to touch one another in starting the current, are drawn apart one-third of an inch or so according to the strength of the electricity, and immediately the luminous arc is formed between them. The carbons are of course gradually consumed; and as it is essential to the steadiness of the light that the same distance should be maintained between them, they have to be fed forward, either mechanically by clockwork, or automatically by the action of the current itself. Upon this arrangement depends the value of the

lamp, and the freedom of the light from the unpleasant fading and brightening so noticeable in the earlier forms of "arc" light, and which is still painfully evident in many kinds of lamps shown at the late exhibition.

In primitive "arc" lights the equality of distance was sought to be maintained by means of clockwork only; but modern lamps are furnished with an automatic electric regulator, upon the sensitiveness of which the steady character of the light depends. On its way to the carbons the electric fluid passes through a small electro-magnet, which, acting upon the arm of a small steel lever separates the carbons and forms the proper "arc" of light. As the carbons are consumed the "arc" becomes larger, and greater resistance is offered to the flow of the current; this at once decreases the intensity of the current passing, and the magnet losing its power releases the little lever holding the carbons, which immediately approach once more, and at the same instant the magnet regaining its power holds them at the proper distance. In many of the "arc" lights shown in the Crystal Palace Exhibition the absolute steadiness of the light proved that this regulation had attained great perfection. The "Brush" and "Crompton" lamps appeared to advantage in this respect, while to us, and to many others, a lamp by a French exhibitor, M. Gérard, seemed absolutely faultless, although whether this was due to the intrinsic merits of the lamp itself or to the perfect opal shades used it is difficult to say.

The "Jablochkoff candle" is an "arc" light of a special kind. It was the first modern electric lamp in the market, and it can still be said to maintain a favourable place among its now numerous competitors. Unlike the "arc" lights of the ordinary type the carbons in this lamp are not placed end to end, but parallel to each other. They are kept apart by a compound named by the inventor "Kaolin," which is consumed at the same rate as the carbons. The "Jablochkoff" light in this way resembles a candle with a double wick, and by means of this arrangement the necessity of any regulating apparatus is dispensed with; the lamp is of the simplest kind, and the candle is very easily replaced. The light may be seen in use on the Thames Embankment and Waterloo Bridge, and we fancy it is considered to compare favourably with any other system of electric lighting now being tried in London. The company takes credit, not unreasonably, for the fact that those who have tried it, not only continue to use it, but to extend their lights and recommend it to others.

The "arc" light is, without doubt, the most economical method of lighting by electricity. It can be made to be almost an unlimited source of light, but it is certainly not a pleasant light.

Specimens of every kind of lamp were to be seen at the late exhibitions, producing from about 200 candle-power light to the monster Brush lamp of 150,000 candle-power. Various expedients were resorted to in order to give it tone and colour. Opal and tinted shades and covers of cut glass did what they could to win for it the public favour, but without success. The general verdict, we believe, was that it was all very well for public lighting, but that it would never be serviceable for domestic purposes. The giant lamp shown in the tropical section by the Brush Company was clearly and happily meant as a curiosity. The light was very wonderful, very dazzling, and for a long time afterwards very painful to the eyes. The carbons consumed in this lamp excited general curiosity, being more than two inches in diameter, and the electric current was conducted to them by copper rods nearly an inch across.

Turning to the "incandescent" type of lamp we must first confess that in every way they far surpassed our expectations. They were not mentioned as even possible in the Blue Book of 1879, so that in reality they are the most modern development of electric lamp; yet to any one who has seen them at Sydenham, it must appear certain that they are destined to be in the near future the accepted form of ordinary domestic lighting, and gradually to supersede gas as completely as gas has superseded every other form of general lighting. The principle upon which the "incandescent" lamp is founded is not new. Forty years ago a M. Moleyns designed and constructed one, which consisted of a spiral of platinum wire which was made "incandescent" by the passage of an electric current through it. This is clearly the germ of the theory upon which the present lamps are constructed. A few years later, in 1845, an improvement was made on M. Moleyn's lamp by placing the platinum wire in a vacuum by which the rapid destruction of the platinum was prevented; or rather, as the vacuum obtainable in those days was very imperfect, it is more correct to say that the destruction of the wire placed in vacuo was retarded. Until very recent times it was held that no light on this principle could possibly be produced at a reasonable cost, and it has been left to Mr. Edison, Mr. Swan and others, to show that this form of lamp is not only possible but economical.

The fundamental principle involved in this method of lighting is extremely simple. In the circuit of an electric current there is introduced some substance of poor conductivity, and this, affording great resistance to its passage, produces the inevitable effect of heat, and if the heat be sufficient, light. Many substances might be employed with advantage, and platinum was universally used for the purpose, even in the early experiments of

Mr. Edison. Carbon of some form or other has been proved by experience to be the most suitable material, and is now universally used in all incandescent lamps. When the quantity of the electricity passed along the circuit is large enough in proportion to the carbon, it becomes white hot and gives light; which, as long as the source of electricity gives a constant current, is constant in intensity, and manifests no flickering, so unpleasantly noticeable in the "arc" lights.

Of the two forms of lamps on this principle, that in which the incandescent carbon is exposed to the action of the atmosphere, though yielding more light for the force expended than a vacuum lamp, is nevertheless open to the grave objection that the carbon requires constant renewal. The most successful modern incandescent lamps are those which place the carbon in as perfect a vacuum as possible, or only allow such gases as do not assist its combustion. In the older forms of lamp on this principle the carbon was much more substantial than it is found wise to make it now. It is now an allowed principle that the thinner the carbon is the better it suits the purpose of incandescent lighting. The carbons used in all lamps of this type do not substantially differ. The process of manufacture requiring the greatest possible care is very complicated, and the carbon filament is produced for one system of incandescent lamps from a strip of bamboo, for another from cotton threads, and for a third from parchment; but in the result these carbons are practically the same.

The idea of enclosing this carbon filament in vacuum is not new, but great difficulty was experienced in preserving it from chemical changes, owing to the action of gases generated by the methods of sealing. Various plans have been tried, which have resulted in the adoption of the form of sealing made use of in the Geissler vacuum tubes. Even this, though the best known method, is not perfect, and the alternate heating and cooling of the wire as the current is turned on and off gradually destroys the seal, and at once the vacuum and the lamp are also destroyed. This is the great drawback to the incandescent vacuum lamps, for as the vacuum is destroyed the carbon disappears and the lamp has to be replaced. At present six or seven months are given as the term of life of a good incandescent lamp; and as we have no reason to hope that the method of Geissler vacuum seals is likely to be much improved upon, we fear that we need not look for much better results. We are told that a lamp giving about eight candle-power light will last from ten to a hundred hours.* This is a large margin, and it is almost reasonable to conclude

* Sawyer, p. 63.

that at present it is impossible to say how long this lamp may be trusted. It is right, however, to remark that in a severe and long test, extending over six months, carried out at the Earnock colliery, some of Swan's incandescent lamps lasted upwards of 1,000 hours.* At the same time, it was proved that it was more economical to work this kind of lamp at a low candle-power of from ten to twelve candles than to force it to give a light of greater intensity.

The manufacture of the various incandescent lamps is very much the same in every case. A carbon filament has its ends well connected with two platinum wires, and being introduced into a small glass globe, the wire terminals are securely sealed in the neck of the globe, which is then attached to the air pump, and the exhaustion being complete, is then sealed by the blow pipe, and the lamp is ready for use. The connection of the carbon filament with the wire is a very important element of success, as upon it depends the preservation of the globe from the gradual blackening of its inner surface, by which many of the earlier forms of lamps were quickly rendered useless. To ensure this connection little blocks of carbon are left at the ends of the filament, and these are ingeniously attached to the wire terminals by means of an electrically deposited metal. Before finally closing the globe, and after the exhaustion is apparently complete, an electric current is passed through the carbon, which has the effect of expelling the air contained in it, and when this has been done the lamp is as perfect as the present state of our knowledge can make it.

In the "Maxim" and "Lane-Fox" type of lamp, some gas made from oil or coal is introduced into the vacuum, and when the carbon becomes heated by the electric current, this is decomposed and deposited in the form of carbon on the incandescent filament, in greater quantity where it is hottest, and consequently thinnest. By this means the carbon thread is made to afford equal resistance throughout—a most important matter, as upon this its durability in great measure depends. As shown in the Crystal Palace, we should give the preference to the "Lane-Fox" lamps over every other kind. They were used to light the Alhambra Court, and were all that could be desired as to softness and tone. The delicate opal globes in which the light was placed prevented the actual incandescent carbon being noticed; and the general effect was one of diffusion of a mild and pleasant light, without the eye being fatigued and dazzled as it was by looking at the glowing filament in a clear glass globe. We do not mean by this to imply that the same effect is produced upon the

* *The Engineer*, Jan. 6, 1882.

eye by the incandescent as by the arc light. In every form the incandescent light has all the characteristics of daylight, and it is said not to be hurtful to the eyesight. Oculists seem to be pretty much agreed now that heat and glare are most injurious to the eye. Hence they are recommending to students lights which burn with a small, hot, and very brilliant flame, as compared with such lights as the Argand and fish-tail gas burners. In this respect the incandescent lamps appear to be particularly advantageous. The mere fact that there are no gaseous products to radiate heat without light, taken together with the high temperature of the carbon, gives us reason to hope that they will prove almost perfect students' lamps, giving the maximum of light with the minimum of heat. It is a curious fact that the absence of glare often causes the degree of illumination to be undervalued.

The practical use to which it is now possible to turn the incandescent lighting was admirably illustrated in Mr. Edison's portion of the Crystal Palace Exhibition. The "Entertainment" Court was a perfect model of taste and arrangement. The chief object of interest was a magnificent chandelier suspended from the centre of the ceiling. It represented in brass a large basket of flowers, which were made to bend over towards the spectator, presenting to him their calyx of coloured glass, in which was fixed the incandescent lamp. The lights were controlled in three sections by turncocks, like gas, and one or all may be turned on or off at will. In various parts of the court were arranged lamps of different kinds, illustrating the use of electricity for public and domestic lighting. A stage was fitted with incandescent foot-lights and side candelabra; a billiard board had lamps designed for the purpose of lighting it; and on the walls, side brackets of various kinds displayed both the useful and artistic capabilities of Mr. Edison's lamps. The ease with which the lamps were turned on and off appeared to afford an endless source of amusement to the general public.

It is necessary to say a few words about the subdivision of the electric current. A great deal has been written on this subject; on the one hand, it would appear from some that the current could not be divided economically at all; while on the other, that it was capable of division to any extent, the subdivided current being equal in all its parts to the original. We need hardly say that this last view is obviously absurd. In order to make general lighting practical it is necessary that the current should be divided; but if each of the subdivisions is intended to do as much work as the original undivided energy the generator must develop a proportionally increased power.

With two machines of the Brush type, one of six lights and the other of sixteen, the former has been shown to absorb a driving force of 236,940 foot-pounds, or 39,490 foot-pounds per lamp; and the latter, 618,090 foot-pounds, or 38,630 per lamp. This is a slight decrease of required power in the larger series of lamps, which is accounted for by the fact that there is proportionally a greater amount of friction in smaller than in larger machines. The problem how best to connect the lamps with the generator is considered by those best qualified to judge still debatable ground. No less than five methods are used by electrical engineers; the best known and most practised of which are the "series" and the "multiple" system. The "series" method is where the current is passed from lamp to lamp, as in the "Brush" lighting, and the grave objection to which is, that a break down in any lamp affects all lamps in the series. The "multiple" method is where the poles of the generator are connected with two parallel wires, branches from which are carried to each lamp. This obviates the difficulty arising from a break down, and is the plan adopted in the Maxim and Edison systems.

In every system of electrical supply it is clearly necessary to provide some meter or indicator of the amount of electricity used by any of its customers. Several methods have been invented to accomplish this, but in simplicity none compare with that of Mr. Edison. This meter is based upon the principle that electric currents deposit copper upon electrodes in a bath of sulphate of copper, according to the intensity of the current. A fractional part of the current to be measured is diverted into such a sulphate of copper bath, and the plates upon which the copper is deposited are taken out and weighed periodically. The increase of weight gives a measure of the intensity of the current passed through the circuit; and from the knowledge of the fractional part of the current it is easy to calculate the whole. Another class of meters measures the current during each instant it is passing, and registers its intensity upon a sheet of paper. Meters of this type often are made to consist of a pencil, which is raised or lowered according to the intensity of the passing current. Against the point of this pencil a drum covered with paper is made to revolve regularly by means of clockwork, and as it goes round the pencil traces a line upon it which is a zigzag according to the varying intensity of the current. It is clear that the space marked off on the paper below the line will be proportional to the current passed through the wire.

Before concluding our remarks on the recent development of electric lighting we must refer to what will apparently prove to be

one of the most valuable discoveries in electric science—the possibility of accumulating or storing electric energy. This discovery will perhaps do more than anything else to simplify the general distribution of electricity. It is quite obvious that, sooner or later, the lighting of towns by electricity will become very general; and it is equally obvious that it will be carried out in a very different way from the expedients temporarily adopted; and when the “accumulator” has been satisfactorily established in the place destined for it, we are confident a great step in advance will have been taken. One of the most obvious drawbacks to the use of electricity as now generated directly by the machine, is the possibility of a break down instantly depriving the consumer of his source of light. To a certain extent this is possible in every system of electric lighting; but as the working of the dynamo depends on so many things, it is clear that an accident is more than possible. We are told that the constant occurrence of accidents of various kinds to the engine and dynamos, which caused the lights to go out, has lately decided the authorities of the Manchester railway station to discontinue the use of the electric light. It was then clearly of the greatest practical importance that some system of storage of electrical energy be introduced by which the electricity developed by the dynamos might be reserved for use, as gas is in the gasometer and water in the house cisterns. In such a case a variation in the power of the generator, or a stoppage, would not be of any importance. There would be this further advantage, that the natural forces of air and water, which might be too precarious to trust to during the time of actual use, would certainly be available for the storage of electrical energy, during which variations in intensity would not much matter.

The notion of accumulating energy is by no means a new one. A coiled spring, and a weight raised to a height, are simple instances of energy preserved for future use. Water has been largely used as an agent for this purpose, being pumped up to a height, or, as in the Armstrong water accumulator, into a cylinder with a heavily-weighted piston, which is raised when the water is pumped in. The force expended in raising the water has stored its energy, since by the fall of the water the same energy can be used to perform work of various kinds. Accumulators of this kind we may call stores of mechanical power; and besides these we have a great variety of *chemical* accumulators. A piece of coal represents a store of energy, for when it is burned it is permitted chemically to unite with the oxygen of the air, and the stored energy is manifested by heat and light. So, too, does a bag of hydrogen, a pinch of gunpowder, and a piece of zinc represent a chemical store of energy. An ounce of coal represents an amount

of energy which would do 695,000* foot-pounds of work : in an ounce of gunpowder is stored 100,000 foot-pounds of energy ; an ounce of zinc represents a store of 113,000 foot-pounds ; and an ounce of copper, 69,000.†

In an ordinary voltaic cell we have an illustration of this storage of energy. The Daniell cell consists of liquids in which zinc and copper are chemically dissolved in sulphuric acid, and a plate of copper and another of zinc immersed in the liquid. In the chemical action set up, the zinc plate gradually dissolves, and at the same time metallic copper is deposited on the copper electrode. Now to separate an ounce of copper from the solution there would be required 69,000 foot-pounds of energy ; and as there is rather more zinc dissolved than copper deposited, the equivalent of the zinc for the ounce of copper represents 118,650 foot-pounds of energy. This is sufficient to separate the copper and to leave a surplus of 49,650 foot-pounds to maintain electric currents and do electric work.

Now, like the Gramme dynamo, the voltaic cell is *reversible*. That is, if we send an electric current back into the cell the whole action just stated is reversed. Copper will be dissolved and zinc deposited ; and in separating the zinc, the electric current has done work, and in depositing it, has produced a store of future electric energy, the amount of which depends on the quantity of metal deposited. It is clear that, as the ounce of copper dissolved only represents 69,000 foot-pounds, and the ounce of zinc deposited contains 113,000, the excess represents a storage of electric energy furnished by the current sent into the voltaic cell.

It is well clearly to understand that an accumulator or secondary battery does not store the electricity itself, but the energy or work done by the electric current. At first it might appear that in a Leyden jar the electricity was really bottled up ; and though this in a sense may be true, still the more carefully we hunt for it the more difficult does it become to realize that there is anything there at all.

The earliest form of an accumulator was simply a voltaic cell worked backwards ; and as far back as 1842, Professor Grove described his well-known gas battery, which is simple enough to all who know that platinum possesses the almost unique power of absorbing upon its surface both oxygen and hydrogen. When a current of electricity is passed through a battery with two platina plates, these two gases are formed as a film at the surface of the plates, and the electrical energy spent in separating

* Raise one pound 695,000 feet.

† "Storage of Electricity," by Silvanus P. Thompson, B.A.

these gases is stored in them, and ready for subsequent use as electricity.

Of the modern types of secondary batteries, that by M. Planté was undoubtedly the first. After many experiments he invented a most effective accumulator of a very simple kind, which has been in use for the last ten years. It consists of plates of lead, separated by a coarse cloth placed in a vessel containing dilute sulphuric acid. The battery thus formed does not of itself constitute an accumulator, as clean plates of lead give no current of their own; but the action of a current of electricity is to attack the plate of lead by the oxygen gas separated by the current, and to cover it with a thin film of peroxide of lead, which powerfully reacts with clean metallic lead. The battery is then discharged, and again charged the reverse way; and after this process has been repeated during a considerable time, it will be found that the greater part of the substance of the lead plates will have been changed into peroxide of lead, and the cell is then capable of receiving a large quantity of electric energy. The great drawback to the use of these accumulators is the length of time necessary to enable them to receive any considerable charge of electricity.

In the year 1880, M. Faure conceived the happy idea of constructing a battery which would obviate the difficult process of manufacture necessary in M. Planté's cell. Two things are necessary for a secondary battery; the current of electricity, on being passed into it, should be able to form on each plate a substance which will be permanent upon it, and have no tendency either to dissolve in the liquid in which the plates are immersed, or to wander over the reverse side of the plate; and the plates, besides being near to each other, should have a large storage capacity, and be consequently of large surfaces. The way to accomplish this is to make the lead "spongy," and both these required conditions were supplied by M. Planté's discovery, the only drawback being the length of time necessary to bring the plates to the proper condition. M. Faure concluded rightly that, by covering the lead plates with a thick coat of red lead, he could materially abridge the process occupying months in M. Planté's method, since red lead is quickly reduced to a "spongy" state by means of the current. The following is a description of the present method of constructing a "Faure accumulator."

Eleven sheets of lead, of such thickness as to weigh about 2 lbs. to the square foot, are cut to the size of 12 inches by 10 inches, an ear-piece being burned on at one corner. Or six sheets are taken, five of them being twice the above size, and folded double. These are painted thickly with red lead on both sides, and against each side

is pressed a piece of felt, in order to retain upon the lead plates the mass of working substance; there being about 17 lbs. of lead and 23 lbs. of red lead altogether. These sheets are placed side by side in a water-tight case, alternate sheets being connected together by the projecting flaps. The cell is filled up with dilute acid; the total weight being 50 lbs. When thus prepared, the cells are "formed" by a process of charging by means of the current of a dynamo-electric machine, the current being sent through them for six or seven days without intermission before they are ready for use. The red lead is reduced gradually on one set of plates to the metallic state, and on the other assumes the condition of peroxide.*

The point of M. Faure's discovery has been the mechanical placing of a salt of lead on lead plates, which enables spongy lead to be electrically formed in days instead of months. The work done by the electric current in thus forming spongy lead and peroxide can be made by the reaction of the battery to reappear in the shape of electricity, the discharge of which reduces the lead plates to their original state. It is claimed that the battery furnishes from 82 to 90 per cent. of the energy made use of in charging it. Sir W. Thomson, however, states that there is a probable loss of 10 per cent. in charging and 15 per cent. in discharging.

A Faure cell weighing fifty pounds is stated to be capable of furnishing an electric current equal to one horse power for half-an-hour and Professor Ayrton,† as the result of his experiments with a cell weighing eighty-one pounds, states that it continued to discharge for eighteen hours an amount of energy equal to 1,400,000 foot-pounds, or rather more than one horse power for forty-five minutes. This represents all the energy necessary to propel a tram car with forty-six passengers over two miles.

The newest forms of accumulator are those invented by M. de Meritens, and a young Dane, M. Volckmar. In principle, that of M. de Meritens does not differ from M. Faure's, but by a variation in the arrangement of the plates better results as compared with weight are claimed for it. Of M. Volckmar's little is at present known, except that the results as shown in the Sydenham Exhibition were considered most promising. A battery of thirty-eight cells, each weighing about 400 pounds of metallic substance, was shown, which yielded a very strong current for seven or eight hours without cessation. The Alhambra Court was sometimes supplied with its light from this source, the 200 Lane-Fox lamps being kept burning steadily by thirty of the Volckmar cells.

We need add but very little to what we have already said as to the

* "Storage of Electricity," by Silvanus Thompson.

† *Nature*, March 23, 1882.

obvious advantages to be derived from the use of these secondary batteries. As a means of storing up the energy to give a certain source of light they are invaluable. One of the applications of the Faure batteries to the lighting of railway carriages has proved a great success. The accumulators are charged by dynamos driven by the moving train, and the light is always ready when wanted. The Pullman car train on the Brighton line has been lit up by this arrangement for some months past. The accumulator is still in its infancy, and very probably its present form will entirely disappear under the influence of the spirit of invention now at work upon it; but that it is destined to play a great part in the future of electric lighting it needs no gift of prophecy to foretell. The accumulator also solves another difficulty—that of the economical transmission of electrical power over long distances. The 21,000 horse power of force which might be sent from Niagara to New York, would be sufficient to keep a Faure battery of 40,000 cells always charged; while sets of fifty might periodically be detached from the main conductor, and made to surrender the force latent in their plates for lighting or mechanical purposes. It has been calculated that “a tenth part of the tidal energy in the gorge of the Avon would light the City of Bristol like the day, and a tenth part of that in the channel of the Severn would light every city, and another tenth turn every loom and spindle and axle in Great Britain,” if only that energy now running to waste could be not only transformed and transmitted, but stored, and thus made available to such ends.

We have no space to touch upon the important question of “cost,” as we should like to have done. We may, however, note that, in the case of lighting by the voltaic arc electricity is much cheaper than gas. The “Brush” company instance the case of an American mill as typical; where formerly 578 six-foot gas burners were required to do the work now accomplished by 71 ‘arc’ lamps. These 578 gas burners cost some £4,326 per annum; while, during a trial of six months, the cost of the “Brush” lights was proved to average only £1,350 per annum. Another example of the cost of electric lighting as compared with gas, is afforded us in the authorized report of the lighting at the South Kensington Museum, in which a yearly saving of £325 is recorded as effected by the substitution of electricity for gas. It is, perhaps, premature to say much about the cost of the incandescent mode of lighting; but there can be little doubt that when it can be used with equal facility it will certainly compare very favourably, even as to cost, with any other method of illumination.

ART. III.—THE NOMENCLATURE OF THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

THE ingenuity of more than one person has been exercised in an effort to ascertain the relative proportion of purely Saxon to foreign words in our present English language.* Some even have attempted, and pretty successfully, to give a graduated scale exhibiting the degree of pure "English undefiled," which is found in every work, from Shakspeare to the latest classic. Not less curious and instructive would be the study of our languages under a religious aspect; to ascertain the degree in which the pagan element enters into their formation. As a contribution to such a result we will take the days of the week, and consider their nomenclature in the principal languages of Europe.

The rejection of pagan terms no less than the adoption of Christian ones, has been a natural result of the propagation of the Faith. Jurisprudence, art, science, and literature had invented words suited to their subject-matter; but as ideas in these departments of knowledge were revolutionized by Christianity, the language which expressed them was affected by the revolution. There had been terms which were exclusively used for expressing a pagan belief; and the rejection at once of such terms was a necessary condition to the adoption or preservation of the Faith. Other terms, though not necessarily inconsistent with the profession of the Christian Faith, yet in the natural course of events were doomed to become obsolete. They were the symbols of principles which, though neither clashing with the mysteries of the Faith nor suggestive of impure ideas, yet were not in perfect harmony with the teachings of morality. Thus terms in common use in the Theodosian Code became obsolete in less than a century in the more Christian "Institutes" of Justinian. And as even some of these terms before being incorporated in the Canon law had to pass through a spiritual alembic, so in other departments of knowledge had language to undergo a like change. Thus did some words become obsolete, while others savouring less of paganism held their ground.

This change, effected in all the languages of Europe, was

* It is generally estimated that some 29,000 words derived from the Latin language form a part of the English as at present spoken, while only 13,000 from the Teutonic enter into its composition. However, it is found that the latter class in an average piece of English composition preponderates, as from it are composed the particles, articles, prepositions, and auxiliary verbs so generally used.

necessary for both the preservation and the propagation of the Faith. Scattered individuals or isolated knots of converts had to put up with the language of the dominant majority. They could only use those terms not essentially sinful to which they had been accustomed, and which their unconverted neighbours used. It was only by-and-by, when Christianity had leavened the masses and formed converts in high places, even on the very steps of the imperial throne, that a change in the language of the country could be hoped for. When that change did come, art, literature, and jurisprudence showed the influence of Christian ideas and language. The imagery suggested by the Christian ideal found expression in cognate terms; and what was done by the emperors in the Roman law and by St. Patrick in the *Senchus Mór*—an effort to harmonize what was sound in the pagan code with the Gospel—had to be tried with more or less success in every European country.

And not only were pagan terms rejected, but Christian ones were adopted. As a matter of course, Christianity gave birth to notions of which the human mind had no previous conception, and as a consequence words had to be coined to give them currency. This became more marked as Christianity took deeper root. Scriptural terms were naturally the first to be introduced; but by-and-by, when Christianity formed a literature of its own, ecclesiastical usage consecrated many terms which were not, and could not have been, in use with the earlier preachers of the Gospel. In acting thus, each convert-nation gave proof of its loyalty and affection to the mother Church. Churches while adopting terms already in use for expressing the mysteries and festivals of religion, thus guarded against the danger of using language which might possibly convey an inadequate or heterodox signification. Hence in many countries of Europe, for the purpose of expressing the festivals in the Calendar—Christmas, the Epiphany, Easter, and Pentecost—loan-words had been used rather than employ the language of each respective country. Over and above the advantage of uniformity in the expression of Christian mysteries and festivals, it was deemed a gain to the cause of truth to have avoided the use of terms often associated in the popular mind with pagan belief and practice.

Living as we now are in a world of thought and language different from paganism, we can scarcely form an adequate idea of the extent to which its influence extended to every part of creation. Paganism pressed into its service every object in the heavens above, and in the sea and land below; every creature groaned under the cruel bondage. The pagan spirit permeated through not only poetry, history, and jurisprudence, but also the

unwritten popular language of the people. Even human reason, unenlightened by Christian Faith, perceived that there was something "in a name." A feeling like to that which in France prompted encyclopædists and infidels at the end of the last century to blot out the Christian division of time with the Christian names for the days of the week, was actively at work in the earliest ages of paganism.* It was felt that the use of pagan names was at the same time a test and a preservative of paganism. Hence were associated with it the most indifferent objects, the mere accidents of time and place. Earth and sea were synonymous even with pagan deities; and time itself and its subdivisions were consecrated to, and expressed by, the names of false gods.

Nor, perhaps, did the pagan mind over-estimate the influence of nomenclature on belief and practice. It is at least a very curious coincidence that of that influence pagan and Christian writers have formed a like estimate. Even at present, when with God's grace there is no danger of a national relapse into paganism, advocates of religion maintain the propriety of distinguishing indifferent objects by Christian rather than by pagan titles. Such writers complain that ships at sea and the streets of cities are named after pagan rather than Christian heroes.† Since then human reason, whether enlightened by grace or under the sway of unbelief, equally attests to the influence of nomenclature, we are led to expect that Christianity and paganism made a supreme effort for a mastery of it. On such a supposition one might conjecture either from the fewness of the pagan words used in a Christian nomenclature the thoroughness with which the pagan spirit had been exorcised, or from the prevalence of pagan words the resistance offered to the complete establishment of Christianity.

But while intense anxiety was shown by Christianity in denominating the chief actions and interests of life, traces of paganism might be expected to linger with the divisions of time. Time was regarded as something indifferent; a transcendental ground on which pagan and Christian terms might meet: and not necessarily connected with the morality of actions. It was seen that pagan actions could be performed on days of a Christian denomination; just as could, on the other hand, Christian actions on days still bearing pagan names. Yet, though the Church may have tolerated traces of paganism in the designation

* Though the infidel division of time in France was perhaps modelled on the pagan division into Kalends, Nones, and Ides, yet it differed in this, that the month was divided into three equal parts, each consisting of ten days, and every tenth day one of rest.

† Gaume, "*Le ver rongeur des sociétés modernes.*"

of days and times, her desire and effort had been to Christianize not only the deeds, but the language of her children. On that account mere chronometrical divisions, though in some respects neutral ground, were regarded under other aspects as a very battle-ground; because it was felt, as observed by a learned writer,* that from their gods the Gentiles designated their days. Hence in some languages *god* and *day* are expressed by the same word, while in all the languages of Europe whose pagan nomenclature has come down to us, the days of the week are found associated with the same set of pagan divinities. The result of Christian effort to change this pagan nomenclature has been marked but various. The extent and diversity of this change in the principal divisions of the European family of languages is what we must now consider; and for our purpose it will be sufficient to pass in review the Latin, Teutonic, Greek, Slavonic, Basque, and Celtic languages.

1. Beginning with the Latin, the language of the Western Church, we must distinguish between the popular and liturgical nomenclature. In the every-day transactions of life, the seven days of the week had been called respectively Sun's day, Moon's day, Mar's day, Mercury's day, Jove's day, Venus' day, and Saturn's day. This pagan style of naming was continued in Christian times, not only in ordinary language, but even in ecclesiastical documents. Thus, in reference to a rubric on Mass and Stations, we meet with mention of days under their pagan names in a Roman Ordo.† Even so late as the time of Theodosius the *Sun* day was commonly used, and is found even in a solemn ecclesiastico-legal document.‡ We may also observe that throughout the Middle Ages the old pagan division of the month into Kalends, Nones, and Ides, was maintained in Papal letters and Briefs and in Martyrologies.

Two days, Sunday and Saturn's day, were the first to give way to the Scriptural names of the Liturgy. The primitive converts to Christianity in their daily round of duties had, as we have said, to use the nomenclature of their pagan neighbours; it was a state of things which they had no power of changing. But while using pagan terms with pagan neighbours, they were recommended to use, in their intercourse with each other, words sanctioned by Sacred Scripture. On that account, in the publication of the Stations at which the Christians had to attend, and

* "Cormac's Glossary," *sub voce* DIA.

† "De diebus Lunæ et Martis hebdomadæ Sanctæ," vol. ii. ordo xv. Again: "Die Lunæ non est Missa Papalis."—*Mus. Italicum*. In cap. lxii.: "Die Mercurii sancta illud observetur in die Jovis." In cap. clx.: "Die Veneris sancta, &c."—*Auct. P. Amelio*.

‡ Codex Theod., lib. ii. Tit. 8: *de feriis*, Leg. ii.

in the Offices of the Church, "Lord's day" and "Sabbath" were used instead of "Sunday" and "Saturday." It was deemed incongruous to designate by a pagan name that day on which the three Divine Persons displayed marvellous manifestations of their power, wisdom, and goodness. So much was Sunday associated with the mysteries of our holy religion, that the Apostles in calling it the Lord's day appear to have discountenanced the use of Sabbath as applied to it;* and while they continued the use of the Sabbath to designate Saturday, they transferred the religious observances previously connected with it to the next day, Sunday.

All days between the Lord's day and the Sabbath or Saturday were, in the language of the Liturgy, "ferial." The week began with the Lord's day, while Monday was the second ferial day; and each succeeding day of the week was thus designated from its numerical order, till Friday was reached, which was the sixth "feria."

It is stated in some lives of St. Sylvester I. that he first authorized this designation of *ferias*.† He may have sanctioned and decreed the peculiar use of the word "feria," but beyond question the word had been so used long before his time. Thus Pope Innocent writing to Decentius, and assigning a reason for a fast on Friday, says, "While we fast on the sixth feria on account of the Passion of our Lord, we ought not to overlook the Sabbath."‡ Notwithstanding the use of "feria" in the Liturgy, we are not to infer that it was of Christian origin. On the contrary, it may be said to have had its origin in pagan times and pagan rites. It is said to mean a pagan sacrifice.§ Strictly speaking, then, "feria" was a name for a religious festival or observance. Though originally the feria meant a festal or sacrificing day, by-and-by it came to signify any day for any other purpose that was designated by an adjunct.|| No word was more familiar to pagan writers than the feria. Cicero makes allusion to it in his immortal oration against Verres; Aulus Gellius makes mention of it in his "Attic Nights;"¶ and Macrobius assures us that the "feria was profaned by any servile work done on it." But though originally applied exclusively to a religious observance, by-and-by the feria was used in a different sense. Pagan as well as Christian writers speak of a civil as contradistinguished from the religious feria. The observance of the feria originally implied a cessation from

* Apocalyp. i. 10.

† "Romanum Breviarium," Dec. 31.

‡ Ep. cap. ii.

§ It is derived from *ferire*, to sacrifice.

|| There were *ferias præcidaneas*, or vigils; *esuriales*, or fasting days; *stativas*, or fixed feasts; *conceptivæ*, or movable feasts.

¶ Lib. 9, ch. xv.

distracting or worldly pursuits—not necessarily as of its original idea, but as an accidental consequence; by-and-by, however, the accident became the substance, the accessory took the place of the principal. The *feria* after some time meant exemption from business, or vacation time. On that account the Christian Emperor Theodosius, while separating the originally pagan observances from the *ferias*, determined on continuing some of them as vacation days. And we may here refer to a modern perversity of language—which is *apropos* of the subject in hand—by which we not uncommonly hear persons speak of keeping a *holyday*, when perhaps not a thought has been bestowed by them on God or His worship.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?

In the ordinance of the Emperor Theodosius to which I have referred, the various meanings of *feria* are brought out. As applied to Sunday it was used in a Christian and festal sense, as exempting people from the worry of law suits it meant vacation time, and as a day of amusement the *feria* represented a relic of a pagan holiday. Theodosius decreed that for the purpose of gathering in the harvest there should be two months of ferial time—cessation from suits; that the usual *ferias* of amusement instituted in honour of the Emperor's birthday and foundation of Rome and Constantinople should be continued, and that the *feria* of Sunday should be added to the other privileged festivals of the year. But though from the ordinance we can see the triple sense in which in process of time the *feria* was employed, yet in its original and etymological meaning it expressed more strictly than festival a religious observance.*

But without stopping to decide between the comparatively religious character of feast and *feria* in their original signification, we may be certain that the latter was used to signify a sacred festival. By-and-by the Church applied the term to a feast or celebration on which no special saint or mystery was commemorated. The words "Mass and Office of the *feria*" have for centuries past been applied to such as were celebrated on days on which no particular saint was commemorated; but in the earlier ages of the Church the "*feria*" meant a festival. So far from its use being restricted to a *vacant* day in the Calendar of

* "*Festum*" is supposed to come from (F)*estum*, eaten, as what had been offered in sacrifice was afterwards eaten. Only in a secondary sense, then, did *festum* mean a religious rite, whereas *feria* primarily signified a sacrificial act of religion.

the week that it was employed to designate even a feast of obligation.* This original meaning of the word *feria* was preserved even so late as the year 1660, notwithstanding a different meaning generally attached to it for hundreds of years previously, in an Irish canon framed for the province of Tuam.† The vicissitudes of the *feria* are suggestive of the fortunes of pagan temples. Like them it was taken in hand by the Church, purified and consecrated to Christian purpose: the external or material has been unchanged, but a new spirit infused.

It may not be out of place to notice that the word "Sabbath" employed to designate Saturday was sometimes used to express the week or aggregate of seven days. In this sense it is very frequently employed by ecclesiastical writers and the Fathers of the Church. St. Augustine speaks of the fast observed on the fourth and sixth day of the Sabbath.‡ And long before his time Tertullian asked, "Why do we appoint Stations on the fourth and sixth day of the Sabbath and a fast on Saturday?"§ This mode of naming the week had a warrant in Scripture. The first day of the Sabbath meant the beginning of the week;|| and though before the death of the Apostles the first day began to be called the Lord's day, still, agreeably to the principle laid down, the next day to Sunday was called the second day of the Sabbath, and so on in numerical order.

In the Liturgy then, as we have seen, the "*feria*" was employed for designating the days of the week; but in the popular language the old heathen names kept their ground. When Christianity had leavened the Roman world, and then especially when converts had been made on the throne of the Cæsars, efforts were not wanting to substitute Scriptural for pagan names. Yet only after a long interval, and not before the fifth century, were "Sunday" and "Saturn's day" displaced by the "Lord's day" and the "Sabbath." This is the most that was gained by the Christian week during many centuries after the introduction of Christianity into the empire; nor have the other five days of the week, so far as I am aware, ever been designated in the popular language of Rome otherwise than after pagan divinities.

* The Scholiast on the Festology of Oengus Ceile Dé, speaks of the thousands who ascended to heaven on the festival (*feria*) of St. Fursa. The Feasts of the Immaculate Conception and Nativity of Our Blessed Lady are spoken of as *ferias*.—"Schol." xvii. *Kl. Februarii et v. Non. Maii et vi. Id.* in "L. Breac."

† "Catalogus feriarum sive solemnitarum—Sancti Lucæ, &c." O'Renehan MSS., edited by Dr. M'Carthy, p. 500.

‡ Ep. 86, ad Casulanum.

§ De jejuniis, cap. xiv. Ed. Rigaltius. It is immaterial to our purpose that the Editor understands "*parasceven*" to mean not Saturday, as I do, but Friday.

|| "Prima Sabbati," Matt. xxviii. 1.

What has been said of the Latin language may generally be applied to its direct lineal descendants—French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese.* The names for the days of the week in these languages, as indeed the great body of words of which they are composed, are only a corruption or modification of the Latin.† As in the Latin and its daughters the Scriptural names for Saturday and Sunday were adopted, so too in all were the pagan names employed for expressing the other five days of the week, while the use of the *feria* was pressed into the service of the Liturgy.

The Portuguese language, however, exhibits a considerable difference from the other languages in that its vernacular is identical with the liturgical nomenclature of the week. That is to say, the days of the week, from Monday to Saturday, are denominated in the Portuguese language as “*ferias*” in numerical order.‡ However much consecrated by ecclesiastical use, the origin of the *feria* is, as has been shown, of a pagan character; but if we could suppose it to be of Christian origin, the Portuguese nomenclature of the days of the week would not only be the least pagan, but positively the most religious in either Latin or Eastern Church.

2. The naming of the days in the Greek Church very much resembles that in the Latin Church. The pagan deities with which the English language has made us so familiar, are found to have patronized the days of the week as successfully on the banks of the Bosphorus as on the shores of the Atlantic. This is made abundantly clear, among others, by St. Clement of Alexandria. He says that “the perfect Gnostic (a Christian) understands the mystery of the fourth and sixth days, which are called by the names of Mercury and Venus among the Gentiles.”§ From the beginning of Christianity in the Greek Liturgy the pagan names for Saturday and Sunday gave way to the corresponding Scriptural ones: || more than that, the Greek Church adopted the Scriptural name for Friday. All the Evangelists in narrating the Passion of our Divine Lord speak of Friday as the day of “preparation,” because it was preparatory for or the eve of the old Jewish Sabbath. Even in the Latin liturgy Good Friday, or preparation-day, is expressed with scarcely a literal change by its original

* Du Cange, *Præf. Glossar.*; Muratori, *Dissert.* 32, 33, 40, on Italian Antiq.

† Though the French *Samedi* pretty closely resembles *Sabbati* of the Latin, there is a still closer resemblance borne by it and the other languages to the parent Latin in the remaining days of the week.

‡ For Monday and Tuesday, &c., the Portuguese have *segunda, terça feira*, &c.

§ *Στρωμάτα* 7, p. 877. Ed. Oxon.

|| *ἐντὶ τὴν διαπραξαμένον κύριακην ἑκείνην τὴν ἡμέραν ποιῶ*.—*Ibid.*

Greek word.* But the term restricted by the Latin Church to Good Friday has been applied by the Greek Church to every Friday throughout the year. This practice, which began in Apostolic times, was continued and strengthened by the fact of Saturday being considered a holiday for a long time in the Greek Church. Even at present the Saturday, I believe, retains so much of its festive character that no fast, even during Lent, is observed on it. After some time the Scriptural names for three days in the week adopted into the Liturgy by the Greek Church found acceptance also with the people. There is reason for believing that this adoption of the liturgical name for Friday in the Greek Church into common use, took place earlier than did the adoption into the vernacular of the liturgical names for Saturday and Sunday in the Latin Church. Paganism had not been so strongly intrenched in the comparatively modern city of Constantinople as in Rome. Here, even when the emperors had become Christians, deference had to be paid to the prejudices of pagan priests and senators. The Greek nomenclature differs from the Latin, not merely in having Friday designated by a Scriptural name, but also in having the other days called, agreeably to the Hebrew enumeration, from their consecutively numerical position: but, differently from the Hebrew, the second day of the week, Monday, is counted not from the Jewish Sabbath, but from Sunday. In a word, the days between Sunday and Friday are popularly distinguished by the Ordinal numbers,† as those in the Latin Liturgy are designated by the *ferias*.

3. The Slavonic, as represented by the Polish language, had the same elements of nomenclature as the Greek. Saturday and Sunday appear to have been called by Scriptural names, while the other five days of the week were designated from their relation to the Sunday, or rather day of rest.

The Illyrians, though considerably removed from Poland as defined even before its tripartite division, and occupying a part of old Dalmatia, are supposed to have been Slavonic in race and language. Their language bears a very close resemblance to the Polish; and there is a peculiarity about their dress and habits, as partaking of the civilization of both West and East. Sunday with them is called the "day of cessation from toil,"‡ Monday is called the "*first* day," and not the second in relation to Sunday as among the Latins and Greeks, and Tuesday is the "second day." Nor is this the only peculiarity. Wednesday, instead of being called the third day, shares in the Teutonic nomenclature;

* παρασκευή τοῦ πάσχα. Joan. xix. 14 (Mai's Ed.); Mark xv. 44; Mat. xxvii. 62; Luc. xxiii. 54.

† Monday is represented by ἡ δεύτέρα, Tuesday by ἡ τρίτη, &c.

‡ Vid. *Dict. des relig.*, sub voce SEMAINE.

and is called the "mid-week." But Thursday goes back to the order of counting, and is the "fourth day."

4. It is remarkable that almost all the Teutonic dialects exhibit the week's days named without reference to a Christian rite or belief. In the Scandinavian language, from which our English nomenclature appears to have been borrowed, the names are almost all taken from the pagan deities. Saturday is the only exception, and that is called the "day of the bath." In the German and old Flemish languages, the days are named in like manner from Scandinavian gods, with this difference—in German, the Wednesday is called "mid-week," and Saturday, "eve of Sunday."

5. The fifth division brings us to the Basque language. Here the nomenclature, like the language itself, exhibits a very remarkable specimen. I know not on what grounds it has been stated by a learned writer,* that the names of only three days in the week are to be found in Basque.† These three days are named in reference to some phase of the moon. The other days are supposed to have their origin in Christianity; but that circumstance affords no more warrant for stating there were names for only three days in the Basque language, than would be afforded for the statement that the old Roman language had no term for Sunday because the present Italian expresses it by "Domenica," the Lord's day. Thursday is expressed by "commemorative day," Friday by "remembrance of death," Saturday by "last day for work," and Sunday is expressed by the "great day." Though the genesis of the name for Saturday be traceable to Christianity, still taken by itself in the Basque language it is not more necessarily Christian than "day of rest" in the infidel decade of the French Revolution. The three days in the beginning of the week appear to have been named, not from several pagan divinities, as in most other languages of the Indo-European family, but from the various stages of the moon.‡ Of course, like all the languages of Europe, the Basque was affected by Christianity; but it would be as illogical to deny the existence once on a time of pagan names in Basque for four days of the week, as it would be to deny their existence in the Irish language because for forty generations they have yielded place to four Christian names. And this reminds us of the last division of the European group.

* M'Cullough's "Dictionary, Statistical, &c."

† The names, beginning with Sunday, are: Igandía, Astelena, Askarte, Asteazkea, Orteceguna, Orteçillaria, Sarumbata.

‡ Monday was "beginning of the new moon," Tuesday, "middle of the new moon," and Wednesday "end of the new moon."—Abbé Darigol, *Dissert. on Basque*.

6. To assert that in the Irish Church, as in the rest of the Western Church, the liturgical nomenclature for the days of the week was adopted, is to state a matter of course. But this nomenclature was not confined to the Liturgy; it was employed generally in all ecclesiastical documents; and, further, the use of "feria" was in imitation of, and filial respect for, the Roman See, carried into profane and historical writings.* However, my object is to determine this nomenclature, not so much in the written as in the popular language. Whatever may be said of the names of Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, in documents, their popular designation is and was borrowed from our old Celtic deities. The other four days of the week have been designated from Christian observances. Since the introduction of the Faith into Ireland, Sunday is called in the Irish language the "Lord's day," Wednesday the "first fast-day," Friday "the fast-day, or the protecting fast-day," and Thursday has been called "that through or between the two fast-days." If I understand the meaning of Irish words, such is the meaning of these names of days in the Irish language. But as this explanation may not find acceptance with all, and as I have not seen the matter treated by any other writer, I submit the following considerations in support of my contention.

Few words borrowed from the pagan Latin played such an important part in Christian literature as the word *jejunium*, a "fast." From it is derived the Italian *digiuno*, the Spanish *ayuno*, the French *jeûne*, and the Portuguese *jejum*, for a "fast." While, then, the other nations of Europe incorporated the old Latin word into their respective languages, we must be prepared for its ready adoption into the Irish language. When we reflect that in some lives of St. Patrick it is stated that he fasted whole Lents on a miraculously small quantity of food, and that, according to other lives, he, like Moses, abstained altogether from food, we may expect that such a practice would find expression in the Gaedhlic among his docile and admiring neophytes. And so it was. Lest they might fail in expressing the idea in the old vernacular, or mar its effect by an unhallowed association, they adopted the Latin "*jejunium*."† The Irish converts not only adopted it into their language, but practised what it meant. With them it was no empty word, a mere sound and nothing more. Hence they designated two days of their week by it—

* "Leabhar Breac," p. 258, col. i. (R. I. A. transcript). Fragment of Tigernach on An. of Ulster. T. C. D.

† The Irish word *aine*, "fasting," is easily deduced from *jejunium*: by dropping the reduplication it becomes like the French *jeûne*; and the rest of the change is effected by metathesis and remembering that *i* does duty for *j* in Irish.

Wednesday and Friday. The custom of fasting on these days in the Irish Church, as necessarily implied by the meaning of the Irish words for Wednesday and Friday, is in harmony with the discipline of the oldest Churches. Origen* speaks for the East, while St. Augustine testifies to the practices of the Western Church.† But few Churches in the East, where fasting is comparatively easy and congenial, and none in Europe, excelled, if they ever equalled, the severity of the Irish in fasting.

First in the race that led to glory's goal;
They won and passed away.

When we call to mind the filial devotion with which the Irish neophytes watched and copied the every action of their national apostle, we should have no difficulty in believing that there was as much done for the sanctification of Wednesday and Friday by them as among any other people in Europe. No wonder, then, that throughout the Middle Ages we are met with evidence of the observance of a fast on Wednesday and Friday in Ireland. We learn, on the most unquestionable authority, that the Wednesday fast prevailed even in the seventeenth century;‡ and traces of the Friday fast, in comparatively recent times, may be detected in canons of a provincial council, which forbade throughout the year, on that day, the use of all white meats without a dispensation.§

Snatch from the ashes of their sires
The embers of their former fires.

Not only were fasts observed on Wednesdays and Fridays, but these days were named from the fasts. This is made abundantly clear by an irresistible mass of evidence. Irish writers and glossarists|| again and again assure us that these days and fast-days were convertible terms. Thursday was called the "day between the two fasts." From this it appears that the nomenclature of Thursday came after that of Friday. The festive character of Thursday is rather implied than expressed. It excluded the idea of a fast: and agreeably to this festive character it was celebrated with peculiar pomp. This practice was not confined to Ireland, nor did it originate in Ireland. We are assured that "Pope Sylvester decreed that the same respect should be paid to Thursday as to the Lord's day; because on Thursday God instituted His body in the sacrament of bread and wine in the beginning, and on it He ascended into Heaven after

* *Hom.* 10, in Lent, tom. i. p. 159. † *Ep. ad Casulan.*

‡ Colgan, "*Trias. Thaum.*," p. 337.

§ *O'Renehan MSS.*, p. 499. Edited by Dr. M'Carthy.

|| "*Leabhar Breac*," p. 259, col. i., Z² 31: Lu. 25^b.

His resurrection.”* And here we may observe how much this festive observance of Thursday in the Irish Church harmonizes with the old Roman discipline. Mabillon tells us that Pope Miltiades decreed that no fast should be observed on Sunday or Thursday even in Lent; and, quoting the authority of Micrologus, says† that St. Gregory decreed that Thursday should be honoured with a dominical office, as it was a festival like Sunday; and that though in course of time it lost its festive character, its antiphons were taken from the dominical gospels. There need, then, be no hesitation in connecting the genesis of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday in the Irish language with the practice of fasting. The superabundant mass of evidence supplied by the oldest glossarists on the Irish words, leave no room for doubt. Furthermore, the possibility of connecting the names of these days with pagan deities is set aside by the pre-Christian nomenclature that has been preserved. The Celtic pagan names for Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday exhibit not the remotest approximation to the Christian names.‡

To sum up, then: the nomenclature of the week's days in the different languages of Europe varies very much as to its elements. These are partly pagan, partly indifferent, and partly religious in character. Amongst the indifferent I include the names given from the consecutively numerical order of the days counted from Sunday, as well as the Saturday, or “last day of work,” in the Basque tongue. The following synopsis exhibits the number of days in the week characterized by a religious, indifferent, pagan designation in the various languages:—

			Religious.	Indifferent.	Pagan.
Latin	}	2	0	5
Italian		...	2	0	5
French		...	2	0	5
Spanish		...	2	0	5
Portuguese		...	2	0	5
Scandinavian	}	0	1	6
German		...	0	2	5
English		...	0	0	7
Illyrian	}	2	5	0
Polish		...	2	5	0
Greek	3	4	0
Basque	3	1	3
Irish	4	0	3

* “Onoir agus cadus dondardain.”—L. Breac, p. 4, col. i.

† “Museum Italic,” vol. ii. p. 126.

‡ I should have mentioned that Sunday in the Irish language was called the Lord's day. The Celto-Breton nomenclature for the three days was: De Mercher, De Zwu, Der Gwener, corruptions apparently of Mercury, Zeus, and Venus.

And now, with the above Table before us, a question naturally suggests itself: How account for the disparity of elements? Is it traceable to race, language, climate, or religion? In looking to race and language, one is very much struck by the almost total absence of the religious element in the Teutonic nomenclature. Our English is as pagan as can well be conceived. The Portuguese one would expect to have the same names as the Spanish language; both languages, if not races, having sprung from a common stock. Indeed, the tabulated form exhibits this likeness between the languages, that five days in each are attributed to a pagan source; but a distinction should be made.

The Portuguese nomenclature appears to be altogether borrowed from the Liturgy, and as such was apprehended as holy and antagonistic to paganism. This cannot be said of the cognate languages, as five days in the nomenclature of the Spanish, Latin, and French are designated from the same pagan deities. Portugal does geographically form a portion of the Spanish peninsula: most of the great rivers and mountain ranges intersecting it take their rise in Spain: it is surrounded by Spain on the north and east: it appears to have come under the influence of Roman civilization and the Christian religion as early as Spain; and yet its nomenclature for the days of the week exhibits a marked contrast from that of Spain. Some observers appear to have discovered a principle of repulsion, rather than attraction, between countries so fast united—a tendency in one to avoid what the other nation adopts. They observe, for instance, that in Spain every man smokes; whereas in Portugal people, while they generally snuff, seldom or never smoke; and that the Spaniards seldom trundle a barrow but carry burdens, while the Portuguese never carry them. All this is however purely on the surface, and due to accidental circumstances subsequent to the adoption of the nomenclature, and not founded on any deeply seated principle of Nature.

Then, again, the Basque exhibits a nomenclature different from, if not more Catholic than, the Portuguese. Two days between the Lord's day and the Sabbath are designated from Christian mysteries. One would imagine that the Biscayan provinces were subjected to the same influences as Portugal. That these influences however were dissimilar, is evidenced by the fact that the Basque language does not appear referable to any European type. And dissimilarity of language may account for difference of nomenclature, although we have seen that a similarity of language has not ensured identity of nomenclature. Some writers, by the way, fancy they see a similarity among other respects between the dress of the married and unmarried in

Ireland and the Basque countries;* it is at least a curious coincidence that in popular language three days of the week are designated in Irish and Basque from the old pagan deities, while the names of the remaining four owe their origin to Christianity. Here the parallel ceases; the names in the Irish language for the pagan gods and days of the week were a modification of the Roman; while the Basque, resisting the influence of Moorish and Roman civilization, retains the pagan nomenclature.† Besides, it is observable that in the Basque a fourth day ceased to be pagan rather than became Christian, as in the Irish language. Nor can religion be assigned as the cause of dissimilarity: at least, the prevalence of the pagan element does not appear to vary directly with the religious spirit of a people. For instance, the English nomenclature is simply pagan, yet we know that England deserved to be called the "dowry of Mary." And irreligious that people could not be called of which Saints Hedwige, Elizabeth, and Gertrude were no uncommon types. Then, too, we are confronted with Rome, the mother of Churches, whose every sod is sacred dust, and yet in its language five days in the week are designated from pagan deities.

What cannot be explained by civilization, climate, race, language, or religion, may be accounted for only by the manner in which the Gospel was received in each country. Religion and a pre-eminently practical Faith, though necessary, were not sufficient for a Christian nomenclature. A good deal depended on the time and success of the Gospel-preaching. Thus, taking England as an illustration or test, we must acknowledge that, notwithstanding the illustrious roll of saintly men and women, as well on the throne as in private life; notwithstanding the proud pre-eminence for sanctity which it enjoyed during the earlier part of the Middle Ages, yet the work of a national conversion was very slow. We know that Pope Eleutherius is associated with the introduction of the Gospel into Britain in the second century, still only St. Gregory the Great is identified for all time with its conversion as a nation. Yet what a long interval lay between St. Eleutherius and St. Gregory! Faith was spreading, and converts were surely, though slowly, being gathered within the Christian fold, yet the national conversion went on only by piecemeal. What has been said of Rome may be applied to England. Christians and pagans had become familiarized with the popular nomenclature for ages before a national conversion took place. In the meantime people had only to use the national

* Bowles, p. 306.

† "Diccionario por la Real Academia de la historia," i. 336.

language. By-and-by, when the nations became Christian, the nomenclature with which generations had become familiar continued unchanged.

What has been said of England is applicable to all the Teutonic nations. It is generally admitted that the lives of our earliest Irish saints are mixed up with an account of their missionary voyages to the northern parts of Europe, yet it took many centuries for the full conversion of these parts. So again into the south-eastern part of Europe, Christian missionaries made their way from time to time, even in the early ages of Christianity. Into these countries the fame of the Gospel was carried, not merely by solitary pioneers of Christianity, but by a host of witnesses. Who has not heard of the testimony to the Faith borne by Saint Maurice at the head of his Thebæan legion, in the reign of Diocletian? Yet the work of the conversion of Switzerland and the Cottian Alps was reserved till the seventh and eighth centuries for the missionaries of St. Gall. Has not the story of the "thundering legion" in the previous century, on the southern bank of the Danube, been the brightest page of Church history? Yet the vanquished kings kneeling at the feet of Charlemagne and craving baptism, as shown to every traveller in Aix-la-Chapelle, in the little oratory where the great Emperor used to pray, testify to the long interval lying between Marcus Aurelius and the conversion of the Germans.

The popular nomenclature in the Greek language is less pagan than in either the Latin or its affiliations: it appears to have been modelled on the Hebrew. With the exception of the Lord's day, allowance being made for mode of computation as before mentioned, the Greek nomenclature would appear to have been taken from the Old Testament. On our hypothesis, the diffusion of the Gospel should have been more rapid in the Greek than Latin countries. Of course, from the first ages of Christianity, missionaries, even the Apostles themselves, penetrated through Greece and Asia Minor; but inasmuch as the Head of the Church fixed his See in Rome, it became the head-quarters for the work of Christian propagandism. Greece was a remote portion of the Roman empire: and though no doubt there had been conversions and great Christian lights in Greece, yet on the whole it could not be said to have been so immediately under the missionary action of the Church as Rome and its contiguous provinces. And when by-and-by the Christian emperors fixed themselves in Constantinople, paganism there was not found so richly endowed or strongly entrenched as in Rome. And hence it may be fairly said that the work of conversion in the Lower Empire was on the whole more rapid than about Rome.

The Slavonic nomenclature, as represented by the Polish and Illyrian, is accounted for by connection with Constantinople. Though the apostles of the Slavs received the sanction and blessing of Rome,* yet they had studied in Constantinople and thus brought with them the nomenclature of the Greek Liturgy. So too with regard to Illyria, though considered of Slavonic origin it lay more within the Lower Empire than the Roman; and bordering on famous Epirus, was very likely affected by the same influences as Poland. On that account, while Saturday and Sunday are designated by Scriptural names in Poland and Illyria as in Greece proper, the other days are counted in consecutively numerical order from the Lord's day.

I have already noted the striking contrast between the Portuguese and the other dialects of the Latin. Some give us to understand that the literature of the Portuguese, or at least its written language, is as old as that of the Spanish language.† But I am disposed to judge the Spanish to be older, and the Portuguese to be a corruption or daughter of it, rather than an immediate descendant of the Latin. The hypothesis which I start would require the formation of the Portuguese language to be subsequent to that of the Spanish; and that formation must have taken place at a time when the Catholic state of Europe enabled Portugal to adopt into the popular language for the week the nomenclature of the Liturgy.

The peculiarity attaching to the Basque provinces, forming as they do a natural portion of the Spanish peninsula, is very remarkable. Roman civilization and the Christian Faith must not have been brought to bear with the same effect on the Basque as on the surrounding country. This was owing to its insulated position and mountain fastnesses. The Carthaginian made a descent on its coasts, and the inhabitants fled to their mountain strongholds; the Romans and the Moors came subsequently from the south, by land in all probability, but the inhabitants found refuge in their Pyrenean eyries. From whatever cause it arises, there confronts us the peculiarly distinctive national character of the three Biscayan provinces. The indomitable spirit of the people enabled them to preserve against all attacks from Carthaginian, Roman, and Moor that language which must have once been common to the entire peninsula, as traces of it are still discernible in the names of the mountains and rivers of the country. That language, which is considered a dialect of the Semitic, yielded to the influence of the Christian religion; an influence which, judging from the nomenclature of the week, was rapid and widespread.

* Encyclical of Leo XIII. of September 30, 1880.

† Bouterwek's "History of Portuguese Literature," p. 123.

Coming lastly to the Celtic language, as represented by the Irish, we tread on more certain ground. We know on the best authority at what time, and under what circumstances, Ireland as a nation received the Faith. We are aware that it was pagan to all intents before the apostleship of St. Patrick, and that he left it Christian and saintly. Ireland was seen an ordinary pagan island, and lo! on the morrow it was styled by the surrounding nations "the island of saints." The sudden bursting of the dormant seed after a winter night into the bloom of summer, or fruit of autumn, would not be more startling than the suddenly marvellous development of the Faith in Ireland. The seed of the Gospel appears to have had no spring-time there. Prince and people, bard and priest gladly listened to the Gospel tidings. Hence the facility with which immemorial pagan usages were laid aside. Hence the readiness with which a pagan nomenclature was rejected, while a Christian one was adopted. What took centuries in the life of other Churches to accomplish took place at once in Ireland. An explanation is found in the suddenness and universality of its conversion. This suddenness and universality were necessary, but not sufficient. A pre-eminently lively and active Faith was required. Faith might have shown itself in a nomenclature commemorative, as the Basque, of some of the Christian mysteries, but it expressed itself by self-denying acts of weekly occurrence. On that account the Irish indissolubly intertwined the names of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday with the Christian practice of fasting, the Irish word for which enters necessarily into the nomenclature of these three days. This nomenclature, too, has been in use since the days of the national apostle. It is familiar to every Irish-speaking person, wherever he may be; in the "Bush," under the Southern Cross, along the swamps of the Mississippi, in a jungle of the Bengal presidency, or at home, from Inishowen to Connemara—he has no other names for the days of the week. They are not slang; they are not *patois*; they are not, and were not, confined to ecclesiastics. They have come down to him through forty generations in the Canons of the Church, in the Brehon laws, in the popular language as well as in the most elaborate compositions. Fasting essentially bound up with three days of the week, together with "the Lord's day," the Irish name for Sunday, exhibits the Irish nomenclature in a more positively Christian light than that of any other European language. Of this remarkable fact we have suggested an explanation. This explanation to our mind accounts for the differences between the Irish and other nomenclatures for the days of the week; it might, indeed, with some show of reason, be defended as a thesis; we have ventured to claim for it only the character of an hypothesis.

SYLVESTER MALONE.

ART. IV.—S. FRANCIS DE SALES: DOCTOR OF THE
CHURCH.—HIS WORKS.

1. *Concessionis Tituli Doctoris in honorem S. Francisci Salesii (processus)*. Romæ. 1877.
2. *Œuvres complètes de Saint François de Sales*. Paris : Blaise, 1821 ; Vivès, 1879.
3. *Vie de Saint François de Sales*. Par M. HAMON. Sixth edition. Paris : Lecoffre. 1875.

IN a previous article* we undertook to exhibit the nature and excellence of that teaching which has merited for S. Francis de Sales the glorious title of "Doctor Ecclesiæ." After introducing our subject, we found it necessary to occupy ourselves in defending his personal holiness, and indirectly his teaching, against certain grave and spurious charges. We now return to our proper theme. We have shown from the Bull of Doctorate, the esteem in which our Saint was held by the supreme official teachers of the Church, and we now complete this, which we have called the extrinsic proof of the eminence of his doctrine, by adding some few of the innumerable testimonies given by other authorities.

The opinions of contemporaries will appear sufficiently in the course of our article. Here we only say that he was looked up to with reverence by such lights of the Church as S. Jane Frances, S. Vincent de Paul, Blessed Canisius, Venerable Ancina, Baronius, Bellarmine, Bérulle, Du Perron. Since his own day there is no great Church writer but joins the chorus of his praise. Bossuet says to the nuns of the Visitation: "your founder restored devotion,"† and "as a director of souls he is truly sublime."‡ The cautious and profound Bourdaloue goes so far as to declare: "After the Holy Scriptures, no works have more furthered piety among the faithful than those of S. Francis de Sales. Fathers, theologians, historians have excelled in their kind; but to form the moral character of the faithful, and to establish in souls a solid piety, no one has had the same gift as the Bishop of Geneva."§ Tournemine ("criticorum facile princeps") applies to him the beautiful expression which is repeated by several bishops in their "postulata,"|| and which might well become the distinctive title of the Saint, "Doctor Devotionis." S. Alphonsus will be a

* DUBLIN REVIEW, January, 1882.

† "States of Prayer."

|| Given in the "Processus."

‡ "Panegyric."

§ "Panegyric."

sufficient witness for the eighteenth century. He points out, in his "Instruction to Preachers," that S. Francis's teaching is in a special manner quoted and received by the Church. In some of his works he cites him on almost every page. F. Mauron, Superior of the Redemptorists, in his "postulatum" (39): "S. Alphonsus looked on S. Francis as his leader; he loved his books and not only imitated his sweet speaking, but gladly copied sentences and whole passages of importance from him." Coming now to modern times, we have in the first place the whole Church speaking through the voice of Pius IX. in the Bull: "His doctrine, in his sublime height of sanctity, shines supreme. It is in every sense that of a Doctor of the Church, and makes us reckon this man among the chief masters given to His spouse by the Lord Christ." The Fathers of the Vatican Council, in a letter to the Pope, after endorsing the highest praises given by others, continue: "Moreover, the glory of S. Francis, already so extended, in our own times increases as it moves. Before this most sweet and venerated name hostile attacks give way; nor to our many bitter enemies is any name more acceptable towards reconciling them with Catholic doctrine and life. His *golden* writings are ever propagated by new editions, to the greatest profit of souls." Our illustrious Cardinal Archbishop begs (17) that the Holy Father would give to S. Francis the aureola of Doctor as to "the interpreter of Divine Love, and legitimate parent of the worship of the Sacred Heart." Cardinal Ledochowski, writing in pencil from his prison at Ostrowo, says he gladly signs such a petition with both hands. The Bishop of Nevers writes (31): "Teaching in the seminary of Aire, I have given my earnest attention to reading and meditating the works of S. Francis de Sales, . . . and have drawn from them a rich and luminous doctrine. And now that years have rolled by and my judgment has become firm and mature, I have become more and more convinced that in the works of this blessed bishop there is a practically inexhaustible vein of wisdom from which the faithful and the clergy themselves may draw heavenly treasures."

The great emulator of S. Francis, Mgr. Pie, of Poitiers, has these remarkable words (27):—

"Whoever has studied the history of the three last centuries must see with the clearness of evidence, that not only has S. Francis de Sales been a learned member of the Church, but that in many points his writings have *made law*, as being the expression of the very doctrine of the Church. Wherever in these last ages heroic sanctity has appeared, . . . in all priests and faithful in whom virtue and wisdom have been eminent, can it be denied that the works of the holy Bishop of Geneva have exercised a marked influence? . . . As for me, most Holy Father, I

perform an act of justice as of gratitude in declaring, that amid the prejudices of the school, which subsisted still in the first part of this century, and notably in what regards the monarchical constitution of the Church, and the supreme teaching authority of its head, it is the familiar study of his works which has delivered me from the darkness of more than one error, resolved more than one doubt, and if I have been able to advance ever so little into the mystery of grace and the secret sanctuary of the Scriptures, I have learnt it chiefly in the school of this great master."

Cardinal Donnet, in a postulatum not given in the "Processus," says: "S. Francis de Sales has combated, by his word and his writings, all the heresies imported by Protestantism. None of those whom the Church has decorated with the title of Doctor have better responded to the necessities of their age."

As an example of the glory which the Vatican Fathers give him of being acceptable even to the enemies of the Church, we may instance the veneration which Anglicans, with more zeal than consistency, have for his person and writings. Would that they had the grace to see that all his graces are of the Church and for the Church! Even the most rigid Protestants are attracted and conquered by his sweetness. We have before us a most interesting memoir of him, with selections from his "Spirit," published early in this century, at Ironbridge and at Barnet, in which his acts and principles are lauded to the skies. Leigh Hunt came across him in this, and conceived such an enthusiastic admiration for him that he has enshrined him in his charming essay, "The Gentleman Saint."* As this is rarely to be met with, our readers will allow us to quote a few lines from it:

He is a true godsend, a man of men, a real quintessence of Christian charity and shrewd sense withal (though these are not only far from incompatible, but perfectly amalgamable); in short, a man as sensible as Dr. Johnson, with all the piety and patience the Doctor desired to have, all the lowliness and kind fellowship it would have puzzled him to behold in a prelate, and all the delicacy and truth which would have transported him. Like Fénelon (but much superior to Fénelon), he was a sort of gentleman, a species of phoenix, which we must say the French Church seems to have produced beyond any other. But let our reader see for himself what a nature the man had, what wisdom in simplicity, what undeviating kindness, what shrewd worldly discernment with unworldly feelings, what capital Johnsonian good sense, and wit too, and illustrations, sometimes as familiar as any heart could desire, at others in the very depth of the heart of sentiment and poetic grace.

* "The Seer," pt. ii. No. 41.

We hope that the unexceptionableness of this testimony will excuse us for giving such prominence to the words of a non-Catholic and for closing with this extract our list of authorities. If an amiable pagan like Leigh Hunt is so transported with but a sample of Salesian beauties, we may confidently ask our readers to follow us with interest in our account of the general works and doctrine.

The subject is so large that we cannot treat it within the limits of a single article. We shall therefore content ourselves, in the remainder of this paper, with giving an historical or external account of them, reserving for a further and final article what we may call a scientific exposition of their contents. A great principle, which gives a character to his whole life, and which we shall have later to enlarge upon, as forming an important part of his moral system, will serve well here to give form and order to our description of his literary life. He is a grand example of the truth, that to reach heroic sanctity it is enough to take full advantage of the opportunities within our reach. God indeed gave him extraordinary natural powers, but to develop them he only provided the common means. His life flowed like a calm river, grace acting through natural talent, through natural circumstances, through the natural and ordinary means offered to all of his class in his day. There was no ideal perfection in the institutions by which he was formed. There was danger enough at home, evil enough at Paris and Padua to ruin him, as many were ruined around him. But also, without waiting for direct revelation, or to have an extraordinary path marked out for him, there was good enough, if used, if assimilated, to perfect nature. Important and fertile as this principle is, we only apply it here to divide his life, more naturally and organically than perhaps the life of any other Doctor of the Church could be divided, into the time of preparation or formation and the time of result—the sowing and the harvest. In his life we can almost see the end in the beginning, the Doctor in the student. We make no difference in the importance of these two periods. Ours is not a merely literary purpose. Imitation is the proper end in the study of a Doctor-Saint. Hence we make two parts in the rest of this article. The first is the account of his formation, which will be chiefly biographical and narrative, mentioning, however, the results which appear as first-fruits in the process of development. The second is the account of his writings. This will be chiefly descriptive and bibliographical, with only such reference to his life as is necessary to show the occasion, object, spirit, connection and influence of his works.

We must detain our readers for a moment on the threshold, while we estimate the various biographies of the Saint. That

by M. Hamon, named at the head of our article, is immeasurably superior to all others. We shall have gained much of our purpose if we induce our readers to study it. It is a model of what a saint's life should be—full, complete, faithful, sympathetic. The style is clear and facile. The author loses himself in his subject, and only appears when required to furnish the necessary explanations, or to offer pertinent reflections. It is a common complaint against saints' lives, that while they are good spiritual reading they are poor biographies. Hamon entirely avoids this defect. We have the Saint's true life, that is, a narrative in which, as Cardinal Newman* says, "we are conscious of the presence of one active principle of thought, one individual character, flowing on and into the various matters which the Saint discusses, and the various transactions in which he mixes." We have this, and then we have what Hamon well calls the "portrait" of the Saint, that order of spiritual facts which forming the habitual state of a man, is independent of the order of time. Hamon completely resumes the earlier lives, among them the very authentic and valuable biography by Charles Auguste de Sales, nephew of the Saint. Almost contemporaneously with Hamon's life appeared that of Pérennès, which was prefixed to Migne's edition of the "Works." It is correct and lengthy, but quite inferior in completeness, in design, and execution to Hamon's, especially to his later (fifth and sixth) editions. The life by Marsollier, which was the current one for 150 years, is now entirely superseded. Hamon styles him, "perhaps the most unfaithful of biographers;" and Pérennès says: "The book is condemned; it can be quoted no more."

In English we have a translation of this "condemned book," and (in the Oratorian series) of the Italian life by Galizia. This follows Marsollier in the facts, but is greatly superior in its spiritual reflections, and the information it gives about the Saint's interior, and is the least unworthy life of him that we have in English. There is a life by Ornsby, in a pleasing style, but very brief, and founded only on Marsollier. Finally, we must say a few words about the short life by an Anglican lady. It is a mistake to call a "Life" what she herself tells us in the preface is chiefly a setting forth of his "*inner mind and life*." Taking it for this, we have to say that the truth of what would be a beautiful and beautifully worked picture is spoilt by glaring omissions. These are, naturally, the points which are most distinctively Catholic, and particularly the devotion of S. Francis to Our Lady, and to the Pope and Church. We do not accuse of falsehood or deliberate misrepresentation; indeed, from time

* "Historical Sketches," vol. iii. p. 227.

to time there is an indication of the presence of such elements in his life and character, but they are absent as a tone, as a colour : the brilliant scarlet of the original is indicated by a blank space or a pale pink. It is no exaggeration to say that these two devotions form a great part of the texture of S. Francis's spirit and life. We shall show it amply in our next article. By ignoring his passionate reverence for the Church and its Head, the authoress but half exhibits his spirit of childlike simplicity and obedience ; and she represents as an independent, accidental, or, if I may use the word, Protestant holiness, what is essentially the product and property of the Holy Catholic Church. And how can that claim to be a true picture of his mind and ways which leaves out his feelings, his attitude towards his heavenly Mother, that devotion of which he says :* "It is the greatest help we can have for piety towards God" ? He spent daily, and by vow, even when quite overwhelmed with work, one hour in the recitation of her Rosary. He applied to her in every crisis, in almost every action of his life. He said the thought of Jesus always brought the thought of Mary. How, then, can any one profess to give a true description of his idea of Jesus, omitting the idea of Mary so inseparably associated with it ? With this most important reservation we can praise the book, and well-instructed Catholics could read it safely. It is written in a reverential and sympathetic tone. It is spirited, clear, correct. The style is excellent, the matter well selected.

In the history of our holy Doctor's education and formation we naturally begin with the mother. In early years the mother's life is the child's life. The physical oneness, indeed, ceases at birth ; but the little creature still depends for the action of its moral nature upon the being that produced it. The mother no longer eats and breathes for the child, but, for good or ill, she thinks for it, she wills for it. And we place among those blessings of sweetness, with which God "prevented" S. Francis, the prudent and holy mother who lived for him his earliest years. She knew well that she must provide the proper food for his activity as it developed. She did not wait, as many do, for the awakening of full intelligence or conscious will. She took care from the very beginning to protect the good seed sown in Baptism, and to make safe those multitudinous general surroundings and unconscious influences which are to the soul what the atmosphere is to the body. She knew him to be a special trust from God. His birth was attended by very marked, if not miraculous, circumstances. She gave up as soon as possible the extra care which his extreme infant delicacy required ; she with-

* Let. 223.

drew from him the luxuries of his position ; she disciplined him to simplicity, frugality, privation, and even suffering. She kept from him all persons of whose virtue she was not absolutely certain. She began from the earliest months to give him notions of religious truth. His first words were : "The good God and mamma love me very much." He was taught the words of the Catechism, and began to penetrate into their meaning, before he was four years old. At that age, after listening to the lessons of his mother, and of a holy priest who helped her in her pious task, and after asking questions which astonished them, he would get the little children of the neighbourhood round him and teach them word by word what he had just learnt. Calvinists who occasionally came to the Castle were so hotly attacked by the young champion of the faith, that he had to be hidden away when they were expected. We see the depth to which these teachings had sunk when we find him, before he was six years old, reminding his mother of the action of God in the afflictions of this life. If he saw her sad he would say : "Let us go to God, mother, He will support us." And to overcome his childish fears he forced himself to go again and again into dark and solitary places, supported only by the thought of God's providence and the angelic protection. We are not writing the life of the Saint, as such ; but religious truth is the beginning of natural as well as of supernatural wisdom. The immense grandeur of the mysteries of religion, their affinities with the deep stirrings and yearnings in the free and fresh hearts of children, their touching histories, their exercise for the imagination, make them at once the best stimulant and the best food for the youthful mind. We see then already the beginnings of our Doctor in the quick and retentive memory, the thoughtful mind, the desire and goodwill to learn, the gravity and sobriety beyond his years. He longed to learn to read. He was always examining the characters with the greatest interest, and we read of his childish promise to his nurse : "If you will teach me to read, I will give you a new red dress every year when I am a man."

At the end of his sixth year he was sent to the College of La Roche. His mother, who would gladly have kept him with her, was obliged to give way to the father's determination to further by every possible means the brilliant promise which he gave.

He stayed at La Roche two years, and at Annecy five. To his natural talents he added the most laborious application. From his first entry into the College of Annecy he began to rise before the others, in order to save every moment of his precious time. His patient care was so great that he would stay for an hour over two or three Latin phrases, till he had got the very best turn for them. He made a study of his very reading,

mastering and making his own the thoughts and striking forms, copying pages on pages of the best authors. He heard and retained every word of his masters, listening with a rapt attention. From this time, too, he began to lay the foundations of his marvellous knowledge of the lives of the saints. To read them was his dearest recreation, and he would continually accost the good dame in whose house he lodged with : " Now, aunt, I have something particularly good to read to you to-day."

At thirteen he was sent to the College of the Jesuits, at Paris, and began his rhetoric under the famous Père Sirmond. He studied, during two years, the chief models of ancient eloquence, forming his taste and style, developing his natural powers of oratory, and acquiring that perfection of form which is characteristic of all he said and wrote. At fifteen he began his philosophy, at that time properly appreciated. It was not found strange that this young nobleman, preparing, as was supposed, for a worldly career, should give to it four of his best years. His masters were Father John Francis Suarez and the famous Jerome Dandini. The results of these studies, and evidence of his close application, have come down to us in the shape of his *cahiers* of philosophy. In their substance, and in the marginal analysis which accompanies them, they show the man of wisdom and of logic ; and their perfect neatness is a striking expression of that love of order which was characteristic of his exquisitely regulated and equable soul. By a strict economy of time, he was able after the first year's philosophy to find three hours daily for theology, following the course of the Sorbonne. He also studied Hebrew, at the Royal College, under the famous Benedictine, Génébrard, to whose teaching he often afterwards acknowledges his obligations. We should give but an incomplete notion of his intellectual life unless we referred also to his moral life. Every day he gave one of his earliest hours to mental prayer, and all his spare time to visiting churches and religious houses. He lived in the presence of God. He fulfilled all justice. He fasted thrice in the week, and practised other austerities. His chief recreation was a visit to some sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin, the "*Sedes Sapientiæ*." All this had a threefold effect upon his studies. It drew down the divine blessing. It formed and kept ever springing the source of his energy ; the desire to please God was more effective than the ambition, or vanity, or secular forethought, or love of knowledge for its own sake, which are the usual stimulants to intellectual exertion. Finally, his holiness, from a merely philosophical point of view, was useful to his mind, by keeping it in that calm atmosphere of recollection, self-mastery, and interior solitude most favourable to study. There was in him no love of

dissipation or idle amusement, no ebullition of passion, no interest in exterior things. We must mention, particularly, his historical temptation to despair. This introduced him, with a most intense personal interest, into the very depths of those doctrines on grace and free-will, the study of which is an education in itself. It gave him the power of appreciating and sympathizing with the difficulties of others; and through it we get a glimpse of the mental maturity of this young man of eighteen, in the prayer, "Prostrate at the feet of blessed Augustine and Thomas," which was the outcome of this fierce struggle, and which will bear comparison for depth of sentiment and beauty of expression with anything of S. Augustine or S. Bernard.

He completed his six years at Paris with the most brilliant distinction, and after a short stay at home, went, at the age of nineteen, to the law-schools of Padua. He was drawn especially by the reputation of Guy Pancirola, who became his professor of jurisprudence. But he found a still more important help towards his favourite science, in the great Jesuit, Possevin. He, after long consideration and much prayer, finally confirmed Francis in his intention of entering the ecclesiastical state, and was so struck with his magnificent promise, that he undertook the whole direction of his studies, and gave him three hours of theology each day. Francis so arranged his time as to find, besides these hours of lectures or class of theology, and his classes of jurisprudence, eight hours for private study in theology, Scripture, and law. All the rest of his day, except what was absolutely necessary for repose and the duties of social life, he gave to prayer. He studied his theology in three authors. The first, of course, was S. Thomas, of whose teaching he became a consummate master. The "Summa" was always on his table, and from it he sought light in all obscurities. Then S. Bonaventure, whose unction had a special charm for him. The third was Cardinal Bellarmine. He was an assiduous reader of the Fathers. Charles Auguste tells us that his favourites were S. Chrysostom, S. Augustine, S. Jerome, S. Bernard, and chiefly S. Cyprian, "whose harmonious style," he used to say, "flows with peaceful sweetness like a clear stream." We are told also that he was fond of composing pieces after the style of these favourite authors.

In the "Rules of Conduct" which he drew up during his first year at Padua, shines already the prudence of an experienced Doctor. And now, in the face of graver temptations, he added, we cannot say a greater strictness of life, but more use of austerities, which were guards, directly to his virtue, indirectly to his learning. Twelve quarto volumes, which existed in the

archives of the family of Sales till the end of the last century, contain the evidences of his study and reflection. In 1591, when he had but just completed his twenty-fourth year, he proceeded Doctor of Canon and of Civil Law. In crowning him, Pancirola said: "The University is happy to find in you all the qualities of mind and heart which it can desire." This act was the end and seal of his student life, though not of his education. He began to communicate his stores of knowledge, but he did not cease adding to them. Though absorbed in active employment, he always made time for study. When Bishop, he set apart for it two hours before Mass, generally occupying himself with S. Thomas. His own practice is clear from the urgent recommendation which was one of his earliest episcopal exhortations to his clergy: "I say in truth that ignorance in priests is more to be feared than sin, because by it we do not ruin ourselves alone, but dishonour and degrade the priesthood. I beseech you then to give yourselves seriously to study. Knowledge, in a priest, is the eighth sacrament of the ecclesiastical hierarchy." Each exercise of his knowledge increased it, and he sat ever under the great master, experience. In the preface to his chief work, the "Love of God," he says: "I have touched on a number of theological questions, proposing not so much what I anciently learnt in disputations, as what attention to the service of souls and my twenty-four years spent in holy preaching have made me think most useful." It is this experience which makes his teaching eminently practical.

We now come to the results of this grand preparation. There is an idea that S. Francis wrote little. Many know him only as the author of the "Introduction." Actually, he wrote more than S. Athanasius, or S. Gregory Nazianzen, or S. Basil, or S. Ambrose, or S. Leo, or S. Anselm. He says himself, indeed, that he wrote little and published less, but by far the largest part of his work appeared posthumously. His writings extend over the whole range of sacred subjects. Alibrandi, in the "Processus," names ninety distinct works, arranged in eight series—namely, dogmatic, polemic, dogmatic-ascetic, ascetic proper, hermeneutic, moral, pastoral, disciplinary, various. For our less strictly scientific purpose, we can take a simple division, at once logical and chronological, by that characteristic of the Saint we have above referred to. His works are the natural outcome of the circumstances in which God placed him. He became priest two years after leaving the University, and the rest of his life was passed in two spheres of action. As the Apostle of the Chablais, his mission was chiefly to heretics; as Bishop of Geneva, his duties were chiefly to Catholics. Hence the cycle of his *controversial* works, and what we may call, in a wide sense and a sense which

we will explain later, his *devotional* works. Our references will usually be to Blaise's edition.

His controversial works consist of the "The Controversies," the "Standard of the Cross," and various small treatises; on the first of these we shall dwell at some length, as it is but little known in England.

"The Controversies" is his message, his preaching, to the Calvinists of the Chablais, which he committed to writing because he could not get a hearing for it. "The chief part," he says, "is taken from discourses already preached."* The papers of which it is composed, though connected logically, were written separately. They were not even printed, but simply copied by hand, and circulated as they were rapidly written off. The Saint himself so little regarded them as a "work" that he does not even mention them in the list which he gives in the preface to the "Love of God." We have, however, an important reference to them in his letter to the Archbishop of Vienne,† which well expresses their character and object. After saying that he had an idea of publishing "a method of converting heretics by holy preaching," he continues:—

And in this book I should like, by manner of example, to refute all the most specious and famous arguments of our adversaries; and this in a style not only instructive, but affective, so that it might be useful not only to console Catholics, but to convert heretics. And for this I would use some meditations which I made during my five years in the Chablais, where I preached with no books except the Bible, and those of the great Bellarmine.

The book was never finished, and we have not the whole of what was actually written. The incomplete autograph from which the first edition was printed, was discovered by chance thirty-six years after the Saint's death. It was sent to Pope Alexander VII. (Chigi), after several exact copies had been taken. The *cahiers* were in disorder; there was no distinction of discourses or chapters. The name was given by the first editor, Léonard, who brought them out in 1672. Unfortunately, he took great liberties with the text, while professing only to soften a few expressions. Blaise brought out a second edition (1821), but was unable to obtain an authentic text, and has copied many of the errors of the first edition, besides adding notes of a Gallican character. The autograph above mentioned was discovered during the Vatican Council.‡

* Preface.

† Let. 170.

‡ Visitors to Rome will remember the sensation caused by the discovery, and especially by finding the decisive word *infallible* applied to the Pope's teaching authority; the Gallican first editor had dishonestly

This work then was not complete, and of course was not revised by its author. Much even of what he wrote is lost. Necessarily, therefore, it has gaps, and in some places the arguments are given only in outline. But in its plan and in the completed parts it is a masterpiece. The influence of Bellarmine is considerable and apparent, but in no way destroys the independence of the Saint's work. His capacious memory adds from its own stores; his vigorous intellect, his fervid imagination, adapt, apply, illustrate, drive home the arguments; the luminous order, the expressive language, are all his own. Hamon truly says* :—

If we consider it, not as its first editor disfigured it, but as it left the author's hands . . . it will be seen that it is of inestimable value, that it presents the proofs of the Catholic faith with an irresistible force, and that the Commissioners of Canonization, in 1658, could truly say that S. Athanasius, S. Ambrose, and S. Augustine had not better supported or defended the faith.

The Bull calls it, "A full demonstration of Catholic doctrine." Alibrandi remarks that some of its pages agree almost word for word with the three last chapters of the Vatican Constitution, "On the Church of Christ."† It became buried under the multitude of polemic works of the day, probably through the adulteration of its text, and is only now coming into full knowledge.

It is divided into three parts. The treatise on Purgatory is wrongly called a fourth part. We see clearly from the Saint's own words‡ that it is only a section of the third part. The first is on the want of mission in the heretical ministers; the second treats of the rules of faith, and shows how the ministers violated them; the third proves that Catholic doctrine agrees with these rules.

His first part, then, which forms one-fifth of the whole, is devoted to prove the grand and fundamental truth, that as the new teachers were never *sent*, they had no right to preach, and the

substituted *permanent*. The Bull refers to this: "What he says of the infallibility of the Roman Pontiff in the fortieth discourse of the 'Controversies,' the autograph of which was discovered while the Council was sitting, was of such a kind as to lead by the hand, so to speak, some Fathers, up to that time uncertain, to decree a definition." We must do Blaise the justice to say, what is not generally known, that in a supplementary volume (1833), entitled "*Lettres Inédites*" (vol. xvi.), he has restored the original text of this passage, and of a considerable part of the section which treats of S. Peter and the Pope. This was procured for him by the Chevalier Artaud, when diplomatic agent at Rome, and was certainly taken from the Chigi MS. Vivès gives this part from Blaise, but it is a defect in his otherwise good edition of the "*Œuvres*," that in the rest of this work he only gives the disfigured text of Léonard. In the "*Processus*," we have some invaluable pages, from the unpublished Annecy autograph, which are not found even in the Roman MS.

* i. 167.

† "*Processus*," p. 19.

‡ Preface to Second Part.

people had no right to listen to them. He first proves by a complete induction that they were sent by no visible authority, and then overthrows their hypothesis of a defectible and invisible Church.

The second part, on the Rules of Faith, forms more than three-fifths of the work as we have it. A magnificent introduction, which is a treatise in itself, gives the eight divisions of this part. The argument, stated as far as possible in the Saint's own words, is as follows:—Catholics and Protestants agree that the Rule of Faith is the Word of God. But this does not tell us what God's Word *says*, or means. And so we require a rule which applies, proposes, interprets the fundamental and formal rule. This second rule is the Church of God. God guides our faith by His own Word, but He uses the Church as His herald or interpreter. "Let us say, if it may be permitted, that God is the painter, our faith the canvas, God's Word the colours, and the Church the brush." These are the two main rules, which are subdivided thus:—The Word of God is contained in Scripture, or tradition. The Church speaks through its "whole body" by the general belief of the faithful; through "its nobler part," that is, in its pastors and teachers, either united in actual "council" or united in "consent of faith," though separated in time and place; finally, through "its supreme head," the prime minister of Jesus Christ. These six are the ordinary rules. There is also the extraordinary sign of miracles and the negative test from the harmony of faith and reason.

Here, then, are eight good rules of faith:—Scripture, Tradition, the Church, Councils, Fathers, the Pope, Miracles, Natural Reason. The two first are the formal rule, the four next are rules of application, the seventh is extraordinary, and the eighth negative. Or, if it were desired to reduce all these to one, it might correctly be said:—*The unique and true rule of faith to believe unto salvation, is the Word of God, preached and declared by the Church of God.*

In the rest of this second part he proves that each of these is a true rule, and then shows how the ministers have violated it.

With regard to the Holy Scripture their admission is proof enough, but here he shows that they have not only not followed the rule, but have begun by making a false one—a false Scripture. He gives most striking instances of the way in which they have corrupted the integrity of the Sacred Word by rejecting whole books, by rejecting parts of the books they received, by corrupting the text, and by interpreting the whole after their own fancy and passions. The general course of his argument contains important passages on such collateral subjects as the propriety of a dead language for an authoritative book and for a Church universal in time and place. On the canon, he reminds his readers.

that of course the Church does not claim to make a book canonical, but only declares it to be so. "And if ever our Redeemer defends his Church against the gates of hell, if ever the Holy Spirit inspires it and leads it, it must be here, for if He were to leave it in this case whereon our religion chiefly depends, it would be to abandon it altogether."*

Little remains of his teaching on the second rule, Tradition; enough, however, to destroy the whole ground of heretical objection. He shows that Catholics in no sense teach "doctrines and traditions of men," because Catholic tradition is the very word of Christ and the Apostles, written, not on paper, but on the pure and living hearts of the faithful.

After the formal rules we come to the rules of application; and, following rather S. Francis's order than that of his editors, which is in much of this second part rather defective and confused, we take next the authority of the Church. This is the real question. Not, as the ministers pretend, whether or no Scripture is the rule of faith, but whether God has left the interpretation of Scripture to individual judgment, or to the whole Church, as the organ of the Holy Spirit. He shows that private judgment is, of its very nature, incompetent to be a principle of unity, a rule of faith, and that as a fact private judgments differ on the briefest and simplest propositions of the Scripture—such as, "Thou art Peter," "This is my body." He points out to the deluded people that this private judgment, of which their teachers make such a parade, is a mere word, a mere cloak, under cover of which they force their own interpretation. "And why," he asks indignantly, "should I follow the judgment of another, why rather of one than another? Let him talk as he likes of analogy, and enthusiasm, of 'the Lord' and 'the Spirit,'—all this cannot so carry me away, as to make me, if I must embark at hazard, not choose rather to embark in the vessel of my own judgment, than in another's, let him talk Greek, Hebrew, Latin, Tartar, Moorish, or what you will."† And he tears to shreds their miserable profession of interpreting Scripture by Scripture, and the whole by the analogy of faith and the creed. "The simple people, when they hear talk of 'analogy of faith,' suppose this to be some word of most secret mystery and cabalistic power; they admire every interpretation wherein this word is thrust forward." As if Catholics interpreted Scripture in any other way than by the true analogy of the faith. "We have been doing so this 1,500 years." And he compares the two methods. Let the question be, whether Christ is truly present in the Blessed Sacrament. Catholics appeal with simplicity to the Scripture:

* Discourse xx.

† "Processus." Sum. addit. p. 9.

"No word is impossible with God;" and to the Creed: "I believe in God the Father Almighty." But the ministers, before they apply what they call their rule, a truly Lesbian rule, adapt it to their own designs. Professing to appeal to these texts, they gloss them first, and foist into them a proposition of their own—that Christ, being in heaven, cannot also be on earth. He closes this section with a noble protest against their unreasonableness and hypocrisy, and specially against their tyranny in forcing their interpretations on their co-religionists. "Good God! the doctrine of Nice, after 1,300 years of approbation, is submitted to the tests of Luther, of Calvin, of Beza, and nobody is to test the truth of the Calvinistic doctrine, entirely new, all bleary-eyed, patched up, and inconsistent!"* He shows clearly, in other chapters, the marks and characters of the true Church,—that it must be visible, one, holy, fertile, ancient, spiritual, apostolic, universal; but we have given enough to show the drift and character of his argument and style. This part on the Church is lengthy and full. Unfortunately, one or two sections are entirely wanting. It is grievous to find, for instance, a blank page under the title "Apostolic."

The next two rules—Fathers and Councils—are treated in two short chapters in the published editions, but are largely supplemented by the extracts in the "Processus."

We must delay a little longer on the most important sixth rule, the Pope. This is very fully treated, and indeed, with the addition of the "Processus," forms quite a fifth part of the whole work. No Doctor of the Church has so explicitly and conclusively treated this question. The Saint takes all the texts on the prerogatives of S. Peter, and scrutinizes them one by one, developing their meaning, and answering all objections against them. He shows that the powers of Peter were to be, and actually were, transmitted to a line of successors, and that these are the Bishops of Rome. In the specially historical part there are a few mistakes, natural to the age in which he lived, but they nowhere affect the substance of his argument; his knowledge of history is most extensive, and for his age critical. He fully explains the infallibility and the conditions required for its proper exercise; and again and again he explicitly asserts the doctrine, as a matter of absolute certainty, taken for granted among Catholics. Where he shines most grandly is in his manipulation of the Scripture proof, and its connection with reason. For instance, in showing that the headship of Peter proves the headship of his successors, because it was not personal

* Disc. xliv.

to him, but official, and a part of the very constitution of the Church, he says:—

I have strictly proved, so far, that the Catholic Church was a monarchy in which a chief minister (of Christ) governed all the rest. So not only was S. Peter the head, but as the Church did not fail on his death, the authority of a head did not fail; otherwise the Church would have ceased to be one, and would no longer be as its founder made it. And truly, all the reasons for which our Lord placed a head in this body, did not so urgently require it in that beginning, when the Apostles who governed the Church were holy, humble, charitable, lovers of unity and concord, as in the progress and continuation, when charity has grown cold, every one loves himself, nobody will listen to the words of another, or submits to discipline.

I pray you, if the Apostles whose minds were so immediately enlightened by the Holy Spirit, who were so steady and so strong, had need of a Confirmer and Pastor, *as the form of their union*,* how much greater is the need now, when there is so much infirmity and weakness in the members of the Church.†

On the seventh rule he shows that miracles, in which he includes prophecy, although they are in themselves extraordinary, and although the Church is independent of them, still are a proper note of the Church. He has some curious remarks on the attempts of Protestants, in spite of their principles, to show the occurrence of miracles among themselves. He appeals to the very important and significant fact of the great increase of miracles in the time of S. Augustine, after the Gospel had been fully preached, with their continuance to our own time, to show that it is not a chance single miracle, but “the perpetual and ordinary sequence of miracles which is a mark of the true Church.”

Taking the eighth rule, he shows, on the one hand, the utter absurdity of many of the heretical opinions; on the other, the reasonableness and beauty of Catholic doctrines. Our space will not allow quotation; but here shines more than anywhere the persuasiveness, and, to use his own word, the *affectiveness* of his style.

Of the third part of the “Controversies” we have, alas! but a few fragments. The treatises promised on Penance, the Blessed Eucharist, Matrimony, &c., were either not written or have been lost. There are a few pages on the Sacraments in general, on their form, and on the intention of their minister. And there is a short but very complete treatise on Purgatory,

* The italics are our own. The early editions had “to *prescribe* the form of their union.” Elsewhere he calls the chair of Peter “the holy touchstone” for the right interpretation of Scripture.

† Disc. xxxvi.

which closes the work. The introduction to this part contains one of his finest passages. Every word is a very trumpet-note of victory. He appeals to the people against their minister.

And I bring you to this: the ministers wish to fight us with Scripture alone—I consent; they will have only the part of Scripture they please—I agree; and at the end I say that the belief of the Catholic Church is superior in every point, because it has more passages for its belief, and they are more clear, more pure, more simple, more reasonable, and better interpreted. . . . And I beseech you, when you shall have seen me engage, and at last conquer the enemy, with Scripture alone, that *then* you would represent to yourselves our overabundance of right, by that great and honourable succession of martyrs, priests and doctors, who have testified by their doctrine and at the price of their blood, that the faith we fight for, under their banners, is the holy, the pure, and the Apostolic—and this will be an overmeasure of victory.

We shall not dwell long on the other controversial works he wrote at the time of his mission in the Chablais. One was the "Considerations on the Creed," against the attacks of the minister Viret, confirming the Catholic doctrine on the Blessed Sacrament, by its analogy with the articles of the Creed. When he appealed to the virginal parturition of Our Lady as a proof that Christ's body was not subject to the natural order, Viret controverted this statement, though generally admitted by his party, and the Saint wrote in its defence two treatises, which have not been published, but are in manuscript at Annecy. He also wrote a treatise on "Demonomania," which was extant in the time of Charles Auguste, and is greatly lauded by him. We must not omit to mention the three interviews which, by order of the Pope, S. Francis had with Beza, the great leader of the Calvinists in Geneva. S. Alphonsus considered his arguments so convincing that he has given them in full in his "History of Heresies." The list of controversial works closes with the "Vexillum Crucis" (Standard of the Cross), which really belongs to this period, though not published till 1600. When, during his preaching, the cross was publicly set up at Annemasse, in the environs of Geneva, its *cultus* was vehemently attacked by the minister La Faye. The Bishop ordered S. Francis to answer him. He did so in a magnificent treatise on the cross, which has not received the attention it deserves. It has not been translated into English. The tract which he answers is worthless. "It is not," he says, "even a well-treated lie." In the introduction he lays down his general proposition, explaining it fully. God alone is to be honoured supremely and for His own sake, but persons and things relating to Him are to be honoured for His

sake, with an inferior and relative honour. Such an honour, then, is to be paid to the cross as a religious appurtenance of Christ. "Such is the whole design of these four books." The first treats of the name of the cross, and of the honour due to the cross, as shown in Holy Scripture and ecclesiastical tradition; the second, of images or representations of the true cross, which of course get their dignity from what they represent; the third, of the sign of the cross; the fourth, of the exact quality of honour due to it. In following out his main design he furnishes a treasure of instruction on miracles, on relics, and on all matters belonging to the use of exterior and sensible signs in religion.

Here we close our description of the controversial part of his works, only reminding our readers that all he wrote, whether simple exposition of Catholic dogma, or affectionate exhortation to virtue or moral instruction, is so impregnated with unction and grace that, like the works of other Fathers and Saints, it has a spirit, which, to use his own expression, "breathes against heresy."

He had scarcely brought his Chablais mission to its victorious close, when he was made Bishop of Geneva, and set up to give light in the first place, and, directly, to the household of the faith. We have classed his works from this time under the head "Devotional," because devotion—that is, the cultivation of the spiritual life—was the object of them. They abound, indeed, in dogma, and it would be almost possible to construct a dogmatic and a moral theology from them. "The Love of God," particularly, contains the theory as well as the practice of all matters pertaining to charity. Still, with one or two exceptions (such as his disciplinary statutes, certain "Pastoral" documents, or that exposition of Catholic doctrine which forms the first chapter of the "Fabrian Codex"), these subjects are treated only incidentally, as means to an end, to lay the practice of a holy life on a solid basis of knowledge.

To give as clear an idea as possible of this great mass of spiritual teaching, we shall divide them according to the threefold form in which they were conveyed—sermons, letters, and published treatises. A sermon, with its solemnity, its union of persuasion and instruction, its special and local appeals, is one thing; a letter, excluding such as are so merely in name, has an easy style and personal application, which give it a character of its own; a finished revised work, meant for reading and quiet reflection, is different from either. We do not at all mean to say that this form makes any essential difference in the nature of the doctrine; it is merely accidental. Still it gives sufficient ground of distinction for our purpose, and has the advantage of giving three different aspects of the Saint.

On S. Francis de Sales as a preacher, we take our text from the Bull:—

He gave the wisest precepts, and effected, by the example of the Holy Fathers, that the dignity of sacred eloquence, which had become lowered in the lapse of time, was restored to its ancient splendour. And from this school came forth those most eloquent orators who produced such abundant fruit in the whole Church. Therefore, he was held by all to be the restorer and master of sacred eloquence.

These are great words, but not more strong than true. "Preaching," says S. Francis, after the Council of Trent, "is a bishop's chief work. He has received not only the mission to preach, but the plenitude of the ministry of the Word, other preachers being but the rivulets of which he is the source."* The preacher has to communicate to the expectant people by tongue, and eye, and bearing, and all that constitute the magnetism of eloquence, his own wisdom, enthusiasm, holiness; moving them to sympathy and admiration and love. More than this. It is his to be a medium of the grace of God, and to personate the Divine "Word." Several of the Fathers, as S. Ambrose and S. Chrysostom, are scarcely known to us save by their written sermons. S. Francis was, in the first place, "sent to preach." And so he preached everywhere, on all occasions. Scarcely a Lent or Advent passed without his giving the "Station" in some town of his own country or his beloved France. He continually gave Retreats. Every Sunday, and frequently during the week, sometimes twice or thrice on the same day, he broke the Word of God to the people. During one year in Paris he preached 365 times. He said himself that he had preached more than 4,000 sermons, and they must have been considerably more before the end of his life. He worked wonders in his own country, but the scene of the triumph of his powers was Paris—"the theatre of the world," as S. Vincent called it. The Court, the Sorbonne, the clergy, pressed round his pulpit, enraptured with the unction of his preaching. When he preached the Advent of 1618, he had to get to the pulpit through the window. Cardinals and princes could scarcely find seats. He could not help saying to a friend: "Were you not astonished to see all these good Parisians come to hear me and my thick pronunciation, my low conceptions and my heavy style?" "Ah!" said his friend, "it is not fine words they seek from you. It is enough for them to see you; your heart speaks by your eyes and your lips. If you only made a short prayer they would be satisfied. . . . There is something extraordinary in your discourses—everything comes home to

* Essay on Preaching. (Let. 62.)

one. You have a certain rhetoric of Annecy or rather of Paradise, which has the most wonderful effect.”*

This was no doubt the great secret—the apostolic heart and life.† It was said that the best way to form an idea of Jesus Christ on earth was to see the Bishop of Geneva. “What must God be,” exclaimed the leader of the spiritual life of Paris, S. Vincent, “if Monseigneur of Geneva is so good?” Still we must not suppose that there lacked anything of the highest natural qualities. The effect of these was greater by contrast. As the Bull has just told us, sacred eloquence had sunk to a low ebb, though it was just beginning, after the impulse given by S. Charles Borromeo and through the efforts of the Jesuits, to rise. “Preaching at that time was only a formless chaos of dry theology, abstract philosophy, profane quotations in Greek and Latin, pedantic triflings, and inflated pathos.”‡ Our Saint brought it back to apostolic simplicity by his wisdom, his natural and refined taste, his perfect realization of the spirit of Christ and the Apostles, and his firmness in being led away by no wrong custom, however universal. The approbation of the Court was for once given in the right place. Henry IV. declared that he was the greatest preacher in the world. A councillor of the parliament of Paris said he had done great good, and one incurable harm—he had disgusted him with all other preachers. And as Le Feret says, speaking for France:§ “He gave a strong and successful impulse; it was followed in the Society of Jesus, to end in Bourdaloue; in the Oratory to end in Massillon; and among the secular clergy to end in Fléchier, Fénelon, and the prince of sacred eloquence, Bossuet.” His influence was not less marked in Italy, especially after S. Alphonsus declared himself his disciple in the art of preaching. The tradition continues, and Audisio, in his lectures, proposes him to the clergy of Italy as the best of models. For Germany, Jocham|| tells us that from the time that Sailer, by his translation and recommendation, introduced the knowledge of the great essay on “Preaching,” S. Francis has become the master and

* Hamon, ii. 214.

† He says to M. Deshayes (Let. 266): “I was preparing a quite new heart—larger, methinks, than my ordinary. And I even promised myself, by a certain excess of love for this undertaking (a proposed ‘Lent’—1612), that preaching now a little more ripely, or to say all in one word, apostolically, than I did ten years ago; you would have liked my sermons, not only for my sake, but for their own.”

And to S. Jane Frances (Let. 486): “I preach with all my heart, and to you I will say that God greatly favours this heart by giving it much love, which follows the illuminations He gives me on the beauty of His commandments.”

‡ Hamon, ii. 325.

§ “Life of Du Perron,” pp. 101-2.

|| Quoted in the “Processus.” Resp. p. 30.

doctor of preachers in Germany. With good reason, then, does the Bull call him the restorer and master of sacred eloquence.

We have now to say what is left of all this wealth of oratory. There is a small volume, containing some twenty-two of the "Conferences" which he gave to the nuns of the Visitation in 1612. These were preserved by the excellent memory of Sister Agnes de la Roche, and are guaranteed by S. Jane. They have all the force and beauty of his other works, and are acknowledged by all as perfectly genuine.* Besides these only some seventy even profess to be his own, and of these Hamon will only receive two as perfectly authentic; one of which, the Funeral Oration on the Duke of Mercœur, was published by the Saint, and the other, on the Assumption, is embodied in the thirteenth chapter of the seventh book of "The Love of God." Peltier, in the introduction to the two volumes of Sermons in Vivès' edition, and Alibrandi, in the "Processus," claim authenticity for several others. We cannot go into the evidence here. We think that no one familiar with the Saint's style would recognize his hand from beginning to end of any of them, except the two mentioned. At the same time, the outline, the thoughts, and the general sequence are his; and in several of them we feel that in passages, more or less lengthy and consecutive, we have his very words. The most authentic of them are addressed to nuns, and, like the "Conferences," are on subjects and after a style specially suitable for religious souls. The two authentic sermons, also, are special discourses, so that we can scarcely say we have any perfect example of his ordinary popular sermons, such as carried away all hearts at Annecy, at Paris, at Grenoble, at Dijon, at Lyons. Still with what is left, and with such facts of his life as have come down to us, we are not without means of forming an idea of his principles, his method, and his style of preaching.

The only "object" he will allow his preacher is to *teach* and to *move*. He will not, as S. Alphonsus points out, admit the end of *pleasing*—that is, of pleasing with the sermon or the preacher. "Our praise," he said, "must not be when people say, What a fine preacher! what a beautiful sermon! but when they say, How lovely virtue is! how necessary penance!" Every word has a directly practical aim. In his sermon on the Passion he says: "The affection of compassion, as I always tell you, is the lowest and least useful, and therefore we will not dwell on it, but go on to the affection of imitation."

His "subjects" were generally what are called moral, or

* There is a good translation of these "Conferences" (Richardson, 1869), with a beautiful preface by Cardinal Wiseman. The rendering is sometimes a little too literal, but this is a fault on the right side.

treated with reference to morals, and such as sprung naturally from the Season or Feast. He instructed M. Camus always to inculcate the practice of some particular virtue or the avoidance of some particular vice. In the Lent of 1602, at Paris, he preached chiefly on the vanity of human greatness; at La Roche (1604), on the shortness of life, and the necessity of securing eternity; at Grenoble (Advent, 1616), on the Hail Mary; at Annecy (1619), on the Commandments. He always preferred subjects of meditation and retreat to grand discourses. Catechism he considered one of the most important departments of preaching. He established Catechisms on a grand scale at Annecy, devoting two hours each Sunday to them, and claiming it as his privilege to give the Catechism himself. When quite unable to go, he deputed one of the highest dignitaries of the diocese. We have a beautiful picture of these Catechisms given by Hamon* from La Rivière:—

I had never seen such a sight. This loving and truly good Father was raised as on a throne of two or three steps—all the child-army round him. It was incomparably delightful to hear how familiarly he expounded the rudiments of our faith: at each step the richest comparisons fell from his mouth; he looked at his little world, and his little world at him; he made himself a child with them, to form in them the man perfect according to Jesus Christ.

His “matter” was the “Word of God . . . the Gospel.”† Not that he excluded the words of the Fathers or the lives of the Saints. Histories from the latter, especially, often occupy a large part of his sermon. But what difference is there, he beautifully asks, between Scripture and the Fathers, except the difference between a loaf whole and a loaf broken, or between the Gospel and the Saints’ lives, except that between music on paper and music sung? He makes a great point of illustrations, and would search books for them when his imagination or observation did not readily supply them. For style his law is to follow Nature, and hence to be simple, earnest, cordial. He would have no conceits, no parade of learning. He is particular in requiring a definite plan and fixed method, and would have separate and separately mentioned points of discourse. “His action was not very animated, his speech was slow, and even a little heavy (*pesante*).”‡ He gives an amusing contrast between himself and M. Camus, who was trying to imitate him, and whom he exhorted to follow his own natural disposition:—“The more I hasten, the less I get on. I have a difficulty to find words, much more to pronounce them. I am heavier than a log, and can

* i. 462.

† Let. 62.

‡ Hamon, ii. 324.

neither move myself nor others. You go full sail, and I by oar ; you fly, I creep and crawl like a turtle. You have more fire in your little finger, than I in my whole body.* "But as a fact," Hamon continues, "what might have seemed a defect in others was a merit in him. His slow and deliberate delivery gave time to relish the beauty of his doctrine, the nobleness and ease of his expression, the unction of his words, the appropriateness of his tones and gestures, and the play of his features." We hope we shall not be considered trivial if we add here, to finish our account of what has come down to us about our Saint as a preacher, that he recommends to take the subject of the discourse for the morning's meditation ; that he composed his sermons walking quietly out of doors ; that he loved small audiences, and country people and children, and that one of his most earnest and most frequently repeated pieces of advice to preachers is that sermons should be short. "Provided that it fills the half-hour, it cannot be too short."

We now come to that part of the Saint's teaching which is embodied in his "Letters." He instructed and supported in this way the innumerable souls whom he directed at a distance. He felt, as he says in the preface to the "Introduction," that this was a great part of his vocation, and as years went on he gave himself to it more and more. Of the immense multitude of his letters about 1,000 remain, forming a body of doctrine equal in length to nearly all the rest of his own works, and larger than the united letters of S. Basil, S. Ambrose, S. Augustine, S. Chrysostom, and S. Jerome. In these, perhaps more than in any other of his works, he shows "the easy and straight way to perfection," which, as the Breviary says, it is his glory to have discovered. It is the doctrine of the "Introduction," the "Conferences," the "Love of God," continued, enlarged and applied, as each year gave him a deeper and wider experience. Caussin calls them "a repertory of all the best spiritual maxims ;" Peltier : "a very code of Christian morality and high perfection." They belong indeed, for the most part, to a somewhat lower order of instruction than that which is given in the sublime pages of the "Love of God ;" but for the majority of souls, directing or directed, they will be on this account more interesting and more profitable. They are "the sort of literature which more than any other represents the abundance of the heart, which nearest of all approaches to conversation."† "His teaching in them is more varied, animated, living, personal. It is the same doctrine with greater freedom."‡ And there is something in them eminently

* "Esprit," i. 19. † Newman's "Historical Sketches," vol. iii. p. 221.

‡ E. Veuillot: Preface to "Lett. à des gens du monde."

real, we may say dramatic. They form “cases” of asceticism, and cases that have actually occurred. He speaks not with a more or less abstract Philothea, but with real men and women ; he treats actual needs, doubts, troubles, scruples. We speak chiefly of his letters on devotional subjects, which indeed form the great bulk of what remains of his correspondence. But we should mention that there are letters on other matters mingled with these. There are several on matters of dogma, such as the authority of the Pope and the question of grace. There are letters to Popes and Cardinals on other important Church matters which came within his sphere of work. There are letters to his clergy on matters of administration and discipline ; to his Sovereign, the Duke of Savoy, to the King of France, to great statesmen, on affairs of his diocese, justifying himself against calumnies, asking favours for his numerous clients. Then there are letters on private matters, family affairs, his own history, his feelings and sufferings. These are not directly spiritual, but they all have a spiritual tone.

His “Spiritual Letters” have been divided according to the classes of persons he addressed—religious, or persons in the world, men or women, married or single ladies, &c. And this is a good method, when the object is to adapt his instructions for the benefit of these particular classes of souls.* The attention is not distracted, and, what is more important, unsuitable matter is kept away. His doctrine is all good, but it is not all good for all. Instructions to married people would not give edification to young persons. Lessons which are a matter of course to religious, would confuse and disturb many persons in the world.

This method, then, is very useful for a special purpose ; but if our object is to realize the whole spirit of the Saint, to see his life reflected in his works, then there can be but one order in studying his “Letters”—their actual and chronological order. By this we follow the history of the Saint, and of those whom he is directing. How important, for instance, is the order of his letters to S. Jane. He finds her with the heart and desires of a saint, but without a corresponding illumination of spirit. He gradually teaches her the true way of perfection, weans her from superfluities, holds her up, prepares her for the highest vocation,

* There are various selections of “Letters to persons in the world,” of which the best is the recent one of Eugène Veuillot (Palmé, Paris). There are “Letters to Religious,” of which we are not acquainted with any other edition than that of Servonnet (Douniol, Paris, 1864). None have been translated. This is, perhaps, the best place to warn our readers against an Anglican selection of letters, or rather of extracts from letters, entitled “Spiritual Letters of S. Francis de Sales (Rivingtons, 1871). It swarms with mistakes and misrepresentations of all kinds.

yet keeps her back till the full time has come; and at last raises her to the summit of abnegation, where, stayed on God alone, she is able to draw, and guide, and help others in the ways she has trod. To us, again, there is something inexpressibly encouraging and instructive in the way that his interior life mingles with the exterior. We see his principles exemplified at once, the theory explained by practice; as when we see him teaching perfect detachment, while showing the most natural and touching grief on the death of those who were dear to him; or in one letter exhorting S. Jane, after her entry into religion, to have love only for God, and in the next telling her to be tender with her boy, and sweetly rallying her about the "*caresses terriblement mortifiées*," which, he fears, is all she would give him. Or, again, how far beyond all verbal lessons, to see his exquisite care in the management of every diocesan, and even household detail, while at one and the same time his spirit is in the heights of contemplation, and his heart in the depths of anxiety or grief. Taking the chronological order, then, we find that the "*Letters*" begin in the year of his ordination, 1593, and that of the first ten years we have about one hundred, of which the great majority are on the affairs of the Chablais. With these are very usefully placed some thirty of the letters written to him. Of all these only five or six are spiritual letters, properly so called; but amongst them is the famous letter (41) to the "*Filles-Dieu*," of Paris. Letter 62 is the *Essay on Preaching*. Henceforward most of his letters—and all the longer ones—are on spiritual subjects. The Lent of Dijon, 1604, begins a new era in his life and in his correspondence. He then made the acquaintance of S. Jane, and began the series of letters to her which ended only with his death. We have about two hundred of these precious relics, and a small number of those which he wrote to other members of her family. We have also a part of his direction of two other ladies of Dijon, daughters of M. Bourgeois de Crépy. The one was Abbess of the Benedictine monastery of Puits-d'Orbe, near Dijon. Addressed to her we have fifteen letters, on the perfection of the religious state, the seven chief of which are all of this year, 1604. The other daughter, Madame Brulart, was married, and he directed her to the perfection of the married state, in a series of which eight have been preserved. He also, during these early years, wrote much for the direction of Madame de Charmois, a lady of the French Court, whom he converted to a perfect life in 1603. His teaching to her has not been preserved in its original form, but, as we shall see directly, it reappears, like a phoenix from its ashes, as part of the "*Introduction*." In all these letters, as in all his doctrine, there is one aim, one "*song*"—to use his own word—

namely, to show perfect love to God by doing His will, and not self's will; in all occurrences, great and little, detaching self from all creatures for God, to return to them with a pure and unselfish love, for God's sake. His teaching only varies as souls get higher, or according to the variety of lives.

Others gradually join the circle of his correspondents, and from 1610 it begins to take its colour more and more from the design of the Visitation; and the majority of his letters from this time are to his spiritual daughters, to their mother, to other superiors, to simple religious, to postulants,—or at least about their affairs. In 1618 he made the acquaintance of Mère Angélique, and some of his most characteristic letters are to her. Some also of hers to him and to S. Jane have been preserved. It is grand to see that strong passionate nature conquered by the power of humility and gentleness, humbling itself to the dust, and craving to be allowed to resign her dignity and become the lowest child of the Visitation. It is even more instructive to see him setting her to quell her pride, and correct her many serious faults by the power of persevering habits of the "little virtues." Our space will not allow us to give examples of these lessons; indeed, many of them are too sacred and too delicate to appear in such public pages as these. Let our readers study them for themselves, and they will see that our praise is weak in comparison with their true merits.

We now come to our last division of his devotional or ascetical works, his published treatises. These are chiefly two—the "Introduction to the Devout Life," and the crown of his teaching, "The Love of God."

The "Introduction" is a good example of the way in which his writings were the natural fruits of his life. He used to call it "the book I wrote without knowing it." We have just spoken of his direction of Madame de Charmois. She religiously kept all his written instructions and answers to her doubts and questions. In two years they came to form a large body of teaching. She showed them to Fr. Forrier, the Saint's confessor, who implored him to publish them. Just at this time Francis had a letter from Henry IV., begging him to write some book, "in which," says Hamon,* "religion should be presented in its native beauty, freed from all superstition and scruple, practicable to all classes of society, . . . compatible with the agitation of the world and the turmoil of affairs." Such requests were a law to his humility, and taking these papers, with others which he had written during the same period (specially to his mother and S. Jane), he formed them into a book in 1608. The second

* i. 623.

edition he thoroughly revised and considerably enlarged. He says he left the first edition too concise, because he was able often to explain his teaching by word of mouth to the soul for whom he originally wrote it, and rather too high, because she advanced very quickly in virtue.* These points he changed, and made the second edition a perfectly substantive book, entirely adapted to the use of all souls aiming at the devout life. "I sent two copies of my second edition, to which I have added many little things, according to the desire of several competent judges."† The book made an immense sensation. Nothing had been seen like it since the days of the Fathers. The Archbishop of Vienne says : "Your book so transports me that no tongue can express my admiration."‡ The King said it was far beyond what he had asked. His Queen sent it, set with diamonds, to James I. of England, who always carried it on his person, and declared it was rather the work of an angel than of a man. The Saint's own esteem of it is even more valuable to us. He gives it to his penitents as an abstract of his teaching, continually refers them to it, forms them on it. To a superior of the Visitation, who was often consulted by married ladies about a virtuous life, he says : "You do well to send them to the 'Introduction,' in which they will find all they want."§ S. Jane says : "It is averred that only the Spirit of God dictated this book. An infinite number of souls have therein found the means of salvation, as many of them have acknowledged to me."|| The Marquis de Lullin ¶ speaks of its renown in France and Savoy, and says that at the Imperial Court the courtiers and ladies had it continually in their hands. Three editions had been published in English before the end of 1614. In 1656 it had reached its fortieth French edition and been translated into seventeen languages. At this time we find Pope Alexander VII. writing of it to his nephew : "It is the best guide to virtue. To it I owe during twenty years the conversion of my manners, if there is anything in me exempt from vice. This should ever be your mirror and your rule." We have several translations in English ; the best is that by Fr. Richards, which has the advantage of modifying certain passages on delicate subjects expressed by the Saint with the simplicity of his time, and which he would have been the first to alter for our more fastidious age. The Anglicans, who have made it one of their chief books of devotion, have a translation of it which errs by omission in the way we have pointed out in speaking of the "Life," but which we must say, with this exception, is a model of faithful

* Let. 170.

† Let. 215.

‡ Let. 169.

§ Let. 537.

|| In her "Deposition;" Process of Canonization.

¶ *Ibid.*

and graceful rendering of quite a different character from the "Letters." As this book is so well known, we shall do no more than give the Saint's own brief analysis of it in the preface:—

In all this, then, regarding a soul which by the desire of devotion aspires to the love of God, I have made this "Introduction" in five parts. In the first, I try by certain exhortations and exercises to convert the simple desire of Philothea into a full resolution, which she makes at the end, after her general confession, by a firm protestation, followed by Holy Communion, wherein, giving herself to the Saviour, and receiving Him, she enters happily into His holy love. This done, to lead her further on, I show her two great means for uniting herself more and more with His Divine Majesty; the use of the Sacraments, by which this good God comes to us, and holy prayer, by which He draws us to Him. And with this I occupy the second part. In the third, I show her how she ought to exercise herself in various works proper for her progress; but I dwell only on certain particular counsels, which she could not have easily got elsewhere, nor from herself. In the fourth, I discover to her certain snares of her enemies, and tell her how to escape and get by them. And, finally, in the fifth part, I make her retire a little into herself, to refresh herself, take breath, and repair her strength, that she may afterwards more successfully gain ground, and advance in the devout life.

Before publishing the "Devout Life" he had already begun to prepare the "Love of God;" but he would never have been able to finish it, if its composition had not come to form a part of his life. He was at the same time projecting other works, but he was never able to realize them.* To write on Love, however, was his joy and his rest. He says it was a martyrdom to be kept from it. "As those," he says in the preface, "who engrave on precious stones are glad to keep before them some lovely emerald, whose green may recreate their sight, so in the incessant variety of my affairs I have always little plans of some treatise of piety which I look at, when I can." But this "when I can" is a grave qualification. He tells us that after all this treatise was only written "on occasion, and as he got time;" and he would never have been able to make it such a grand work had he not been obliged to give most of it as instructions to his daughters of the Visitation, who required a knowledge of "more delicate sentiments of piety" than were treated in the "Introduction," and to whom, above all to their mother, the world owes this treasure. "For she," he says, in his sweet quaint style, in the same incompa-

* A treatise on "Love of our Neighbour," to correspond with the "Love of God," a calendar of holy exercises for every week in the year, a work on "preaching," and a method of converting heretics by preaching, into which, as we have said, he meant to work up those Chablais discourses, which ultimately went to form the "Controversies." (Let. 170.)

nable preface, which to us is one of the most admirable pieces of all his writings, "had continual care to pray and get prayers for this, and to holily conjure me to pick up all the little bits of leisure she thought might be saved here and there from the press of my employments." It was at last printed in 1616. Where can we find words to praise it? It is the transcript of the soul, of one of the noblest-minded and most royal-hearted of God's saints; it is what he had himself *lived* during forty years. And not only had he lived it, but all his life had also been a preparation for describing it. It is the history of his own "Love of God." He told S. Vincent that he often wept tears of love as he wrote it; when he was preparing by meditation to write on the love of Jesus Christ in assuming human flesh, a globe of fire was seen over his head. The Bull calls it "that incomparable treatise, which has as many praises of its sweetness as it has readers." These last are the words of S. Vincent, who continues: "I have provided that it should be universally read in our community, as the general remedy for all the weak in spirit, the goad of the slothful, the incentive of love, and the ladder of perfection." *

It is a grand, but also it is, in some parts, a difficult book. It is so profoundly studied that he told M. Camus a certain fourteen lines of it cost him the reading of 1,200 folio pages. He says himself in the preface that, if he had been writing for those who sought only the practice of holy love, he would have omitted the four first books and parts of some of the others; but he wished to give the theory as well as the practice. "Divine love is like the herb angelica, of which the root is as odorous and as wholesome as the stalk and leaves." This makes it difficult for an age even less enlightened and less patient of reflection than his own. We would venture to recommend persons who read this as one of the ordinary books of spiritual reading, to take first the eighth, ninth, and last books, which are the most practical and contain the sum of his whole teaching, and to read the first four last. To give briefly the subjects of the twelve books, we say that the first is introductory on the "nature" of love; the three next describe the "history" of love, its birth, progress and decay; the fifth, sixth, and seventh give the exercises of love in prayer; the eighth and ninth give the exercises of love in obedience and union of will; the tenth and eleventh treat of the excellence, the effects and the characters of the commandment of love; and the twelfth gives important advice on the way to make progress in love. We wish our space would allow us to give Hamon's grand panegyric of the book, but we must content ourselves with

* "Deposition."

saying that while treating the most profound questions of dogmatic and mystic theology, the Saint knows how, by his clearness of language and perfection of illustration, to bring them home to any reflective reader of ordinary capacity. The style, varying with the subject, is now calm and didactic ; now tender, glowing, fervid ; now simple, now sublime ; always clear, always graceful, always impregnated with imagination, yet ever flowing in the most natural and artless manner. Our readers must not think that the current English translation represents what we have been describing. The main outline is the same, but all the spirit, all the beauty is taken out. The doctrine of the Saint is there, but in the translator's own spiritless style and inexpressive language. It is also full of mistakes in minor matters. There exists, however, another and excellent translation,* which is so rare and inaccessible as to be practically unknown, but which, with a few modifications, well deserves reproduction.

We said that the two works just described were the Saint's chief published treatises. There are others, on various points of devout practice, such as the "Twelve Little Treatises," as they are called. There is the "Exposition of the Canticle of Canticles." There is an "Instruction to Confessors," which, if we had space to make a more exact discrimination of his works for furthering devotion, would come first under the head of "pastoral." Another section would be occupied by his teachings as a founder and legislator. He composed the "Constitutions-and-Directory" of the Visitation, which forms at the same time the most practical of treatises on the religious life. Its praise is written in the history of his daughters. Besides these he gave Constitutions to the Augustinians of Sixt, to the Bernardine nuns of Annecy, to the hermits of Mount Voiron, and unwritten rules to the Benedictine monks of Talloires. He founded and gave statutes to the confraternity of the "Holy Cross" of Annecy, the "Holy House" of Thonon, in which religion and industry united in mutual help, and the Florimontane Academy, in which the cultivation of the beautiful was made to rest on the foundation of the good and the true.

To conclude our account of his works, we must state his grand *projects*. He meant to resign his charge, to retire amongst the Benedictines of Talloires, and there give himself entirely to serving God, "with my Breviary, my Rosary, and my pen." He meant there to arrange "what I have been turning over in my mind these thirty years, and what I have used in my sermons,

* "A Treatise of the Love of God." Translated into English by Miles Car, Priest of the English College of Doway. Printed at Doway, by Gerard Pinchon, at the Sign of Coleyn, 1630.

my instructions, and my private meditations," in the form of—
 (1) Studies on the New Testament, proving Catholic doctrines in detail from the very words and acts of Christ and the Apostles;
 (2) The treatise (before referred to) on the "Love of our Neighbour;"
 (3) Letters to a parish priest on the duties of his charge. But, as we know, he could not realize this plan. God called his soldier to the reward from the very battle-field of active labour.

We must not omit to mention the "Spirit of Francis de Sales." It is the work of his most intimate friend, the Bishop of Belley, and, besides containing many extracts from his works, forms our only record of many of his ways, his principles and his sayings. This is the work so enthusiastically praised by Leigh Hunt, as we have said in the earlier part of this paper. It reveals the Saint in his ordinary aspect, just as he appeared to those about him, and is a picture of him such as we have of no other saint. The Anglicans have a translation of it* which, with all its omissions and mistakes, is of use until we get a good Catholic translation.

We must hasten to a conclusion. Our task is done. We are acutely sensible of the many defects in our treatment of such a theme; but if we induce even a few to study that life which is the practice of his works, those writings which are at once the theory and the outcome of his life, we shall be more than contented. And we have to remind our readers that we have given them, so far, only an outside description of his doctrine; we have only pointed out the tree, we have still to describe its fruits.

ART. V.—THE VICES OF AGNOSTIC POETRY.

WHETHER it be true or not that religious poetry is the highest of all, it may, I think, be safely affirmed that religion has been the most powerful auxiliary to poets in attaining their greatest height. Abundant proof of this might be adduced from Pagan poetry, and it would be superfluous to point to the testimony to be derived from the works of Dante, Chaucer, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Wordsworth, Moore, and others too numerous to be named. It is more to the purpose to remark that even poets whose minds were, unhappily, not imbued with a sense of the truth of the Christian religion, have nevertheless often felt the necessity of heightening the effect of their poems by writing for the time as if they were Christians. Among these, Voltaire, Goethe, and (may I not add?) Victor Hugo,

* Or, rather, of Collot's abridgment of it.

stand prominently forward. If, therefore, religion forms so essential a part of the noblest and truest poetry, it is to be expected that it should suffer severely, even as poetry, by the absence of everything sincerely and profoundly religious; and that it does so has presented itself all the more forcibly to my mind because I have from time to time had the productions of many agnostic poets sent to me for review. In reading these more fully than I should probably have done otherwise, I have constantly been struck by the loss which these unfortunate writers have incurred by cutting themselves off from the chief sources of sublimity. The more I have read of them the more striking their defects have become, as, in toiling through a desert, the vaster the space over which its sands may spread, the more its scant supply of herbage and of water makes itself felt. The tree of life, even of human life, does not grow in the waste of agnosticism; the water of life, even of human life, does not there quench the thirst.

Before going further in the consideration of this subject, it is necessary to explain that many agnostic poets do not carry a fair front, but make frequent use of the word God in a pantheistic sense, and are offensively familiar with the name and person of Christ. But it is, generally speaking, easy to see through this thin disguise. There are some, again, whose agnosticism being of a wavering character, are willing to make occasional condescensions to the idea of a God, if not of a revelation also. A recent writer in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Louis Greg, has defended the case of an agnostic who goes to the parish church, and denies him to be guilty, in doing so, of any unpardonable inconsistency. The Positivist has great difficulty in ridding himself altogether of the idea of God, especially when he enters the domain of poetry. The writers here referred to will sometimes address their "God" in the feminine gender, and will tell us that God is no more Father than Mother, and that the maternal principle is even more prominent than the male in the Divine Being. In one instance the writer of a "Hymn" to the Almighty addresses Him alternately, all through the piece, in language curious, indeed, but not remarkable either for poetry or orthodoxy:—

Send us a flower, God,—send us we pray thee
 Breath of thine heaven-land, seeking to-day thee!
 Lo! with our clasped hands, God, we delay thee!
 Sweet Mother, hear us!
 Lift us through high seas of our tribulation
 Ever from high towards holier higher station:
 Heal every sad soul, renovate each nation:
 Great Father, hear us!*

* "Song-Bloom," by George Barlow. 1881.

Fair hope of future life and crown of faith,
 Love and delight; but I, I have but death.
 Wherefore I praise thee, seeing thou alone,
 Of all things underneath the heavens born,
 Art all assured.

Such settled sadness, if real, reminds us of the greater poet, but professed atheist, who amid the glories of Nature sang in melodious rhyme:

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
 Nor peace within nor calm around,
 Nor that content surpassing wealth
 The sage in meditation found,
 And walk'd with inward glory crown'd.*

And again:

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.†

The pessimist poet, Giacomo Leopardi, in like manner, and about the same time, though a very young man, informed others of his utter misery, having embraced as the only truth the "philosophy of despair." He was "unable to discern a single ray of light in the gloom of existence," and in writing to a friend on the discomforts of his native Recanati, he said: "Added to all this is the obstinate, black and barbarous melancholy which devours and destroys me, which is nourished by study, and yet increases when I forego study. I have in past times had much experience of that sweet sadness which generates fine sentiments, and which, better than joy, may be said to resemble the twilight; but my condition now is like an eternal and horrible night. A poison saps my powers of body and mind."‡ The language of Christian psalmody and the hymns of the Church are the antithesis of this despondent wailing; witness the Psalms of David, the "Jesu, dulcis memoria," the "Adeste Fideles," and the great contemplative poem, "De Imitatione Christi," resolvable into unrhymed but exquisitely mellifluous Hebrew-like verse, and so printed from first to last in the edition of Hirsche.

The agnostic theory of human life being eminently superficial, it follows of necessity that the poetry of its adherents, when they indulge in verse, must be superficial, and in many cases obscure. The moment they begin to philosophize they become hazy.

* Shelley, "Lines Written in Dejection at Naples."

† Shelley, "The Skylark."

‡ "Essays and Dialogues of Giacomo Leopardi," xi, xxvii, xxxi.

Their conceptions being dim, their language is involved. Negative views never can have the clearness of positive. Hence it follows that mysticism prevails in much of the poetry of unbelief; and if even mysticism with a Christian basis be difficult to understand, what must it be when it has no basis at all? A conspicuous example of the obscure and mystic style of agnostic verse will be found in "Love's Trilogy," by Mr. Thomas Sinclair, M.A. Even the *Academy*, which is wont to treat poets of an anti-Christian school with great tenderness, says:—

We confess that we cannot understand any single page or stanza in Mr. Sinclair's volume, nor can we catch even the faintest indication of what is the meaning of the collective whole. If we could understand them we might say that there are some sonorous words here and there building themselves into fine lines; but at present the whole seems to us like some embroidered stuff seen upon the wrong side, and the brain fails in the attempt to trace arrangement, connection, or leading idea.

But dispraise so decided, and quoted from an unquestionably impartial authority, ought not to stand alone without some extract that will justify its severity. I will therefore take a stanza at random, only adding that even offal of this loathsome description was lauded by reviewers bent on obliging the author or the publisher, or both:—

Bright angels change their names in fell decline;
And Lucifers, St. Simons, Robespierres,
Or Vaticanists, martyr-kings divine,
Portent at bid of nation-maiden errs:
But still the Sage well knows them plunderers,
Though they have subtle watchwords,—“Love is free”—
“Man, woman, equal”—“Popes, kings, gods”—“Blood, wine”—
“Poor life—green water of the ditch;” and he
With love full bound, guides us Death's snares extremes to flee.

The entire volume is filled with the like rabid nonsense; but no account of agnostic poetry would be just or complete if it failed to bring forward prominently the mystic and senseless shape which it often assumes. It is as though the demon of unbelief by which the writers are possessed inflicted on their victims at the same time blindness of intellect and a foul and stammering tongue.

Professor Shairp, in his "Lectures on the Aspects of Poetry," delivered at Oxford, has alluded very plainly to the influence of Shelley's exuberant weight of ornament on "some of his chief followers in our own day." "Cloyed with overloaded imagery, and satiated almost to sickening with alliterative music, we turn

Fair hope of future life and crown of faith,
 Love and delight; but I, I have but death.
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for reinvigoration to poetry that is severe even to baldness.”* It is like a maiden over-jewelled, or a room crammed rather than adorned with pictures. No one who reads the *Academy* and the *Athenæum* week by week can fail to observe in the quotations from reviews of newly-published poems in how large a majority of them redundant images abound. Nor is it difficult to account for the fact. The agnostic poets—and unhappily they become increasingly numerous—are limited to one world, and that is the visible one. They are bound to make the most of it, to dwell upon its beauty and power, to ascribe to it as many attributes as possible, to lift it as far as may be into an object of worship, and so to analyze its splendours as to interest the minds of readers in it as the glorious and illimitable theme of their wonder, admiration and love. Thus they are always striving unconsciously to give to the creation the glory due to the Creator. Their attention is engrossed by it, and to make their poetry acceptable they have but to render that poetry a mirror of external nature, a reflex of phenomena of which the variety is boundless. Hence the crowd of natural images which they compress into their verse. Some of them, moreover, have pet images which recur in almost every poem and every page. Mr. Swinburne can rarely produce even a short poem without “blood,” “wine” and “fire.” These are to him far more than “stars” and “roses” ever were to Thomas Moore. He scorns the Revelation which includes in itself divinest images, and the Inspired Book, which is the treasure-house of all true poets. He has spoken of the Christian religion as “the most hateful creed in all history; uglier than the faith of Moloch or of Kali, by the hideous mansuetude, the devilish loving-kindness of its elections and damnations.” Mr. Barlow, in pointing out the cardinal difference between the point of view of “Songs before Sunrise” and his own “Under the Dawn,” says:—

Mr. Swinburne’s book is pantheistic: mine is theistic. While his passionate and omnipotent (!) trumpet-voice gives most majestic poetic utterance to the speculations of Comte and the varied cries of struggling humanity, with constant political reference to the coming triumphs of his ideal “immeasurable republic,” my humbler harp seeks to celebrate the triumphs of an approaching Theistic creed, akin to that of Emerson, Theodore Parker, M. D. Conway, F. W. Newman, F. P. Cobbe, W. R. Greg, and Mazzini.

It may be admitted that there is a certain distinct difference between a positivist poet, disciple of Comte, and a theist poet, disciple of Emerson and Mazzini: but inasmuch as they both reject the God of Revelation, their compositions are likely to have much in common. Redundant material images are almost sure

† “Aspects of Poetry,” p. 249.

to vitiate the style of one and the other. The following lines from "Under the Dawn" may be taken as an example of the exuberant image style :—

But her feet are as ivory shining like stars through the lanes of the
night,
And her hair she is tenderly twining, and her eyes are as beacons and
bright,
So she lures the pale ships to destruction, and shatters them, fierce,
on the rocks
Where the waves in recoil and refluxion tear their sides in exuberant
shocks,
As the sharks and the sword fish devour them, and the fangs of the
herds of the sea,
And the waves overburden and scour them, and the winds are un-
loosened and free,
When the long grey rollers and solemn come thundering in from the
south,
Like a giant impassable column, each curling a leonine mouth
And a mane that blusters and brightens, and shaking unsearchable
hands
Till it bursts and disperses and whitens the shingle, and furrows the
sands.

Does ivory shine like a star? Is it a compliment to a lady's eyes to say they are like beacons? Why is the epithet pale applied to ships? Solemn is a strange adjective for rollers, especially when each of them curls a leonine mouth, and has a mane that blusters and brightens and shakes unsearchable hands. Is language made for the conveyance or the obscuration of ideas? Is it not often curiously involved that it may appear profound and mislead the unwary? Where can we find in the lines just quoted—a fair sample of agnostic rhyme—that calm strength and moderation which are inseparable from poetry of a high order, and signs that an artist has full command of his instrument? There is a want of manliness in such fantastic redundance, and in the case of Comtist poets it is too frequently accompanied by vague aspirations, a sense of dissatisfaction, a sadness delighting in funereal imagery, and love that belongs more to the flesh than to the spirit. Among these vague aspirations none is more perverted than that which would supplant the gospel which Paul preached at Athens by the very system of idolatry and superstition that he boldly denounced. Smitten with the love of Greek poetry, men have become enamoured of the mythology also with which that poetry is inextricably blended. The gods and goddesses of Greece have acquired in their eyes a real existence, as representing severally ideas and principles which govern mankind. Hence they sometimes put into the lips of their heroes and

heroines prayers to Hellenic divinities of the utmost earnestness and pathos. William Morris especially has done this in "The Earthly Paradise," and Oscar Wilde makes it the glory of Swinburne that he has discrowned Christ and restored the worship of the Greek divinities.

And he hath kissed the lips of Proserpine,
 And sung the Galilæan's requiem,
 That wounded forehead dashed with blood and wine
 He hath discrowned, the Ancient Gods in him
 Have found their last, most ardent worshipper,
 And the new Sign grows grey and dim before its conqueror.*

The *Spectator*† says of the volume from which this stanza is taken: "To our mind there is no poetry in it, and no genuine lyrical feeling, from one end to the other."

It cannot be denied that the roots of the Hellenic movement in poetry are to be sought in German soil, and to be referred to a time long preceding that of Comte. Goethe did no little towards advancing this line of thought in the second and least-read part of "Faust," and the ballad called "Die Braut von Corinth." From him it passed on to Shelley, whose "Prometheus Unbound," "Hellas," and "The Witch of Atlas," created in some minds a frenzied fondness for Greek associations. The "Endymion" and "Hyperion" of Keats kept up the excitement, and this, after a lull of some years, was revived in considerable force by Landor, Swinburne, and William Morris. The very titles of poems of which the scene and subject are Greece have an attraction for many, and "Atalanta in Kalydon," "Tiresias," "Atalanta's Race," have a charm in the ear of thousands who have never read a line of Greek poetry in the original. Pietro Cossa, who was interred at Rome on the 1st of September, 1881, had devoted his life to the promotion of a return to Greek ideas and worship. His "Nerone Artista," published in 1870, is from first to last an apology for paganism. Like Julian the Apostate, he looked for great advantages as the result of resuming the cult of the gods. "Let it only," he said, "be fairly explained, and it will triumph over the Christendom of the Pope." When the remains of this zealot-pagan had been carried through the Porta Pia, attended by the masonic lodges, municipal authorities, Garibaldian, republican and anti-clerical societies, several speakers delivered orations beside his grave, which were simply hymns in honour of Paganism. Mario, the editor of the *Lega*, spoke thus, in words such as are now becoming common at the obsequies of conspicuous atheists:—

* Poems by Oscar Wilde. London: David Bogue.

† August 13, 1881.

Thou, O Pietro Cossa, wast in our century one of the foremost captains in the great army of Paganism, which battles from one generation to another, ever renewing throughout four ages the great conflict of freedom for the reconquest of the rights of earth from heaven. Thou hast with gladiatorial skill fought against the institution of the Middle Ages, the religion of barbarians, which has forced and still forces on the earth the tyranny of heaven. . . . Then, if such be our lot, shall we storm the citadel of the Index, the Syllabus, the Infallibility, and in their place enthrone and crown Reason as sovereign, supreme sovereign of conscience and of human rights. Thus will the Hosanna of the redeemed people be intoned, and thus will thy bones rejoice. O Pietro, trust in us!

Vassallo, the colleague of Mario, declared that the only place of sepulture worthy of Pietro Cossa was the temple of Jupiter Stator; and, after the grand master of the masonic lodges in Italy had delivered himself, Petroni, an escaped convict condemned to the galleys, carried his impiety and atheistic liberality to the following height: "All Italy knows how he kept his vow; and yet I say to those who call the law for the abolition of the law of guarantees inopportune; to those who set a false peace in the family in the scale against the reception of the Catholic sacraments by their wives and daughters; to them I say, Cursed be their vow, the violation of that is the least of crimes." It is in the refined poetry of Shelley, Keats, and the classic Walter Savage Landor, that we must seek the germs of the modern pagan development. The spirit in which they chose their mythological themes was something wholly different from the interest felt by classical scholars and translators of all ages in the dramatists, epic and lyric poets, of Greece and Rome. The one was allied to the laudable antiquarian research of men who in the main were Christians, while the other was inspired by a secret sympathy, more or less definite, with the religion which Christianity supplanted. The imaginary sufferings and endurance of Prometheus presented themselves to Shelley's mind as a magnificent subject for a drama modelled after Æschylus, in which, under the veil of Greek mythology and classic images, a sort of virtuous Satan should stand up against a tyrant God creating men for His pleasure and their misery. Such to Shelley's perverted imagination was the God of Christianity, and he pleaded the cause of humanity against Him in language as rich in its poetry as it was presumptuous in tone and feeble in argument. Its literary power has given "Prometheus Unbound" a gradually increasing influence in a wrong direction, and strengthened the malefic action of John Stuart Mill's posthumous Essays and the pessimist writings of Schopenhauer and Hartmann. To destroy the idea of God's perfect goodness is in itself to promote a return to

paganism; and that this was the tendency of the drama in question is abundantly evident from the Preface and the elaborately worded dialogues in which Prometheus is the principal interlocutor. Torrents of abuse are heaped by him upon Jupiter as the personification—so the reader cannot help thinking—of the Scripture God. Like all those who deny the goodness or the existence of God, Prometheus vaunts himself a defender of the rights of humanity and a benefactor of the sufferers and the oppressed. “I would fain,” he says,—

Be what it is my destiny to be
The saviour and the strength of suffering man,
Or sink into the original gulf of things:
There is no agony and no solace left;
Earth can console, Heaven can torment no more.

If it be objected that Shelley only idealized Prometheus, Jupiter, Terra, Neptunus, Apollo, Hercules and Mercury, and that therefore his poetry cannot fairly be regarded as leading back to literal and material paganism, I answer, that this method of idealizing heathen myths was precisely that which Julian the Apostate practised to a large extent,* and that the Platonic idealism succeeded to the older naturalism of Greek mythology without any substantial difference between them. The religion of Greece and Rome adapted itself to all minds, and was equally suited to the learned and philosophic, proud of their superior enlightenment, and to the ignorant and vulgar who rested in the material and literal signification of the fables by which all were bewitched. There are a hundred different ways by which poets may promote a return to paganism, and of these idealization is one of the most powerful. Besides, Shelley combined, when he willed, materialization with the other process, in a manner equally poetic and seductive. Of this examples without number will be found in the “Witch of Atlas.” He can there bring gods and goddesses of every kind and degree upon the stage as with the wand of a magician, nor is anything wanting to complete his apparent sympathy with the pagan types of deity and his zeal in promoting their return into those realms of thought from which Christianity had driven them. A few lines from the “Witch of Atlas” will suffice to illustrate what is here asserted:—

And old Silenus, shaking a green stick
Of lilies, and the Wood-gods in a crew,

* “Julien l’Apostat,” par H. Adrien Naville, 1877, pp. 117–8, *et seq.* Julian. Imp. Orat. IV. In Solem Regem. Orat. V. De Matre Deorum. S. Cyrilli contra Julian. libri x.

Came blithe as in the olive copses thick
Cicadae are, drunk with the noonday dew ;
And Dryope and Faunus followed quick,
Teazing the god to sing them something new
And Universal Pan, 'tis said, was there,
And, though none saw him,—through the adamant
Of the deep mountains, through the trackless air,
And through those living spirits, like a want,—
He passed out of his everlasting lair,
Where the quick heart of the great world doth pant
And every Nymph of stream and spreading tree,
And every Shepherdess of Ocean's flocks
Who drives her white waves over the green sea
And Ocean with the brine of his grey locks,
And quaint Priapus with his company,—
All came—

And here it may be well to break off the quotation, which shows whither Hellenic sympathies tend as their natural result and climax. Some sixty years ago there was a singular character who spent his days in translating the philosophers of the Platonic school into English, and of these he published a considerable number, Proclus, Porphyry, Apuleius, or the eleven Books of the Golden Ass, the Emperor Julian against the Christians, Jamblicus, Plotinus, and many others. The curious point in the matter was this, that Thomas Taylor, the translator, posed as a Platonist, and appeared to be a thoroughly sincere pagan, attached to the Greek mythology as if it were true, though imbued with the idealism common to the Platonists in their interpretation of the vulgar myths. He was probably at that time alone in the world in his singular opinions; but it is not so now. Very many other pagans now exist. They are enough, though scattered, to form a school, and they have been created by poets much more than by prose disputants. The thing is too monstrous to be advocated much as yet in sober prose. But this will come. Evil developments are as certain in their laws as good, and perhaps more so, owing to the radical defects of our nature. Shelley has tended to bring towards paganism many who in his time and for long after would have read his Hellenic verse as mere efflorescence of a fertile imagination; and the same may be said of Keats.

From the illuminated pages of the book of Nature John Keats culled such a store of lovely images as few human hands had ever before gathered, and these he laid for the most part on the shrines of pagan gods and goddesses, satyrs, naiads, nymphs, and hama-dryads. He had not an idea of worshipping these figments of the imagination, yet he wrote of them and sang and prayed to

them in language so sweet and tender that the recitation of his melodious lines now feeds the morbid aspirations of those who are bewitched by the pagan craze. Where can we find verse richer in what constitutes true poetry than in the Hymn to Pan in the first book of "Endymion?" and though the author probably never dreamed of recommending pagan worship by it, there is not the slightest doubt that, through the perversity and proneness to evil of the human mind, it, and much more of his poetry, may be, and is, now-a-days used to draw young and imaginative spirits along the flowery path that leads to the poisoned wells of heathen mythology and dæmon-worship. Take one strophe as an example of this seductive poetry :—

Hear us, great Pan !
 O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles
 Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
 What time thou wanderest at eventide
 Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
 Of thine enmossèd realms : O thou, to whom
 Broad-leavèd fig-trees even now foredoom
 Their ripen'd fruitage ; yellow-girted bees
 Their golden honeycombs ; our village leas
 Their fairest blossom'd beans and poppièd corn ;
 The chuckling linnèet its five young unborn,
 To sing for thee ; low-creeping strawberries
 Their summer coolness ; pent-up butterflies
 Their freckled wings ; yea, the fresh-budding year
 All its completions, be quickly near,
 By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
 O forester divine !

Here is close observance of Nature in a poem that is all Greek and mythological, yet written by one who "was never taught Greek, and took his mythology from Tooke's 'Pantheon' and Lemprière's Dictionary, making the affiliation of his mind with the old Hellenic world the more marvellous and interesting."*

It is at the feet of these two Arcadians, Shelley and Keats, that modern agnostics sit, as their teachers. They drink in their harmonies, they adopt their tones, and follow, through many winding ways, the tracks to which they only pointed. Walter Savage Landor was a pagan of a different sort. He played with paganism, for he was hardly a Christian, and he was passionately fond of Greek and Roman literature. It is a strange estimate that Mr. Gilfillan forms of him, yet not altogether unjust :—

He reminds one of a planetoid, broken into fragments and descending on earth, one piece knocking out a man's brains, another dropping

* Lord Houghton, "Life of Keats prefixed to his Works," p. xi.

into a lake or sea, doing neither good nor ill, and a third containing gold and becoming a priceless treasure to him at whose door it has lighted. I like best his sweet and serious dialogues, such as Ascham and Lady Jane Grey, and Tasso and Cornelia. In some of the others he seems Shakespeare possessed by seven devils.*

In his measure Landor decidedly strengthened the tendency to paganism, though he could not divest himself entirely of all the Christian influences by which his youth and manhood had been surrounded. Something of the Christian spirit of confidence in prayer seems to be infused into the following bit of paganism taken from his "Gebir":†—

Nor steed nor soldier can oppose the Gods :
Nor is there aught above like Jove himself,
Nor weighs against his purpose, when once fixt,
Aught but, with supplicating knee, the Prayers.
Swifter than light are they, and every face
Tho' different, glows with beauty ; at the throne
Of mercy, when clouds shut it from mankind,
They fall, bare-bosom'd, and indignant Jove
Drops at the soothing sweetness of their voice
The thunder from his hand ; let us arise
On these high places daily, beat our breasts,
Prostrate ourselves and deprecate his wrath.

The paganism and pagan tendencies of Landor are of a mild description compared with those of his friend and admirer, Algernon Charles Swinburne. This poet is the coryphæus of those unhappy songsters who have tuned their lyres to the honour and glory of a godless and lawless revolution of society. The themes of his glorification are Mazzini and Walt Whitman. His ideal man is a god-defying Prometheus, who vaunts himself a champion of oppressed humanity. Nothing is more apparent in his verse than the want of peace, yet he rails and storms and scoffs at those who have found peace in the faith of a crucified Saviour. He sees in poetic vision—

Flights of dim tribes of kings,
The reaping men that reap men for their sheaves ;
and, of course,

Priest is the staff of king,
And chains and clouds one thing,
And fettered flesh and devastated mind.

Many of these gentlemen who ignore God are exceedingly familiar with His holy name, and introduce it on all occasions.

* Rev. George Gilfillan's "Literary Sketches." † Book V.

There is a singular instance of this in "The Eve of Revolution." In that extravagant effusion Mr. Swinburne exclaims—

O soul, O God, O glory of liberty,
 If but one sovereign word
 Of thy live lips be heard,
 What man shall stop us and what God shall smite?

At the risk of shocking the reader by the profanity of further quotations, a few more lines shall be given which occur in the "Hymn of Man," supposed to be sung "During the Session in Rome of the Œcumenical Council":—

The God that ye make you is grievous and gives not aid.
 God, if there be a God, is the substance of men which is man.
 A God with the world inwound whose clay to his footsole clings;
 A manifold God fast-bound as with iron of adverse things.
 A God sore stricken of things! They have wrought him a raiment of
 pain;
 Can a God shut eyelids and wings at a touch on the nerves of the
 brain?
 O shamed and sorrowful God, whose force goes out at a blow!

And the love-song of earth as thou diest resounds through the wind of
 her wings—

Glory to Man in the highest! for Man is the master of things.

Let us imagine for a moment that in any country the officers of State, representatives in Parliament, judges, professors, teachers, and professional men, including men of letters, were one and all possessed by such sentiments, could any calamity more dreadful befall the population in general?

It is as though the fiends prevail'd
 Against the seraphs they assail'd,
 And, fixed on heavenly thrones, should dwell
 The freed inheritors of hell.

We have not yet, except for a short time and under high pressure during the first Revolution, witnessed the spectacle of a nation professing agnosticism and atheism, but we can judge in some degree by the results of these principles in individuals of what they would be if professed by the masses. These are the rocks on which the vessel of men's souls are wrecked while listening to the music of such songs as "Super Flumina Babylonis." If the author of this mellifluous blasphemy has thundered against God Himself in such lines as have been quoted, we cannot feel surprised at his gathering together, in "The Halt before Rome," every epithet of scorn and refinement of vituperation to hurl at the head of the Vicar of Christ. The passage in which he accomplishes this is too long for quotation, but a

stanza or two will suffice to show how he scruples not to vilify the Sovereign Pontiff, "swathed in the shroud of his creeds"—he, who hath claws as a vulture, plumage and beak as a dove:—

He saith, "I am pilot and haven,
Light and redemption I am
Unto souls overlaboured," he saith;
And to all men the blast of his breath
Is a savour of death unto death;
And the Dove of his worship a raven,
And a wolf-cub the life-giving Lamb.
He calls his sheep as a shepherd,
Calls from the wilderness home,
"Come unto me and be fed,"
To feed them with ashes for bread
And grass from the graves of the dead,
Leaps on the fold as a leopard,
Slays, and says, "I am Rome."

And here it cannot be out of place to quote the opinion of an impartial critic of singular intellectual compass:—

Our literary hero-worship [he says] gathers around whatever is most amorphous and least definite or categorical in thinking and philosophizing among us—around the most immature, or crudest, or most truly purposeless of our great writers. A nebulous, hazy thinker, who cloaks platitudes or unintelligible sayings in that grand, eloquent, high-souled phraseology that makes them sound like profound truths, is sure to attract a great deal of this heedless worship to himself. On the other hand, the men who assert a definite idea in definite language get followers, it is true, but do not become the centres of a professed cult. . . . Even in poetry, Mr. Tennyson has many imitators, but hardly a school of adulators; while Mr. Swinburne has gathered around him a whole galaxy of tuneful anarchists and pantheistic bacchants.*

But we have not yet completely analyzed the "Songs before Sunrise" of the foremost of the "tuneful anarchists and pantheistic bacchants." Supreme wisdom appears to allow the free exercise of their perverse will that atheism may confute itself and prove by its abominable results how false and foul are the sources from which it springs. Swinburne predicts with audacious blasphemy the death of God—"Age has stricken Him—His last hour has come!!"

It appears to us, on the contrary, that the idea of God and the arguments for His sacred existence are constantly accumulating in cogency, and that as these grow in strength, so they are seen more and more clearly to find their necessary complement in the

* *Fortnightly Review*, March, 1882: The Decay of Criticism, by Grant Allen, p. 347.

truths of revelation, the manifestation of the Father by the Son, and of the Son by the Spirit in the hearts of men. One might apply to faith in the existence of God Swinburne's own words:—

Though sore be my burden,
And more than ye know,
And my growth have no guerdon
But only to grow,

Yet I fail not of growing for lightnings above me or deathworms below.

The "lightnings above" and the "deathworms below" are the blasphemies of agnostic and atheist writers like the unhappy poet under review. In his miscellaneous poems he does not fail to send greeting ever and anon to his colleagues in different parts of the world labouring with him in the common cause of overthrowing the bases of society and placing them on the foundation of republicanism, materialism, agnosticism, and atheism. He has a song of greeting for Walter Savage Landor at Florence, for Victor Hugo in Paris, for Joseph Mazzini in Italy or in exile, for Dante Gabriel Rossetti of the fleshly school in London, and in the United States for Walt Whitman whom a Minister of State thought it his duty to deprive of an office under Government by reason of the immorality of his verse. How should he do otherwise than salute Shelley also, and the *Cor Cordium* of the English burial-ground at Rome? Their aim was one, and by death they are not divided.

In dropping down from the poetry of Swinburne, with all its vices, to that of James Thomson, the unenviable author of "The City of Dreadful Night," we feel cast upon a species of composition from which almost everything but the form of poetry is banished. Unmusical, wearisome, dull, it yet harps with sad persistence on the theme dear to Leopardi, to whose memory the poem is dedicated in these preposterous terms:—"To the memory of the younger brother of Dante, Giacomo Leopardi, a spirit as lofty, a genius as intense, with a more tragic doom." This lofty spirit and intense genius grovelled from his nineteenth year in what he himself calls an "obstinate, black and barbarous melancholy" which devoured and consumed him, which was nourished by study and yet increased when he suspended study. This "condition like an eternal and horrible night"* arose out of his pessimist views of human life and of himself as a victim of a Creator cruelly unjust or of material forces exerting the dominion of fate. Over these dismal ideas he strove, throughout the course of his morbid existence, to throw the garments and colours of poetry, and in prose the philosophy of his perverse successors,

* "Essays and Dialogues of Giacomo Leopardi," p. xi. Trübner: 1882.

Schopenhauer and Hartmann. But the poisonous bite of Leopardi was even less to be abhorred than the black pestilential virus of the author of "The City of Dreadful Night." Not content with impugning the justice, wisdom, and goodness of God, he has the unpardonable audacity to draw a comparison between himself and his Creator which is greatly to his own advantage. "The City of Dreadful Night" is an allegory representing the world at large, and many of those who have been brought up in the wholesome and blessed doctrines of the Christian religion would find it difficult to believe that such verses as the following could be written by a man or produced by a respectable publisher. The time was when it could not have been done. But blasphemy is now at a premium in the literary mart. The Snake of old seems to find a voice in this language:—

Who is most wretched in this dolorous place?
I think myself; yet I would rather be
My miserable self than He, than He
Who formed such creatures to His own disgrace.

. I vow
 That not for all Thy power furled and unfurled,
 For all the temples to Thy glory built,
 Would I assume the ignominious guilt
 Of having made such men in such a world.

Let it not be objected that such verses are too infamous to be quoted, that they stain the very pages on which they are printed and leave a scar on the soul. They have passed unrebuked long enough—too long. They have found plenty of admirers to lead on to ruin, and their hideous and diabolical features must be laid bare. We have seen these and many other such volumes in the hands and on the shelves of Catholics, who little dream what serpents the sons and daughters who may read them are taking to their breasts. All the outworks of Christian doctrine will fall, as at the blast of a horn, when once the fortress of God's wisdom and goodness is taken by storm. The language of agnostic poetry is this, after bewailing the hopeless and miserable condition of those who know not its gospel :—

Now at last authentic word I bring,
Witnessed by every dead and living thing;
Good tidings of great joy for you, for all :
There is no God ; no Fiend with names divine
Made us and tortures us ; if we must pine,
It is to satiate no Being's gall.

This little life is all we must endure,
The grave's most holy peace is ever sure,
We fall asleep and never wake again ;

Nothing is of us but the mouldering flesh,
 Whose elements dissolve and merge afresh
 In earth, air, water, plants, and other men.
 We finish thus.

It cannot cause any one surprise that a writer with such sentiments should recommend suicide as an allowable remedy for the ills of life. To persons who are in a healthy frame of mind such recommendations are simply abominable; but it is otherwise when they fall on the ears of those to whom the wages of sin have proved to be misery and despair. Excited by such poetry the wretched may rush upon self-inflicted death, either in a momentary fit of madness or by the slower but equally deadly process of perverse reasoning and steady determination.

One more device of agnostic poets remains to be mentioned. There are some among them who, with strange inconsistency, recognize a world of spirits and the existence of the soul after death. Any weapon, it seems, is good against the Catholic faith. Hence in a poem not devoid of artistic merit, by Mathilde Blind, entitled "*The Prophecy of St. Oran*," we find Oran, who had been a blot on the rule of his Order, suddenly rising from the sod, to which he had been judiciously consigned by St. Columba, and,

With dull sepulchral sounds, as of a stone
 Cast down into a black unfathomed well.

declaring, as a matter of experience, that "there is no God to smite or save."

Deluded priests, ye think the world a snare,
 Denouncing every tender human tie!
 Behold, your heaven is unsubstantial air,
 Your future bliss a sick brain's phantasy;
 There is no room amid the stars which gem
 The firmament for your Jerusalem.

Cast down the crucifix, take up the plough!
 Nor waste your breath, which is the life, in prayer!
 Dare to be men, and break your impious vow,
 Nor fly from woman as the devil's snare!
 For if within, around, beneath, above
 There is a living God, that God is Love.

Such is the moral of a poem in which melody and impiety mix in equal proportions. And the moral is taught by a reprobate monk risen from the dead!

It is impossible to calculate the influence which poetry, especially religious poetry, has had upon mankind. Love itself, deeply as its roots lie embedded in our nature, has not on the whole been

so powerful an incentive to song as religion. The perfections of the Divine Being, and of those mortals who seemed to partake most largely of divinity, have been the rapturous and constant theme in verse, not only of the Chosen People, to whom a special revelation had been made, but of the most ancient of heathen populations. Agnostic poetry is a studied attempt on the part of an unbelieving and modern sect to reverse the order of things existing from the beginning of the world, to turn the face of man downwards, and teach him to grovel in his lower and lowest faculties, to render the name of God strange to his lips, and cut off all communication between the soul and its Creator and Inspirer. It substitutes for His praises the praises of His creatures and His works, which have no substantial being apart from Him, and derive all their majesty, power, beauty and loveliness, from Him alone. While, therefore, agnostic poetry ignores God, it is in fact intensely idolatrous, inasmuch as it sets up gigantic idols to be worshipped—sometimes Humanity and sometimes the Universe. Under pretence of exalting man, it degrades him to the level of the brute, denuding him of all but social responsibilities, and emancipating him from all law but that of his own making. It is by contrasting it with the hymnology of the Christian Church that we best discover its utter deficiency and hideous features. The Christian poet can be as subjective and objective as any agnostic; and it will be long before a singer thinking scorn of Christianity will lay bare the secrets of the human heart like Dante, or dwell upon and depict the charms and peculiarities of external Nature, which is the art of God, with the power and sweetness of Wordsworth. The Christian poet touches a lyre which is sacramental; every chord is an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace: he is in his measure a prophet and an apostle; his tuneful voice is a variation on the great epic of the Gospel; he breathes the breath of wisdom and solace inspired in him, in proportion as he is true to his mission, by the Spirit Who is the most real of all realities, Whom the agnostic ignores. The Spirit of God has ceased for awhile to address us in the words of living prophets and psalmists, evangelists and apostles; but He still speaks, and nowhere with more power, pathos and tenderness, than in the utterances of poets who are faithful followers of Christ. Their inspirations are liable, no doubt, to the admixture of human frailty and mistakes; but they sometimes rise almost to the level of the writings which we expressly call divine, and to which we attribute plenary inspiration. Such poems or metrical compositions are the "*Te Deum*;" "*Dies Iræ*;" "*Stabat Mater*;" "*Pange Lingua*," ending with the "*Tantum ergo*" always sung at Benediction; the "*Verbum Supernum prodiens*," ending with the "*O Salutaris*

Hostia," also made a Benediction Hymn; the "Veni Creator," "Adoro Te," "Veni, Sancte Spiritus," "Lauda Sion," "Salutis humanæ Sator," the "Domine Jesu, noverim me, noverim Te" of St. Augustine, and the "Anima Christi" of St. Ignatius. I venture to think that hymns such as these—and there are many, many others like them—contain internal evidence of the divinity which breathes in them. The agnostic will, no doubt, smile at the credulity of such a sentiment; but there be many agnostics who once smiled at such avowals, yet now make them themselves, while tears of rapturous conviction dim their eyes.

It is the thought of a reconciled Father in Jesus Christ that makes Nature so dear and glorious to a Christian poet. His Father made the rolling worlds: His Father rules over them. Agnostics have never reached the heights of Cowper and of Thomson in discoursing of the loveliness of Nature. What can Nature be to the materialist but the symbol of fate, dark in all its splendour, fiery in all its shade, everywhere and always the outward exhibition of iron destiny never loosening its grasp of every emotion of our mind, every fibre of our frame? The universe is apt to be infinitely dismal to the agnostic poet of keen feeling and acute perception; and the more so because it appears illimitable. How can he ponder it with delight as David did when he considered the heavens, the moon and the stars which God, his God, has ordained? He is not its child. Perhaps he is its worshipper—certainly its slave.

I have spoken of the magnificent hymns consecrated by the use of the Catholic Church in all quarters of the globe during many ages, but I would go farther yet; I would say that even many a hymn which is sung in conventicles, and which has proceeded from writers such as Bishop Ken, Keble, Heber, Watts, John Newton, Cowper, and the Wesleys, contains more of the essence of poetry, more that kindles the imagination, abides more in the memory and sinks deeper into the heart, than anything which agnostics, however gifted, have produced or can produce. Among the many advantages over the agnostic which the Christian poet possesses there is this one in particular, that his sphere of thought and labour is less circumscribed. The positivist and agnostic are limited to earth and time, to man and Nature, to love and life. These are, indeed, fertile plains, grand and glowing themes, topics of all but boundless reach and magnificence and beauty, but they are not the Christian poet's all. They are in truth but the wide stairs up to the palace of his thought, the domain of his inheritance, the heaven of his desire. They do but introduce him into a region of unimagined splendour; of interior, unseen, and spiritual reality. The outer

cosmos, with all of wonderful and beauteous which telescope, microscope, or spectrum can reveal, is only the shell, the symbol, and the outcome of a world where the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, the Triune God, reigns, where Christ is Lord, and Mary, the mother of God Incarnate, and the saints and angels worship and prevail, and the elect are gathered in, and the final triumphs of the Church militant are prepared, and the Spirit is communicating with human hearts and uniting them more and more closely with Christ, Who is our all. Where can the agnostic poet find subjects of such inspiring sublimity? Has he not excluded himself from this celestial court, and does he not scorn the idea of being in communion with its courtiers, aided by their suffrages, folded in their wings? Where will *he* find consolation in sad and solitary hours? Can *he* realize without pride and self-reliance the grandeur of his being and the vast capabilities yet undeveloped within him?

Poets to be great must be Christians. True, Homer, the Greek dramatists, Pindar, and Virgil were not so, but they had instincts identical with those of Christians. They had a reverence for the unseen world and divine authority. They never dreamed of atheism, agnosticism, positivism, materialism or rationalism. "Cervantes," says Heinrich Heine, an impartial witness in this matter, "was a Catholic poet, and it is to this quality perhaps that he owes that quiet epic calm of soul, which overarches like a crystalline sky his many-coloured poetic fiction, that has nowhere a single rift of doubt."

If God [wrote Lamartine in his "Voyage en Orient"] would hear my voice, this is what I would ask of Him—a poem after my own heart and after His! A visible and living image, animated and coloured by His visible creation and His invisible creation; here would be a noble inheritance to leave to this world of shadows, of doubt, and of sadness! An aliment which would nourish it, and for a century would make it young again! Oh, that I cannot give it to Him: or, at least, give it to myself, even though no one but myself should hear a line of it!*

Unbelieving poets have to write like Christians when they would become great and make a deep impression on their kind. Passing by greater names in support of this assertion, let us turn to one of our own day who will not be offended by our classing him with those over whose mind the Christian religion has lost its hold. Mr. Alfred Austin has never written any poem one half as beautiful as "Madonna's Child," and why but because in that poem he has depicted with the utmost feeling and pathos a child

* Vol. i. p. 21.

of grace who ardently loves but will not wed a lover with many endearing qualities yet wanting in Christian faith? The strength and beauty of Mr. John Addington Symonds's most classical style, whether in prose or verse, are more apparent than ever in the many passages in his "*Renaissance in Italy*" and other works in which he renders into English the thoughts and language of Christian writers.

Perhaps I may here be allowed to repeat a few remarks germane to the present subject which I wrote in this review eight years ago:—

In America, as in England, the great poet is still to arise. It is essential that he should be a Catholic—"a poet," as Emanuel Geibel says, "by the grace of God." Not that Catholicism need be his subject, but it should underlie it and circumscribe it and hold it in solution. He should see all things from a Catholic point of view, yet see more than most who are round about him, and see farther than his age in general. He should have the versatility of Shakspeare, the might of Milton, the faith of Dante, and the perfect language of Tennyson. He should embrace, so far as one man can embrace, all sciences, have the liveliest affinity for the true and beautiful, wherever found, and the tenderest sympathy with human suffering. He should pierce to the principles underlying facts and binding together disjointed phenomena. He should be as orthodox as the See of S. Peter, yet discern in every error its basis or contingent of truth. He should leave his moral lessons to be inferred, and remember that, for the most part, the mission of the poet is to please rather than to teach. Relying with full confidence on the all-embracing character of his divine religion, he should avoid as a pestilence every species of narrowness, and be content to be often misinterpreted and misunderstood. Originality in a poet is impossible if he be always writing down to the level of inferior understandings. He must be judged by the few, that he may delight the many; and in saying this, we do not for a moment forget that simplicity, directness, perspicuity are the crowning glories of all composition and especially of poetry. Never before, in the history of mankind, were the materials at a poet's command so rich and varied as they are now. All things are assuming giant proportions—commerce, locomotion, social questions, education, war, sciences, arts. Nature was never observed before as she is now observed, and the novelist's art has laid bare the human heart and depicted the characters of men in such vivid and varied colours as we never saw till of late. Religion itself—our own holy religion—has developed within the present generation, and presented itself to us in a more definite and extended shape than ever. The times are ripe for great poetry and a great minstrel of mankind. Man, the Kosmos, the Bible, the Infallible Church, Time, Futurity—what themes! The mere mention of them is inspiring; for what is poetry but the highest truth and the deepest emotion? Express them as you will, there is music in the sound and rhythm in the language. Where will

this poet of the future, who makes Catholicism his standpoint, arise? Will England or America have the honour of giving him birth.*

It is the want of a Catholic basis of English poetry that has justly given ground to such words as these from an agnostic poet already spoken of:—"Who does not see that the English, if giants in energy of feeling, are children yet in poetic construction? Our language is not past its literary blossom towards *fruit of finest shape*."†

JOHN CHARLES EARLE, B.A. OXON.

ART. VI.—CATHOLICISM IN NORTH AFRICA.

1. *Les Missions Catholiques*. Lyon.
2. *La Kabylie et le Peuple Kabyle*. JOSEPH DUGAS, S.J. Paris. 1877.
3. *Exploration du Sahara*. HENRI DUVEYRIER. Paris. 1864.
4. *Algeria, Tunisia, e Tripolitania*. ATTILIO BRUNIALTI. Milano. 1881.
5. *Handbook for Algeria and Tunis*. Lieut.-Colonel R. L. PLAYFAIR. London: Murray. 1878.

THE elevation to the purple, in the Consistory of March 27, 1882, of Mgr. Lavigerie, Archbishop of Algiers, has, as he himself points out, a more than personal significance. In the address pronounced by him on receiving the insignia of his new dignity, he dwelt on it as marking the reinstatement of Africa as a component unit of the ecclesiastical body politic, and as completing the cosmopolitan character already conferred on the Sacred College, by the admission of the representatives of America and Asia, in the persons of the Cardinal Archbishop of New York and the Cardinal Patriarch of Armenia.

The spot chosen for the ceremony by which the lapsed continent was thus symbolically reunited to the universal federation of the Church, had already witnessed many a memorable scene in the great drama of humanity. A royal saint and warrior has left his name to a little chapel and a missionary college, built on the dust of empire, where the great rival of Rome once sat enthroned as Queen of the Mediterranean. St. Louis of Carthage stands indeed on soil teeming with memories of human greatness

* DUBLIN REVIEW, July 1874. Art. American Poets.

† Thomas Sinclair. "The Mount," p. 145.

and rife with lessons of its instability. There Scipio and Cæsar, Genseric and Belisarius, landed for victory and conquest; there Marius and Cato sought a refuge in exile and defeat; there Regulus suffered for his country and Cyprian for his faith; there St. Louis and Charles V. fought under the banner of the Cross, striving to wrest a foothold for Christianity from the grasp of Islam. And there, as the last episode in the vicissitudes of empire, France has now triumphed, no longer in the cause of religion, but in that of the Mammon of commercial greed, to which her children's hearts in these latter days have turned.

Yet she has still her Crusaders, though they no longer go forth in all the pomp and circumstance of war, but armed only, like the warriors of Gideon, with a hidden lamp destined to disperse the night of error by its sudden revelation of light. For their peaceful reconquest of ground long lost by the Church, it would seem as though the more material weapons of the French army are opening a way along the northern littoral of Africa.

Gibbon has summarized the decline of Christianity in this part of the globe, with that massive brevity of style of which he was a master:—

The northern coast of Africa [he says] is the only land in which the light of the Gospel, after a long and perfect establishment, has been totally extinguished. The arts which had been taught by Carthage and Rome were involved in the cloud of ignorance, and the doctrine of Cyprian and Augustine ceased to be studied. Five hundred episcopal churches were overturned by the fury of the Donatists, the Vandals, and the Moors. The zeal and number of the clergy declined, and the people, without discipline, or knowledge, or hope, sank under the yoke of the Arabian prophet. Within fifty years from the expulsion of the Greeks, Abdoul Rahman, Governor of Africa, wrote to the Caliph Abdoul Abbas, the first of the Abbassides, that the tribute of the infidels was abolished by their conversion. In the next age, A.D. 837, an extraordinary mission of five bishops was sent from Alexandria to Cairoan by the Jacobite patriarch, to revive the dying embers of Christianity; but the interposition of a foreign prelate, an enemy to the Catholics and a stranger to the Latins, supposes the decay and dissolution of the African hierarchy. In the eleventh century, A.D. 1053–1076, the unfortunate priest who was seated on the ruins of Carthage implored the protection of the Vatican, and he bitterly complains that his naked body had been scourged by the Saracens. Two epistles of Gregory VII. are destined to soothe the distress of the Catholics and the pride of a Moorish prince; but the complaint that three bishops could not be found to consecrate a brother, announces the speedy and inevitable ruin of the episcopal order. About the middle of the twelfth century the worship of Christ and the succession of pastors was abolished along the whole coast of Barbary.

Catholicism in North Africa.

The writings of St. Cyprian, in the third century, throw light on the predisposing causes of this wholesale abjuration on the part of the population of the African cities. Their want of steadfastness becomes intelligible as we read his complaints of the readiness of the Christians in his day to apostatize under the threat of persecution, and his description of the eagerness with which they anticipated the orders of the authorities, hastening in crowds to the temples to offer incense, even before they were called upon to do so. He ascribes this general failure of courage, amid which the heroism of the martyrs shines out in glorious contrast, to causes operating equally in all ages—the relaxation of moral fibre, due to the enervating effects of climate, and the craving for material luxury as the highest ideal of life, universally prevailing in commercial communities. The absence of any spirit of penance among these timorous Christians of the third century is shown by their impatience of the long course of probation to which they were subjected before readmission to Christian communion—a subject frequently referred to in the ecclesiastical documents of the time. The privilege conferred on the martyrs and confessors by a pious custom of granting tickets of indulgence to their weaker brethren before their own execution degenerated into an abuse; and these intercessionary cards, in virtue of which the penance of the apostates was mitigated and curtailed, became objects of pecuniary traffic. The laxity of ecclesiastics in accepting such documents as a substitute for all other proof of the earnestness of the reconverted is a frequent subject of censure; while they were evidently subjected to strong pressure from their penitents, clamorous for instant restoration to the full privileges of the Church. The readiness of these early African Christians to sacrifice to Jupiter at the bidding of Decius explains the equal readiness of their descendants to adopt the formula of Islam, under menace of the scimitar of Okba; nor was the spirit of insubordination shown in their intolerance of ecclesiastical censure for their backsliding, likely to have diminished in the interval, during which the Donatist and Arian schisms had rent the African Church.

When, in A.D. 698, the Arab conqueror, Hassan ben el Noman, rode his war-horse into the great basilica of Carthage, and took possession of it in the name of the Prophet, the last stronghold of Christianity was overthrown, and the triumph of Islam complete along the whole southern shore of the Mediterranean.

A long blank ensues, after which we find the Church entering on a new phase of activity in these regions, signalized by the efforts of devoted priests and missionaries to alleviate the sufferings of Christian captives enslaved by Barbary pirates. A special Order was founded for their redemption, and ecclesiastical annals

abound with instances of heroic charity displayed in this cause. The captivity suffered by St. Vincent de Paul, taken by corsairs in the Gulf of Lyons, and sold as a slave in the market of Tunis, was the means of stimulating him to exertions on behalf of those who shared the same fate. His release was due to the impression made on a Turkish woman by hearing him singing psalms and hymns as he worked on the mountain farm of her husband, a renegade Christian of the Riviera. She told this man that he had done very wrong to forsake his own religion, which was better than the one he had adopted, and his conscience, awakened by her reproaches, left him no rest until he succeeded in escaping with his captive to the coast of France, and effecting his reconciliation with the Church. He shortly after, in 1607, entered the convent of the Fate bene Fratelli in Rome, while St. Vincent occupied himself in organizing missions to the captives in Barbary, then numbering, it was calculated, from 25,000 to 30,000, distributed between Tunis, Bizerta, and Algiers. Under the title of chaplains to the French Consul at Tunis, he sent thither two resident priests, Louis Guerin, who died of the plague not very long after, and Jean le Vacher, who, at the end of thirty-three years' unremitting labours, was martyred by being blown from a gun.

Under the care of these devoted missionaries, the prisons, which had resounded with oaths and despairing blasphemies, were turned into so many temples, where all the services of the Church were performed with the greatest devotion, and many of the poor abandoned outcasts became martyrs for their faith. They showed their gratitude to a benefactor on one occasion, by subscribing out of their little savings the sum of 12,000 francs to ransom from prison the French Consul in Algiers, M. Barreau, himself a missionary though not in orders, who had been incarcerated and threatened with death by the Dey, for the debt of a bankrupt merchant of Marseilles. This sum they were repaid by St. Vincent as soon as he heard of the transaction. M. Barreau was able later, on his return to France in 1661, to take back with him seventy captives, ransomed by his exertions, while those whose liberation was secured by St. Vincent de Paul numbered 1,200.

Among the instances of heroism shown by the Christian captives in confessing their faith, is that of two boys of fifteen, one English and one French, who, being in service in adjoining houses, formed a close friendship. The French boy having converted the English to Catholicity, they encouraged each other to persevere in their religion at all hazards. Their constancy was soon put to the test, the English boy being first to suffer. He was severely beaten because he refused to apostatize; and his

little friend, when admitted to see him, knelt and kissed his feet, avowing that he did so because he had suffered for his faith. His own turn came next, and he bore the like ill-treatment with equal courage. Both recovered, and were not molested any further, but died of plague in the following year, 1648.

After the abolition of Christian slavery in North Africa and the extension of religious toleration to foreigners by the native States, missionary enterprise, with the nearest Catholic country as its base, followed in the wake of Christian immigration to the great centres of commerce.

Thus, the mission of Morocco is entrusted to Spanish religious of the Order of Alcantara, who had in 1843 but four stations there. Since the war with Spain in 1860, they have been enabled to enlarge their sphere of operations by building additional churches, and the condition of the Christians has been much ameliorated.

The Apostolic Prefecture of Tripoli is administered by the Order of Reformed Minorites, with the co-operation of the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Apparition. These latter have schools at Tripoli and Benghazi, open to children of all denominations, and a hospital at Tripoli, equally catholic in its charity, where, in 1881, nearly 13,000 patients were treated, principally Jews and Mahometans. The Regency of Tripoli contains only 4,565 Catholics, of whom 4,000 are concentrated in the city of the same name, while 500 more resident at Benghazi, leave only a few score scattered over four minor stations.

But it was the French conquest of Algeria which gave the strongest impulse to the diffusion of Christianity throughout Northern Africa, and since then it has continued to gain ground, day by day, on territory lost to it for so many centuries. The sixteen French priests who said Mass on the field of Staoueli on the 19th of June, 1830—the day of the battle which decided the fate of the country—took possession of the soil of Africa in the name of religion, and the subsequent course of events has ratified the hopes then formed.

Algeria now contains 100,000 Christians, principally of French descent, and has three sees—that of Algiers, created in 1830, and raised to an archiepiscopate on March 27, 1867, with Mgr. Lavigerie as Metropolitan; and the suffragan dioceses of Oran and Constantine, under Mgrs. Callot and Las Cases. All the principal religious Orders are represented there. The Jesuits have no less than eight branches; and the Trappists are established in a flourishing convent at Staoueli, on the site of the battle, where they have indeed made “the wilderness to blossom as the rose”—an interesting branch of their culture being that of all varieties of fragrant flowers for the manufacture of perfumes

and essences. Among female Orders, to take one as an example, the Trinitarians of Valence have thirty-two houses and three hundred Sisters in Algeria, where they have especially signalized themselves in attendance on the cholera-stricken.

The military occupation by France of the Regency of Tunis has led also to its annexation, in an ecclesiastical sense, to the province of Algeria. It has been created an Apostolic Vicariate with Cardinal Lavigerie as Administrator, his predecessor, Mgr. Sutter, having, at the venerable age of eighty-six, asked to be relieved of his functions. The Italian Capuchins have had missions at Bizerta and other points of the Tunisian coast ever since 1685, and the Order continues to furnish the ecclesiastical staff of the entire Regency. Its territory contains about 40,000 Catholics, of whom more than half inhabit Tunis and Goletta. Ten parishes in all are administered by twenty-one priests, service being performed in most places in a room or temporary building, as Tunis and Goletta alone have regular churches. At both these towns are schools for boys under the care of the Christian Brothers, and for girls, in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who have similar institutions at Sfax, Susa, and Gerba. A Catholic college and a school for negro boys redeemed from slavery have been established by the Algerian missionaries on the site of ancient Carthage.

Thus established along the seaboard of Africa, the Church exists there under conditions scarcely differing from those found in European communities all over the world, with little opportunity for proselytizing among the natives, and able only to give them the benefit of her corporal works of mercy. But Mgr. Lavigerie's sphere of operations does not end here. His recent elevation is remarkable, not only as that of the first African prelate who has worn the Roman purple for six centuries, but also as the admission to the Sacred College of the first missionary Cardinal. Nor amid so many titles of ecclesiastical dignity borne by him, is there any which he holds prouder or dearer than that of Superior of the Algerian Missionaries. For even while organizing and regulating the spiritual service of the large European population under his charge, his heart is with the benighted heathen, who, have, he feels, a still stronger claim on his charity; and he would gladly leave the ninety-nine of his flock safe in the fold, to go after the stray sheep in the wilderness. How could it indeed be otherwise with the ecclesiastical chief of Northern Africa, who, from the narrow zone of civilization wrested by European progress from the desert, feels the blank darkness of the outer barbarism beyond weighing upon his conscience like a nightmare—with a prelate whose jurisdiction extends to within a few degrees of the equator, while he sees the Cross as yet planted

only along the sea-frontage of his vast territory? That it is so, at any rate with Cardinal Lavigerie, the whole course of his life and labours proves.

We have told elsewhere in these pages* the story of the foundation of the Order of Algerian Missionaries, and the establishment of the Arab orphanages in which it originated, in connection with the mission to Equatorial Africa undertaken by this heroic community, whose members may be said to have watered the soil of Africa with their blood. Three were massacred by the natives in 1876, in an attempt to reach Timbuctoo; three died a like death by the shores of Lake Tanganyika in 1881; and on the 23rd of December of the same year three more of their number fell victims to the ferocity of the savage nomads of the northern Sahara. And though a momentary check has thus been given to their efforts to penetrate into this inhospitable region, their hopes and prayers are still directed to its evangelization; and they see in the schemes of modern enterprise for its reclamation an augury that a way will be opened to them before long through its desert expanse. Meantime, they have already gathered many valuable details as to its geography and inhabitants.

The apostolic delegation of the Sahara and Soudan was created and placed under the jurisdiction of Mgr. Lavigerie by a decree of the Propaganda, August 6, 1868. The district over which the Archbishop of Algiers was thus invested with spiritual sway extends over no inconsiderable fraction of the entire surface of the globe. Bounded on the north by the narrow belt of mountains and plateaux fronting the Mediterranean, it reaches south to within fifteen degrees of the equator, and, stretching east and west from the Atlantic to the Valley of the Nile over a length of three thousand miles, across nearly the entire width of Northern Africa, it occupies more than a fourth part of the whole area of that continent. Modern exploration has somewhat modified the popular idea of this great desert, which represented it as a bare expanse of level waste, devoid of animal or vegetable life, and buried beneath a treacherous layer of loose and shifting sand. The classical Arab simile of the panther's skin, to suggest the oases with which it is studded, is more true to fact; and the surface even of its barren tracts is often exceedingly broken, diversified with rocky ridges, and intersected by long winding valleys, green with vegetation. These depressions mark the beds of ancient rivers, now swallowed up by the parched soil, or filtering at some depth beneath its

* DUBLIN REVIEW, July, 1881, Art. VI., "Catholic Missions in Equatorial Africa."

sandy surface. The Upper, or western Algerian Sahara, forming, as it were, the glacis of the Great Atlas, is a rocky plateau, no portion of which is less than 1,300 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, while no point of the eastern, or Lower Sahara, attains that level. The Djebel* Aurès, the highest peak in the mountain system of Algeria, dominates, with its snowy summits rising to a height of 2,300 mètres, this lowest Saharian depression; and thrusts its southern spur, the Djebel Amar Khaddu, a shattered mass of bare red sandstone, cloven by gaunt precipices and yawning chasms, far into the level sea of sand. It is from this great outwork of the Numidian mountains that the most striking panorama of the desert is obtained, as the eye turns from the towering snow-capped mass of the Aurès on the north to the boundless plain stretching far below away to the south; a sombre green, almost inky stain on its surface here and there, marking the position of an oasis, and the crystalline surface of the Chott Melghir, the great salt-pan of the northern desert, showing in a glittering dazzle on the horizon.†

This is the region which has attracted so much attention from speculative geographers, as its sunken basin is the projected site of the Algerian inland sea, whose creation is the latest dream of French engineering science. The Chott Melghir, with an area of 150 square leagues, is twenty-seven mètres below the level of the sea, and is connected by a chain of similar depressions with the extensive Chott El Jerid, separated only by eighteen kilomètres of land from the Gulf of Gabes. It is believed that within historic times the basin of the chotts was occupied by an arm of the sea, communicating by a narrow strait with the Gulf of Gabes, and that this channel became silted up by the drifting sands of the Sahara about the beginning of the vulgar era. The various stages of this gradual process of change can even be traced in early writers from the time of Herodotus, when the Lake Tritonis had a comparatively wide entrance, and was fed by a considerable river, the Triton, down to that of Pomponius Mela, about the middle of the first century, in whose day it had already become landlocked, while the shrinking of its waters was evidenced by marine relics, rusty anchors, shells, and skeletons of fish, found high and dry above its existing level. The shores of the Lake Tritonis, inhabited by Libyans, were then fertile and populous, rendering probable what indeed is visible in many places, the progressive northern advance of the sands of the Sahara. The present projection of the Tunisian coast-line

* *Djebel*, Arabic for mountain.

† *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Mai 15, 1874: Une Mer Intérieure en Algérie.

west of Carthage, to a considerable distance beyond its ancient limit, is no doubt due to the same cause.

The actual condition of the chotts is that of shallow basins, sometimes filled with water, but more often dry, and covered with a saline incrustation. Seen under some lights they resemble rime-covered plains, in others they reflect objects like a liquid surface. Their bottom, of viscous black mud, exhaling an odour of garlic, though passable by certain tracks, sometimes swallows up those who venture on it imprudently. The hope of those who advocate the scheme, now revived, of connecting them with the Mediterranean, is that the sea water, once admitted, would have sufficient force to break through and scour away this layer of fetid mud, which in the Chott El Jerid has filled up the basin to a level higher than that of the sea.

Fascinating as is the scheme, it seems, it must be confessed, somewhat visionary. The present depression of the basin does not represent such a difference in level as would create a current sufficient to counterbalance the enormous evaporation, estimated at 360 cubic mètres a second, by an equal influx of water from the Mediterranean. And it must be remembered that in early times, when such a sea as the one proposed is believed to have existed, it was fed by a river, whose disappearance, with that of all the other watercourses that once traversed the Sahara, argues a total change in climate and hygrometry.

Many geographers believe that these surface-waters have been engulfed, not absorbed, and that they still circulate at some depth below the soil, in a vast subterranean lake, or sea, extending beneath great part of the Eastern Sahara. In many parts of this region the superincumbent strata have fallen in, forming openings filled with water, known as *gouffres*, and compared to spiracles of the underground sea. The occasional ejection of fish from the artesian wells, with which the district abounds, is also an evidence of the free circulation of water in subterranean cavities. It is found in some places at depths varying from twenty to a hundred mètres, according to the formation of the ground, but in the basin of the Souf exists almost immediately below the surface as a stratum of aquiferous sand, covered only by a single bed of gypsum. Gardens are created by cutting away this superficial crust and planting palm trees in the pereunial vein of moisture some eight mètres below, so that only their summits and waving plummy crowns are seen above the level of the plain.

Besides these excavated oases, there are those supplied by ordinary springs, those fed by artesian wells, and others formed by damming up running water. The presence of wells naturally determines the movements of the nomads, who can only fix

themselves within a certain radius of water. At dawn of day, from all quarters of the horizon, long files of sheep and camels, who find sufficient pasturage on the broom and heath of the desert, are seen converging to a central point; the thirsty animals breaking into a rapid trot as they near the drinking place, as those from the more distant encampments are only watered every second day. These scenes recall many scriptural incidents, particularly one which is the subject of a fresco in the Vatican by Sandro Botticelli, Moses's defence of the seven daughters of Jethro from the Midianite shepherds, who would not let their flocks drink.

But who are these nomads inhabiting a region that might else have been thought uninhabitable, and what are the conditions of their wild and wandering life?

They have, in one respect, a strong claim on our sympathy, which they share with the natives of the Algerian Atlas, who, like them, are sprung from the old Berber stock of Barbary. In the Kabyles, descendants of the fierce spearmen of Masinissa, of the matchless light cavalry of Hannibal, and in the Touaregs, the veiled warriors of the desert, we have the lost and lapsed progeny of the early Christians of Africa.

All that has been said of the universal surrender of faith by this people applies only to the inhabitants of the great maritime cities, whose fate alone history found worthy of attention. Of mixed race, combining Phœnician, Greek, Latin, and other miscellaneous elements, enervated by luxury and corrupted by intercourse with adventurers from all parts of the world, the natives of the coast were cosmopolitans rather than Catholics, and were content to purchase by wholesale apostasy the right to continue their lucrative commercial enterprises. Not so the population of the interior, who fled to the mountains and the desert rather than accept the Koran at the scimitar's edge. With the exception of a single passage in Ibn Khaldoun, the Arab chronicler, who says that the Berbers reverted fourteen times to Christianity, after having been as often compelled to renounce it, and that 30,000 Christian families were transported into the desert, history is silent as to their struggles and sufferings.

But it is obvious that, with the sea-coast in the hands of its enemies, Christianity was condemned to die of inanition, among isolated and scattered communities, cut off from the succession of pastors and the general teaching of the Church. It is rather matter for wonder that, at the lapse of so many generations, the religion of their fathers should still have an indelible influence on the habits of the people, preserving them from the worst corruptions of their conquerors. Almost alone among nations who profess Mahometanism, the Kabyles and Touaregs have never adopted polygamy.

Mgr. Lavigerie, in a letter of Sept. 27, 1868, to the Presidents of the Central Committees of the Propagation of the Faith, writes as follows:—

All the rest (of the Christian population) were compelled to abandon the plains and valleys to the Mussulmans, and to take refuge, in order to escape death, in the wildest gorges of the mountains of the coast and of the Atlas, or beyond the dunes of sand in the oases of the desert.

In the mountains of the coast these ancient masters of Africa gradually took the name of Kabyles; in the oases of the desert they called themselves Mzabites and Touaregs; but both the one and the other preserved their national language, Berber, their civil traditions, and, for many centuries, their religion.

There is no doubt, in point of fact, that the Kabyles had still bishops in the eleventh century. One of them was even consecrated in Rome by the Pope, St. Gregory VII., by whom he was summoned thither for the purpose. He bore the Latin name of Servandus. Some years previous, the Pope, St. Leo IX., complained in one of his letters that in this ancient portion of Christian Africa, which had formerly reckoned so many hundreds of bishops, there were then only five. Since that time we have but very confused notions of the Church in this country. We only know that the indigenous Christians, surrounded and generally persecuted by Mussulman fanatics, lost successively their bishops and their priests, and that, vanquished themselves by threats, carried away by ignorance and seduction, they gradually embraced Mahometanism. After the fourteenth century there is no longer mention by any of the historians or Arab travellers who speak of North Africa of the existence of Christians in the country.

Nevertheless, we may truly say that, if Christianity has disappeared in the midst of these ancient African populations, conquered by the sword of the Arabs, it has left among them profound traces which all unprejudiced minds must recognize.

I will not speak here of the Berbers of the coast; I will only speak of those of the Sahara, the Beni-Mzab, our nearest neighbours, and the Touaregs of the north, who rule over greater part of the country.

I will say nothing that I have not myself verified and ascertained directly, either from ecclesiastics worthy of credit, who have been in communication with the inhabitants of the Sahara, or from the natives themselves, whenever I have had the chance of conversing with them.

In proof of the survival of a tradition of Christianity, he adduces the contempt felt for the Touaregs by other Mussulmans, who call them people abandoned by heaven and devoid of religion; while to the Mzabites is applied the opprobrious epithet of *Hamsi*, or Fifth Men, meaning those without the pale of the four recognized sects. These races have not, like ordinary Mahometans, adopted the Koran as their civil code, but have traditional laws of their own called the *Kanoun* (canon). As has been already said, they do not practise polygamy, and the position of the

women is that of perfect equality with the men, whom they generally surpass in education. Strange to say, the veil, while an indispensable adjunct of male costume, is never worn by the weaker sex.

In reference to the survival amongst them of the cross as an emblem, M. Duveyrier, the French explorer, writes :—

The cross is found everywhere—in their alphabet, on their weapons, on their shields, on the ornaments of their persons. The only tattoo-mark they wear, on the forehead or on the back of the hand, is a cross with four equal limbs; the pommels of their saddles, the hilts of their sabres, the handles of their daggers, are cruciform.

Nor are the Berbers without some tradition of a symbolical meaning attached to its use. A French priest asked a Kabyle, "What do you wear inscribed on your forehead and hand?"

"It is the sign of the ancient way," replied he, unhesitatingly.

"What way do you mean?"

"That which our fathers followed long ago."

"But why have you it engraved on your forehead?"

"Because it is a sign of happiness."

"And why do you not follow the way of your fathers, since it is the way of happiness?"

"I, no," said the man, shaking his head. "I was born a Mussulman, and a Mussulman I shall die; but my children will die Christians like their ancestors, and my grandchildren will be born Christians."

Bells, detested by the Arabs from their association with Christian worship, are in favour with the Touaregs as ornaments for their harness. Their name for the Supreme Being (*Amanai*, or *Adanai*) recalls the Adonai of the Hebrews, and they describe him as living in the sky, surrounded by blessed spirits termed *Andgelous*, with the same pronunciation of the word used by the inhabitants of Roman Africa twelve centuries ago.

Among the Mزابites, too, there are traditions of another worship from that now prevailing, and a professor of the Algerian Seminary, having asked some chiefs of the tribe if they had any religious books besides the Koran, received an answer in the affirmative; while to the question if these books spoke of Mahomet a negative reply was given. Asked further as to the teaching of the books, the answer was a strange one, that they desired honour to be paid to the Son of Mary. In the same tribe a form of private confession and absolution is practised; while for public transgressions excommunication is enforced by the marabouts, who only admit the sinner to participate in the general worship after he has repeatedly implored pardon and expressed contrition for his fault.

The missionaries would fain see in these vestiges of the past

indications that the stream of Christian tradition, though hidden and obscured, may still percolate, like the lost rivers of the Sahara, in unseen channels, preparing the soil for future culture. It must be confessed, however, that the Touaregs are as yet very unpromising neophytes.

Scouring the Sahara from Tripoli to Timbuctoo, the name of "pirates of the desert," applied to them by travellers, shows in what dread they are held. Their various tribes hold the several caravan routes to the Soudan, monopolizing the right of furnishing transport and convoy; while the payment of heavy dues by way of passage-money does not always secure the travellers from pillage and massacre. Mounted on their swift *mehari*, thoroughbred dromedaries of great speed and endurance, with their faces hidden above and below the eyes by the *litham*, or veil, the immemorial distinction of their race, the nomads swoop upon the helpless caravan in numbers sufficient to overpower resistance. They are jealously resentful of any interference with their rights of way; and the recent massacre of the Flatters surveying expedition was probably due to its connection with the project of a trans-Saharan railway, which would be immediately fatal to their vested interests. Their hostility renders the scheme a mere chimera, as it would require a considerable army of occupation, first to construct, and afterwards to guard the line from their attacks.

It might have been thought that, in presence of the sombre monotony of the sandy waste, distinctions of rank would not have been rigidly adhered to; but the dividing line between patrician and plebeian is as sharply marked among the Touaregs as in a German principality. They are divided into noble and vassal tribes, *Imuchar*, or *Ihaggaren*, and *Imr'ad*. The latter, though much more numerous, probably as two to one, are the serfs of the former, subject to many varying restrictions. Some are obliged to cultivate the soil for their masters, who visit them at intervals to collect a proportion of the fruits; others are prohibited from bearing arms, keeping camels, &c. On the other hand, they enjoy the protection of their lords, who form the warrior class and act as guardians of the community. The king of the Touaregs transmits the succession to his sister's children, and governs with the assistance of the chiefs of the noble tribes, but the general administration of each tribe is conducted by its own chief. As in most primitive communities, status follows the mother's rank, and in the noble families, though a certain proportion of property passes to the children of the deceased, his sister's eldest son is the true heir of his civil rights, such as those of collecting caravan tolls, keeping police surveillance of the roads, and owning serfs. The number of the northern Touaregs, who

inhabit two extensive mountainous oases, the Djebel-Azguer and the Djebel-Ahaggar, not far from the Tripolitan frontier, has been variously estimated at from sixty to ninety thousand. The *Imuchar* (nobles) are of lighter complexion, with features more approaching the Caucasian type than the *Imr'ad*, who have traces of intermixture of negro blood. The former wear the *litham*, or veil, black, the latter white; whence they are called "Black" and "White" Touaregs, inversely to the colour of their skin.

The Touaregs are essentially a pastoral people, living almost exclusively on the produce of their flocks and herds, on the milk and flesh of their camels, sheep, and goats, with an occasional ostrich or gazelle, brought down by their dogs or spears. Fish, birds, and eggs, they consider unclean, and refuse to eat. The principal form of farinaceous food in vogue amongst them is *acida*, a preparation of paste of wheat or barley flour, boiled in water, and moistened with melted butter. Their tents are made of hides, or cloth woven of camel's hair.

At certain seasons they resort in caravans to the towns of the oases, to buy flour, dates, and such other commodities as they require, in exchange for the produce of their flocks or the merchandise of the Soudan. Each tribe has its own market, where they lord it over the inhabitants of the town, and live in great measure at their expense during their stay; and each Targuy (singular of Touareg) has generally a sort of partner or agent in the town, through whom his dealings are carried on, and whom he patronizes in return.

Peaceable commerce, however, occupies but a small share of the time of these lords of the desert, who are more addicted to razzias on neighbouring tribes and defenceless towns, subjected then to indiscriminate pillage and massacre. The Chamba, a tribe tributary to France, on the Algerian frontier, with whom the Touaregs are constantly engaged in hostilities, have a great advantage over them in the use of firearms, despised by their enemies as fit only for women.

That the Touaregs are incredibly dirty may be easily imagined from the fact that they carefully abstain on principle from the use of water for ablutions, believing that it renders the skin more sensitive to heat and cold. The scarcity of the fluid is probably at the root of this hygienic theory, which is rigidly adhered to in practice.

The same idea of hardening the cuticle leads them to use cotton garments of an indigo dye, which rubs off with wear, and transfers its hue to the skin. The women use an ochre-coloured stuff, with the same view, and the æsthetic effect of this blending of colours may be better imagined than described. That even these savage females are not without coquetry, is proved by their

use of the poisonous herb *falezlez* to produce *embonpoint*, though madness is the penalty, if the precautions taken to counteract its dangerous effects do not succeed. This was the substance used with such deadly effect in destroying a part of the escort of Colonel Flatters, who fell victims to eating poisoned dates presented by the Touaregs. The plant, which has a strongly-veined indented leaf, produces a small grain like one used for food, and often mistaken for it with fatal results. Strange to say, while poisonous to the larger animals, the horse, ass, ox, and camel, it is eaten with impunity by the smaller ruminants, and supplies wholesome food for the gazelle, goat, and sheep.

The male Touaregs all wear a stone ring on the right arm, placed there when they attain manhood, and allowed to remain permanently. Their distinguishing characteristic, the *litham*, or veil, is never removed day or night, whether for eating or sleeping; nor will anything induce them to exhibit their faces without it. Strange instance of the power of convention, even in the most primitive society!

They have many superstitions, and believe that information as to the future can be obtained from the spirits of the dead, by sleeping on tombs. A certain mountain, or group of rocks, called Idinen, resembling a ruined fortress or pile of masonry, they shun most religiously, as the abode of supernatural beings. They will never sleep under a roof, as they believe that the *alhinen*, or spirits, would then acquire power over them, and be able to imprison them there permanently.

By Ibn Khaldoun, the Arab chronicler, and Leo Africanus, the convert and namesake of Leo X., the Touaregs, easily identified by the use of the *litham*, are described in terms that might be equally applied to them to-day. With the exception of such casual mention, they have appeared but once on the stage of history. In the eleventh century there developed in one of their tribes, the Lamtouna, under the teaching of a wandering dervish, a religious movement, whose wave of fanaticism swept them forward to the Mediterranean and beyond it, almost to the foot of the Pyrenees. It was these shepherds of the Sahara who, under the name of *El Morabtin* (the marabouts), after ravaging the coasts of Morocco, and founding the city of that name in 1062, rekindled with the simoom-breath of their desert-nurtured faith, the declining embers of Mahometanism in Spain, defeated Alphonso of Castile in the battle of Talavera, and seated on the throne of the Peninsula the powerful dynasty of the Almoravides.

But this meteor-blaze of religious excitement has exercised no permanent effect on the vagrants of the desert, and their absence of enthusiasm for the tenets of Islam encouraged the Algerian

missionaries in the hope that they might be accessible to the teachings of a purer faith. In their efforts to win a footing amongst them, they have necessarily followed the route taken by the commerce of the interior, which, diverted from the Algerian ports since the French occupation of that country, is now carried on almost exclusively through Tripolitan territory; the colossal projects so much talked of recently, of opening up the Sahara by submerging a portion of its expanse, or constructing a railway across it, being due to the restless desire of France to recover the position thus lost by her colony.

As matters stand, Tripoli is then the natural base of operations for a mission to the interior, and here accordingly the Algerian Fathers have established a station whence communications with their advanced posts in the desert may be kept up. Père Sivignon, writing on the 8th of June, 1881,* gives an interesting picture of this Crescent city of Barbary, of its motley population, of its Oriental incongruities; of the contrast between the dingy squalor of its streets and the poetic beauty of its situation between the desert and the Mediterranean, with the fringing palms of its oasis showing beyond its creamy walls, while beyond the palms stretch the rose-flushed sands of the Sahara, and beyond the sands the faint blue line of the Gharian mountains is relieved against the pale purity of the horizon.†

On leaving Tripoli [he writes] you enter the oasis. Its two millions of date-palms, its orange and fig-trees, its olive-groves, its bowers of jasmine, whose intoxicating fragrance is so beloved by the Arab, its white dwellings gleaming through this verdure, the domes of the *Koubas*‡ standing out against the blue sky, the song of the nightingale and bullfinch, the plaintive moaning of the turtle-doves dwelling in the tops of the palm-trees, the view of the desert, which is there with its mystery, its poetry, its melancholy, its joys and sorrows, its picturesque trains of caravans—all combine to render this spot one of the most fascinating in the world.

The oasis contains 30,000 inhabitants, of whom about a third are of the negro race. They are mostly slaves who have finally regained their liberty, though some few are as yet unenfranchised. The blacks are generally employed as cultivators by the Arabs, or live by the exercise of some handicraft. The Arabs, who come next to them in numbers, own most of the soil. The Berrani and Djebeli only come temporarily, arriving at the time of gathering in the harvests. The Jews have contrived to plant themselves in a corner of the oasis. They are ill thought of and detested; every year there may be reckoned up a certain number murdered, and a good many more plundered; but they do not the less persist in remaining, devoting

* *Les Missions Catholiques*, Septembre 2, 1881.

† "The Country of the Moors." Edward Rae.

‡ Tombs of Mussulman Saints.

themselves here, as everywhere else, to their everlasting trade of brokers and money-lenders.

You know the Mussulman as regards the moral standard, he is the same everywhere. It must, however, be conceded that the Tripolitan is more industrious than the Arab of Algeria; his fields of maize and lucern are better kept, his gardens better cultivated. His wives work with him; they seem less enervated, less apathetic, less oppressed than elsewhere. In spite of this labour, the part of Tripoli where we live cannot feed its inhabitants, and therefore it is through the trade with the Sahara and Soudan that the population finds the means of living.

It is in fact in Tripoli that nearly all the caravans of the desert debouch. Thither are brought the ostrich feathers of the Sahara, the incense and perfumes of Bornou, the ivory of the Soudan, and, alas! also the slaves of these different countries. Slavery, abolished in theory, is still enforced here on a vast scale.

The arrival of a caravan is always the occasion of feasts and rejoicings in our oasis. It means the return of fathers, brothers, friends after two or three years' absence; they have had to endure the overpowering heat of a consuming sun, often hunger, still oftener thirst; they have had to live constantly on the alert, for the pirates of the desert are numerous, and the Touaregs, these rovers of our sea of sand, are ever ranging on the track of caravans.

It is in consequence of the constant traffic existing between the coast and the interior of Africa that an auxiliary station has been founded at Tripoli for provisioning our missions in the Sahara. From our house are sent out the supplies required by our Fathers; and the dear letters from the mother-house and from France, ever looked for by the missionary with such anxiety, are entrusted to the caravans.

It is about two months since we formed a caravan, intended to convoy the missionaries to their respective posts of R'damès and R'hat. Our little courtyard, at other times so quiet, was transformed into a caravanserai; trunks and packages encumbered it; our people from the Tripolitan mountains screamed and squabbled their loudest; cases were weighed over and over; naturally no one wished to carry the big ones, and each found convincing arguments in support of his view. At last an equitable solution was hit upon. The baggage was divided into various lots, which were then drawn for. Alas! the largest load fell to the owner of the smallest camel. Our mountaineer only replied to the announcement of his fate with a *mektum* (it is written), equally piteous and melancholy. But night had come on, and a start was not to be thought of for that day. The camel drivers took part in an abundant supper. At three o'clock the following morning they were ready, and the Fathers had already said Mass. After the itinerary recited in the chapel, and the *Procedamus in pace in nomine Domini*, so true and touching for missionaries, the caravan set off. With Père Moulin, I escorted our dear *confrères* as far as the oasis of Zenzour, where we left them at last, sending with them our most ardent good wishes. We have since learned that they have arrived without accident at R'damès.

No station could be better chosen for a missionary outpost in the Sahara than this last mentioned town, isolated in the heart of the desert at about fifteen days' journey from Tripoli. It has existed from the time of the Romans, to whom it was known as Cydamus, a town of the Garamantes. The alternative modern pronunciation, Ghadames (the guttural R in Arabic has a suggestion of hard G), comes nearer to its classical name. It owes its existence to a natural mineral spring, warm and slightly sulphurous, but not unwholesome, which bubbles out of the ground in perennial abundance, filling a large basin, whence it is diverted to all parts of the oasis. The little spot of ground rescued by its beneficent influence from the surrounding barrenness, is only about a mile in length by half or a third that measurement in width. The oasis is divided into a number of miniature gardens separated by high earthen walls, within which grow a variety of fruit trees, date-palms, figs, apricots, and pomegranates, while under the trees wheat and barley are cultivated. Where the exuberant fertility of the oasis ceases the lifeless sterility of the waste begins, and a single step leads from the prolific garden to the arid nudity of the surrounding sands.

This golden-fruited orchard encloses a little town, looking much like a model built out of a child's box of bricks; an agglomeration of blank sun-baked walls and level terraces, with that peculiar blind expression which the absence of gables and windows gives to Eastern cities. Seen in the distance with the spiky crowns of its flanking palm-groves defined against the shimmering horizon of the desert, and their verdure showing dark against its pale sands, it is a welcome object to the weary caravan after long days of march through the grey dunes that girdle it. The many strange aspects of life in this tiny microcosm in the wilderness are the subject of an interesting series of studies by Père Guillet, Superior of the Mission of R'damès.*

The little town of R'damès [he says] has nothing in its aspect which recalls European towns, or even those of the coasts of the Mediterranean. Its houses, built of clay, or rather of large flat sun-dried bricks, have, nevertheless, a first floor and a terrace. But they are so huddled together, and so completely closed, that they present rather the appearance of a confused jumble of walls than of a town. The streets are but narrow lanes, generally only passable in single file. No shop fronts, no windows. A door of thick planks of palm-wood is the only communication with the interior. Moreover, the streets are not open to the sky, but covered by the extension of the first floors, so that, in despite of some few openings left at intervals for the admittance of light, they are nothing but tunnels,

* Études sur R'damès: *Missions Catholiques*, Mai 21 et 28, Juin 4 et 18, 1880.

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sometimes so dark that it is only by feeling with the hand that one can find one's way. The town is thus traversed without seeing it.

In certain points, however, some ornamentation has been attempted. There the streets, three or four times as wide as elsewhere, form a square, more or less regular, covered by a vault, supported on massive pillars. The walls of rough-cast plaster are covered with rudely executed designs, among which we were surprised and pleased to see many figures of the cross, probably drawn by Touaregs. Round these public places, as well as along the more important streets, are solid clay benches. Here it is that one sees the R'damesians, some at work making yellow leather shoes or embroidering slippers, others, the greater number, entirely idle or busy only in telling their long strings of beads.

The population, estimated at from three to five thousand, is divided into four sharply defined classes : nobles, *ataras*, *hamer-anias*, and slaves. The nobles claim descent from scions of the family of the Prophet, settled at R'damès at the time of the Mahometan conquest. Looking down on their inferiors with all the pride of hereditary rank, they do not associate or intermarry with the two lowest ranks in the social scale, refusing even to sit on the same bench with them. Some are poor and earn their bread by small industries, others are rich merchants, but all despise manual labour as beneath them, and all aim at a certain amount of luxury in dress, denying themselves food to parade in gorgeous Tunisian robes, embroidered in gold and silver. The women of the noble families live in strict seclusion, never entering the streets save on one day of the year ; but on the other hand they are free to pass to and fro among the terraces of the houses, which are all in communication, and which the men never trespass on. Thus there is an upper city for the female population, where they have their markets, their festivities, and their social gatherings apart.

The *ataras* are the descendants of enfranchised negroes, and form the working-classes, whose women are not secluded. The *hamer-anias*, who occupy a medium rank between the nobles and *ataras*, are, like the latter, descendants of negroes, but have risen to a higher position in the social class, and are sometimes admitted to associate with the nobility. Lowest of all are the slaves, the most interesting to the missionaries, as they hope to find them more accessible to their teaching than their social superiors. Generally natives of the Soudan, brought from Timbuctoo, they have the gay and thoughtless good-humour of their race, in strong contrast to the grave reserve of the consequential natives of R'damès. They have their festive gatherings, at which they meet in gala attire, supplied by their masters, and dance and sing to the accompaniment of the drum and castanets.

The most characteristic portion of their dress on these occasions is a floating white robe folded in numerous fine plaits, widening towards the ground, which, as they whirl round with increasing rapidity in the figures of the dance, expands wide, and encircles them like a floating white cloud. The dancers are all men, and the female slaves take no part in the performance. Although compelled to carry a bundle of cords and whips even to their festivities, as a reminder of their condition, the slaves seem happy, well fed, and not ill treated as long as they can work. As soon, however, as they cease to be of use, they are often abandoned to their own resources, and one of the first charities of the Fathers in R'damès was to succour an aged slave, who having spent his life in adding to his master's fortune by conducting his caravans to the Soudan, was grudged by him a handful of barley in his old age.

In addition to the four grades of the social hierarchy, the population of R'damès is divided into two hostile factions, the Bou Oulid and the Tinguezin, which are again split up into minor parties, the distinction it is said dating from the foundation of the city and its first occupation by different tribes. The two opposing sections occupy separate quarters of the city, holding no intercourse together, and sometimes coming to open hostilities in sanguinary frays. The market is common to both, but they remain at opposite sides of it, without any interchange of speech, while commercial transactions are conducted by means of public criers. The hereditary antipathy is shared by all four castes of the hostile parties, of whom the Bou Oulid are the most powerful, being richer in money and commerce, while their rivals have more property in houses and palm groves.

The arrival and departure of caravans are the great events of life in R'damès, the whole male population of which turns out in gala costume, with much discharging of firearms and appearance of festivity, to visit the encampment of the travellers in the oasis outside the walls. Friends are sought for, news is discussed, and the night is spent in eating and carousing, while on the following morning a crowd of sympathizers and well-wishers escorts the wayfarers some part of their long way into the desert. The outward-bound caravans on their way to the Soudan pass through in the autumn, those returning *en route* for Tripoli, towards the end of spring. The loss of life is heavy along a journey whose track is described as being in some places marked by the bleaching bones of men and animals. Thus, in the year 1880, out of a caravan of a hundred persons, only eighteen negroes returned alive, the remainder having died of fever during the unhealthy season; another was cut to pieces by the Touaregs; and a third, wandering from the track in search of a

short road, was lost amid the sands.* As the people of R'damès are by no means of a warlike turn, the whole aim of their foreign policy is to propitiate the desert tribes, so as to secure free passage for their caravans. Diplomacy and presents are freely used for this end; the Touaregs, as the most dreaded, being the recipients of the greatest civility.

The citizens of the oasis are fervent, almost fanatical Mahometans, and on two evenings in the week meet in the mosques for religious services, which during the hot season are held on the terraces attached to them. Thence the Algerian Fathers could hear through the summer night the tumultuous chanting of the double choirs, answering each other with "*La Allah, ila Allah!*" gradually rising in pitch and loudness, as they worked themselves up to a sort of frenzied excitement, until the sound might have been taken for the infuriated barking of two packs of dogs. Then, as the performers became exhausted, they would relapse into the lower key from which they had started, rising gradually again in the same *crescendo* of vehemence. All, however, do not approve this noisy devotion, and many frequent other mosques where the service is chanted with a more even and tranquil rhythm.

The fast of the Ramadan is observed very strictly, though for the wealthy it consists merely in turning night into day and carousing instead of sleeping through it. At the close of the fast is celebrated a feast, which lasts three days, and is called the "little feast." The "great feast" is held on the 25th of November, when each family kills and consumes a sheep in honour of Abraham's intended sacrifice of his son. The town is decked with flags, and men and women, for the only time during the year, are permitted to frequent each other's domains, the former being made free for the day of the terraces, the latter of the streets.

They also celebrate a peculiar harvest festival, thus described by Père Guillet:—

The barley and wheat, sown in September, ripen and are cut in April. The sheaves are carried to great public threshing floors, where they are left lying under the sun for nearly a month. The grain is then beaten with palm branches, and swept up. When it is all collected, every one present takes up a pinch of dust from the threshing floor, and on a given evening, the young men of each quarter assemble to celebrate the termination of the labours of the harvest.

At their head is carried a mattock, which is here the implement of labour. Then comes a group of young *atris* (members of *atara* or third caste), escorted by two large drums and a bagpipe. Next, at some distance, a group of young nobles, with the same instruments.

* "Algeria, Tunisia, e Tripolitania," di Attilio Brunialti, p. 206.

Some *atriates* (women of the *atara* class) close the procession. The young men, dressed in richly embroidered garments, form double files, two and two, their left arms interlaced and their swords crossed above. They advance thus with extreme slowness, from time to time performing some droll antics, in groups, first of two, then of four. During these, the drums beat, the bagpipes play their capricious flourishes, and the women sing, accompanying themselves on a sort of miniature tambourine.

The element of buffoonery associated with this celebration gives it a Pagan, rather than Mussulman character. It seems, moreover, not to be the only tradition of Paganism found here. The legend of Polyphemus, amongst others, is widely diffused, and it is even asserted that the Cyclop is still alive, and has his cave in the great mountains beyond the Soudan.

The weekly market held at R'damès on Fridays is not very animated, but is the great occasion for learning and disseminating news. Barley, which is the staple food of the inhabitants, a little wheat, and a few sheep, are brought thither from the Tunisia, or the mountains of Tripoli; while the neighbouring tribes offer burnouses, dates, with gazelles and antelopes killed among the dunes, or camel's flesh by way of butcher's meat. The articles of European trade with the Soudan do not appear there, but every Thursday during the spring and summer a special market is held for the sale of ostrich feathers.

The indigenous population of R'damès is of Berber race, and its language is a separate dialect of the Berber tongue, akin to the Touareg. The inhabitants, however, speak and write Arabic, as the language of commerce, and are also familiar with the dialects of the Soudan. The government is nominally vested in the Turkish Kaïmacan, who, however, has no force at his command except three gendarmes, and limits his interference to the collection of taxes, while the *de facto* ruler is the cadi or magistrate of the town.

There are no hotels or inns, and travellers must trust to the hospitality of the natives, who receive and entertain them without charge. The Touaregs, when they encamp outside the walls, are supplied with food by the townspeople, though nothing will induce them to sleep within the walls.

The interior of the houses is reached through dark and uneven passages leading to a staircase, by which access is gained to the principal room a spacious reception-hall, with carpets and divans, whose walls of roughened plaster work are elaborately ornamented with mirrors, plates of copper, and carved brackets. Tea and coffee are sometimes served to visitors, but the ladies of the family are of course invisible to profane eyes.

Rain is almost unknown, and a shower is considered quite a

phenomenon. Sharp frosts are not uncommon, while the blazing sun by day makes the lowering of the temperature at night more sensible.

The station of R'damès was designed to serve as a base for further missionary expeditions in the Sahara, and two of the fathers, Pères Richard and Kermabon, were sent in May, 1879, on an exploratory journey to the country of the Azguer-Touaregs, with a view to establishing a mission among these tribes, who can alone secure safety to caravans for the Soudan. The narrative of this expedition by Père Richard* has a melancholy interest from his subsequent fate, assassinated by this very people for whose conversion he had laboured so strenuously.

The party, consisting of the two missionaries, two Touaregs, and one Chamba, started from R'damès on the night of the 21st of May, with five camels for transport, a greyhound for hunting game, a supply of provisions, dates and butter, for two months, and water for five days. Their march, after leaving the oasis, was through a desert in the most literal sense of the word, whose absolute nudity of vegetation did not always afford even a bush or shrub to shelter their midday repose, or a dry twig by way of firewood to cook their evening meal. On the horizon, flushing and fading with the changes of light, floating in mirage, like islands in a vast lake, the sandy dunes reared their pale summits, ridged and crested like breaking billows. It was not till the tenth day of this monotonous journey that they arrived at the edge of the valley occupied by the camp of the nomads. They approached cautiously, and watched, at first unperceived, the scene, whose effect Père Richard thus describes:—

I confess that though my heart might have been beating somewhat rapidly, I gazed in astonishment at the spectacle before my eyes; great trees, immense verdant prairies, innumerable herds of camels and flocks of sheep, scattered here and there below us; it was no longer the desert, it was fertility, it was life, it was a corner of our own France, it was, at any rate, an agreeable surprise of which I shall long retain the remembrance. . . .

The Imenrassaten (Touaregs) suspected absolutely nothing. We continued to march along in this way for more than an hour, and had already unloaded our baggage in the dry bed of the river before any one had noticed our presence. A Targuy (singular of Touareg) appeared at last, his lance in his right hand, his sword in the other, his head erect and fixed, he walked slowly and with true majesty; such is the ordinary gait of the Targuy.

The formidable nomads gave them a friendly reception, and

* Voyage chez les Touaregs-Azguers dans 'le Sahara: *Les Missions Catholiques*, Avril 1 à Juin 17, 1881.

invited them to pass some time in the neighbourhood, saying that though they had not liked the great column (one of the French exploring expeditions that had appeared in the country of the Azguers) the missionaries were free to go wherever they pleased on their territory.

They received a still more enthusiastic welcome from Fenaït, the chief of the tribe, whose camp was planted higher up in the same valley. This potentate, who had the reputation of being brave and intelligent, but dangerous as an enemy, is described as a man of about forty-five, tall and broad-shouldered, with a proud and erect carriage of the head, while his high cheek-bones, flashing eyes, and the thick black moustaches appearing under his veil, gave to what was visible of his face a somewhat fierce expression. A voice like thunder, uttering forcible and emphatic accents, like a general giving the word of command, combined to make this magnate of the desert rather a formidable apparition. His mood, however, on the present occasion, was one of gracious hospitality; he entertained the wayfarers in his camp, supplying them with milk and roast mutton in abundance during their stay, and when they left escorted them part of the way on horseback.

They received similarly friendly treatment at most of the other encampments they visited, and returned to R'damès on the 16th of July, very well satisfied with the prospects for a future mission opened up by their exploratory voyage.

The result proved that they were, unfortunately, too sanguine, and had failed to take into account the great irritation produced among all the native tribes by the French aggression on Tunis, perpetrated later. Mgr. Lavigerie was so well aware of the danger to be apprehended from this source, that he had forbidden the missionaries of R'damès to undertake any further expeditions to the Sahara while the excitement continued; and it was only the mistaken belief that it had subsided, which induced them to attempt, on their own responsibility, the journey which ended so fatally.

Its object was to effect a settlement at R'hat, a small oasis some three hundred miles farther south than R'damès, and within a short distance of the northern tropic. The little mud-walled village, with four gates, and not many more houses, stands among its palm-groves in a depression between the two mountainous plateaux of the Djebel Azguer, in the country of the Touaregs. Some of these vagrants live on the oasis under tents of skin, while the town is occupied by a small Turkish garrison, its annexation only dating from the last four years. As water abounds, cultivation is extending and population increasing; but the commercial importance of the little settlement is due to

its position on the main caravan route to the Soudan, and to a yearly market held in spring, attended by about ten thousand traders.

On the 18th of December, 1881, the missionary caravan, consisting of three priests, Pères Richard, Morat, and Pouplard, with three Touaregs, as many Chambas, and a negro, as guides, started from R'damès for their long journey across the desert. Both the Chambas and the authorities of R'damès warned Père Richard before setting out not to trust to the Touareg guides, as they were likely to betray him; but he had undoubting confidence in their good faith, as he had known them previously and found them trustworthy. The Kaimacan, after trying in vain to dissuade him from his purpose, required him to sign a paper, acquitting him of responsibility for any disaster that might overtake the party, and his principal Chamba guide did the same. These sinister forebodings were too fully realized. Three days after the party started, while still within a good day's march of R'damès, on the night of the 21st of December, the Touaregs of the escort, joined by others of their tribe, suddenly rushed on the defenceless missionaries, poniarded one and shot the others, killing all three instantaneously. The assassins, having spent the night on the spot, in the division of the spoil, made off across the desert, and after a short time released the Chambas, restoring them their arms and camels, and allowing them to return to R'damès. Here they told their story to the three Fathers remaining in the station, whose grief and consternation may be easily imagined. Had they followed their first impulse, and accompanied the Chamba guides to Uargla, in the Algerian Sahara, there is little doubt that they would have shared the fate of their companions; but, on its being represented to them that the whole country was scourged by bands of Touaregs, they consented to wait patiently in R'damès until help should come to them. At the end of three months, during which they daily expected to be assailed and massacred, the exertions of the French Consul-general at Tripoli obtained from the Pacha an escort of Turkish soldiers, whose arrival at R'damès rescued the Fathers from their anxious position. They returned in safety to Tripoli, compelled to abandon the project of penetrating to the Soudan from this direction as long as the present excited phase of native feeling should continue. During the four years of their sojourn at R'damès, they had made themselves much beloved by the inhabitants, who had requested that, if they were sent to more distant stations, their places might be taken by others. It was, however, never intended to make this town the objective point of their mission, the fanaticism of the population rendering any attempt at proselytizing amongst them hopeless,

and reducing the missionaries' sphere of activity entirely to the performance of corporal works of mercy.

More accessible to the teaching of Catholicity, because subjugated to French rule, is the other race which shares with the fierce nomads of the desert the honour of their supposed descent from the early Christians of Africa. In the fastnesses of Kabylia, the Lebanon of Africa, lives an ancient Berber people, known in classical history as the Numidians. The tide of Arab conquest has eddied round the base of their mountain stronghold without affecting their traditional usages; and Islamism, though adopted by them, has failed to colour their social and domestic life.

Unlike the vagrant Arab in the tenacity with which he clings to his crag-built home, the Kabyle has the virtues and failings which characterize the dwellers in the highlands in all countries alike. Proud, narrow-minded, and vindictive, he is at the same time loyal, charitable, and brave; honest, in his own sense of the word, he recognizes no rights of property in a stranger, and is as regardless of the laws prevailing in the rest of the world as scrupulous in the observance of his own. With a conscience and sympathies strictly localized, he has as little conception of cosmopolitan philanthropy as of any code of law or morals other than the customs of his village. The hereditary blood-feud is here as pertinacious and inexorable a legacy, from generation to generation, as among the mountaineers of Albania, whom those of Algeria so much resemble; and the Kabyle will frequently bury the corpse of a murdered relative beneath his threshold, as a reminder of his obligation, until the sanguinary debt has been paid. In a primitive community where justice is powerless, and the mandate of society invests the nearest kinsman with the function of the avenger of blood, it would be manifestly unjust to classify him with the ordinary assassin in a civilized country, though Christian morality can never recognize a custom which sanctifies private vindictiveness as the instrument of public retribution.

Clad in rags, which yet hang around him in such graceful folds as only the drapery of an Oriental can assume, with the glance of the eagle and the step of the panther, the Kabyle looks every inch what he in truth believes himself to be—the monarch of the mountains; imperial in mien, as though still unconquered lord of the soil. It was a bitter day for this stubborn and haughty race when they saw their chains riveted by the erection, amid their wilderness of craggy peaks, of Fort National, the French citadel, planted, as they say in their expressive language, “like a thorn in the eye of Kabylia.”

This military settlement was created a parish in 1861, under the administration of the Jesuits. They were, however, sub-

jected to great restrictions on their intercourse with the natives, from the authorities' fear of rousing against French rule the religious prejudices of the Mahometan population. It was only in 1873 that the stringency of these regulations was so far relaxed as to admit of their founding two additional missions, while three more were established by the Algerian Fathers. The Jesuits chose for their new stations two important villages, centres of those confederations (*Kbil*) whence the nation derives its name. Ait-el-Arba, the first of these, is the capital of the Beni-Yenni tribe, one of those forming the league of the Zouaoua, the most warlike and indomitable in Kabylia. The principal industries of the inhabitants before the French conquest were the contraband manufacture of powder and the coining of false money.

The other Jesuit mission is planted in the village of Djema-Saridj, once the most advanced outpost of the Romans. It has a population of from two to three thousand souls, and is the commercial and political capital of the tribe of the Beni-Fraoucen. A little school, opened immediately on the foundation of the mission, soon numbered a hundred pupils, and has been in full work ever since. It is thus described by one of the Fathers :*—

At present it is neither its Roman ruins, its springs, its gardens, nor its *mahmera* (Arab school of secondary instruction), which makes the reputation of Djema-Saridj, but its French school.

Built on the market-place, overshadowed by thick tufts of ash trees, facing the mosque, above which two splendid palm-trees gracefully sway their plumes of foliage, white and clean, though small and of modest exterior, the schoolhouse is undoubtedly the principal monument of the place. In its early days, the natives trooped in from many leagues round to visit it; and from time to time a European tourist, an officer, a magistrate, come from Fort National or Algiers to see the school of Djema-Saridj, goes away very well pleased with his trip. How indeed could a traveller fail to be agreeably surprised, when, after wearily toiling for hours through an alien and infidel land, without having heard a word of French, he suddenly finds himself opposite a building surmounted by a belfry and a cross, and is saluted like an old acquaintance, not only by the missionaries, but by a merry band of Kabyle children, who run to greet him in the language, and almost with the pure accent of his native country?

The children are taught all the elements of a practical education, including French, arithmetic, reading, writing, drawing, carpentry, and a little farming, but are not allowed to receive any religious instruction, or even to enter the little chapel. Morality, truthfulness, and obedience are, of course, inculcated, but the faith of the little Mahometans is not interfered with. The stimulus of emulation, so useful in European schools, has here to

* "La Kabylie et le Peuple Kabyle," par le P. Joseph Dugas, S.J.

be applied with the greatest caution, as it takes the form of jealousy, a passion of which uncultivated races are highly susceptible, if the successful scholars are too markedly distinguished by praise or reward.

Père Dugas's little volume gives an interesting view of this mountainous region, with its village parliaments; its confederations of tiny republics, each a separate unit, having a distinct social organization; its tribal classifications; and its internecine feuds, dividing each of these aggregations—village, league, and tribe—into two hostile factions, to one or other of which every individual must belong, neutrality being impossible. The chiefs of these *Cofs*, or sects, are the strongest power in the country, and the social divisions they represent the institution that shows the most intense vitality, having survived all the attempts of the French conquerors to abolish them. This tendency to split up into two sections seems a law of the existence of small and isolated communities, as absolute and universal as that of the cleavage of certain rocks.

The Kabyles are an industrious race, laboriously cultivating every available ledge of their mountains, rearing the olive as far up as nine hundred feet above the sea level, and on higher ground the oak, fig-tree, and ash, whose leaves are gathered to supply fodder for the cattle in winter. Like many other mountaineers, they migrate in numbers to the plains in search of work during the winter, and travel far and wide as pedlars, in which capacity they are met with all over North Africa. The women practise various little industries, such as making pottery and weaving cloths; jewellery and arms are also manufactures of the country, and oil is made in considerable quantities. The natives of Kabylia are thus far from being a barbarous or savage people, and have many of the social virtues, such as thrift and order, which may serve as a future basis for Christianity. Meantime, the Jesuits and other missionaries, by their good works among them, are at least presenting religion to them in its most amiable light, and are steadily gaining influence over the rising generation. More, it would seem, is not to be looked for at present, and those who sow the seed can only hope that with time it will ripen to a harvest.

But if the Arabs and other races of North Africa are slow to adopt Christianity, they have given instances of heroic tenacity in adhering to it, which show what noble qualities are still undeveloped amongst them. In *Les Missions Catholiques* of May 14, 1880, is told the story of a little orphan of Arab parents, baptized by the name of Peter, and placed at the age of twelve, in a farmer's family in the neighbourhood of Orleansville, in the province of Algiers. When sent out in charge of his

master's flocks, he came in contact with Arab shepherds of the neighbouring tribes, who constantly tried all manner of persuasions, offers of money, promises of position and protection among his own people, if he would return to them and their national faith. "I," said the little Christian—"I renounce my religion to become a Mussulman again! No, never!"

Finding persuasions unavailing, they had recourse to threats, to blows, to violence, with the same result. At last they caught him one day, and threatened him with death if he refused to apostatize. Still the same answer, "I will never renounce my religion." Once more offering him his final choice between death and abjuration, and receiving the same refusal, they murdered the heroic child, cutting his head off on the spot. The farmer in whose service he had been learned the details of his death, and erected a little monument to him, with the inscription, "*Here lies the body of Peter, martyred for the Faith.*" Mgr. Lavigerie has ordered a formal inquiry into the details of his martyrdom, that it may be recorded in the annals of the Church.

The second instance which we shall give of Arab heroism in the cause of Christianity is furnished by the romantic story of St. Geronimo, which has recently received such strange and striking confirmation. It is recorded in the pages of a rare work on the topography of Algiers, published in 1612 by a Spanish Benedictine of the name of Haedo. His narrative was carefully studied by the late M. Berbrugger, curator of the Library of Algiers, who drew public attention to it, in the hope that it might one day be verified. Its purport is as follows.

In the year 1540, during an expedition of the Spanish garrison of Oran against some of the neighbouring tribes, a young Arab boy was made prisoner, brought in, and baptized as Geronimo. When about eight years old he was recovered by his relations, and brought up amongst them as a Mahometan; but at five-and-twenty he voluntarily left his home, and returned to Oran to become a Christian. Some time later—in May, 1569—he accompanied a party of Spaniards in a raid by water on the Arabs; but the boat was chased and captured by a Moorish corsair, and Geronimo and all on board were carried prisoners to Algiers. Every effort was made to induce the young convert to abjure his new faith, but in vain. Geronimo remained steadfast, and was condemned to a singular form of execution, being thrown alive into a mould in which a block of concrete was about to be made. The sentence was carried out, his hands and feet being tied with cords, and the block containing his body was built into the fort called "*des vingt-quatre heures*," then in course of construction. The exact spot is recorded and described by the chronicler, in the hope, as he says, "that God's grace may one day extricate Gero-

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Finding persuasions unavailing, they had recourse to threats, to blows, to violence, with the same result. At last they caught him one day, and threatened him with death if he refused to apostatize. Still the same answer, "I will never renounce my religion." Once more offering him his final choice between death and abjuration, and receiving the same refusal, they murdered the heroic child, cutting his head off on the spot. The farmer in whose service he had been learned the details of his death, and erected a little monument to him, with the inscription, "*Here lies the body of Peter, martyred for the Faith.*" Mgr. Lavigerie has ordered a formal inquiry into the details of his martyrdom, that it may be recorded in the annals of the Church.

The second instance which we shall give of Arab heroism in the cause of Christianity is furnished by the romantic story of St. Geronimo, which has recently received such strange and striking confirmation. It is recorded in the pages of a rare work on the topography of Algiers, published in 1612 by a Spanish Benedictine of the name of Haedo. His narrative was carefully studied by the late M. Berbrugger, curator of the Library of Algiers, who drew public attention to it, in the hope that it might one day be verified. Its purport is as follows.

In the year 1540, during an expedition of the Spanish garrison of Oran against some of the neighbouring tribes, a young Arab boy was made prisoner, brought in, and baptized as Geronimo. When about eight years old he was recovered by his relations, and brought up amongst them as a Mahometan; but at five-and-twenty he voluntarily left his home, and returned to Oran to become a Christian. Some time later—in May, 1569—he accompanied a party of Spaniards in a raid by water on the Arabs; but the boat was chased and captured by a Moorish corsair, and Geronimo and all on board were carried prisoners to Algiers. Every effort was made to induce the young convert to abjure his new faith, but in vain. Geronimo remained steadfast, and was condemned to a singular form of execution, being thrown alive into a mould in which a block of concrete was about to be made. The sentence was carried out, his hands and feet being tied with cords, and the block containing his body was built into the fort called "*des vingt-quatre heures*," then in course of construction. The exact spot is recorded and described by the chronicler, in the hope, as he says, "that God's grace may one day extricate Gero-

nimo from this place, and reunite his body with those of many other holy martyrs of Christ, whose blood and happy deaths have consecrated this country."

This pious wish was strangely fulfilled at the lapse of nearly three centuries. On the 27th of December, 1853, the destruction of the old fort having become necessary, the skeleton of Geronimo was found enclosed in the block, occupying the very position indicated by the Benedictine's record. The bones were carefully extricated and removed in solemn procession to the Cathedral of St. Philippe, built on the site of the mosque of Hassan, in Algiers, where they rest in a marble tomb with all due honour.

Liquid plaster, moreover, being poured into the cavity which had contained them, an exact cast of the martyr's body was obtained, showing not only his features, but the texture of his clothes and the print of the cords that had bound his limbs. This interesting relic was placed in the Museum of Algiers, where it may still be seen.

The incredulous are often inclined to doubt the early legends of the discovery, by special revelation, of the bodies of saints and martyrs, yet here the same result was brought about in a purely natural, but not less wonderful way. No one can doubt that the singular manner of St. Geronimo's death and the special record left of it were so designed as to lead to the recovery of his relics after several hundred years, when the country was conquered by a Christian power. Nor is the event recorded in ecclesiastical annals alone. The narrative we have followed is that in Murray's "Handbook to Algeria and Tunis," written by Colonel Playfair, a distinguished authority on the history and topography of those countries.

An interesting chapter has been added to Christian archæology by the researches of missionaries and priests in North Africa. A valuable series of papers on the Christian lamps of Carthage has been published by Père Delattre in *Les Missions Catholiques* (June 11, 1880, and following numbers), with illustrations of the various symbolical devices represented on them. Many of these relics were found on the hill of Juno, near Carthage, on the supposed site of the celebrated Temple of Astarte, converted into a church in the year 319. It is thus possible that these frail vessels are records of the Christian worship which superseded that of the Syrian goddess, Tanith, or Ashtaroath, whose rites, brought from the far East by the Phœnician settlers, were those in which the Hebrews were so often and expressly forbidden to join. Père Delattre has been nominated an officer of the French Academy, in recognition of his archæological studies.

Still more interesting are his excavations of some of the ancient cemeteries of Carthage, long covered by the drifting sands of the

desert, and discovered by an Arab in digging his garden near the College of St. Louis. The first brought to light was a necropolis of slaves and dependants of the imperial household (under Roman rule), the epitaphs found in which throw light upon the condition of the servile classes, and the functions they filled. These inscriptions are conjectured to be of the second or third century.

Further researches disclosed, in the neighbourhood of the ancient fortifications, and on a site corresponding to that indicated as the place of sepulture of St. Cyprian, the remains of an extensive Christian burying ground; one of those cemeteries so bound up with the existence of the early African Church, that Tertullian records as one of the most frequent and significant of the cries of the infuriated Pagan populace, *Aræ non sint!* (No more cemeteries).

These *aræ* are found, from excavations at Cherchell, in Algeria, to have consisted of a large open space of ground, within which was a smaller space, enclosed by high walls, and known as the area of the martyrs, over whose tombs services were celebrated. In the Carthaginian cemetery, a vast number of Christian inscriptions have been found, though in a fragmentary state, and with them remains of white marble columns, and a mosaic pavement containing the representation of a woman's figure, pointing to the place as the site of an ancient basilica, dedicated in honour of a female martyr. The mosaic, though rude, is in perfect preservation, and there seems every reason to believe that it represents one of the earliest and most illustrious of the African martyrs, St. Perpetua, executed in 203, with Felicitas, Saturninus, and others. The figure is identified with this Christian heroine by the various symbols associated with it—the mirror held in one hand, the dragon trampled under foot, referring to the visions seen by her during her imprisonment, and recorded in a narrative by herself continued down to the eve of her martyrdom. Mgr. Lavigerie in writing on these discoveries, concludes that the plough of the Arab peasant has here brought to light the very site of the basilica, where, according to St. Victor, were buried SS. Perpetua and Felicitas, with their companions in martyrdom, consequently one of the most interesting monuments of the early Church of Africa. Modern devotion will no doubt before long reconsecrate the spot in honour of those whose relics were interred there so many centuries ago.

M. Beulé's* investigations in the same neighbourhood revealed a record of the temporary sojourn here of perhaps the most venerable relic of sacred history. Rudely scratched on the wall

* Beulé, "Fouilles et Découvertes."

of an ancient quarry near Carthage, he found a representation of the seven-branched candlestick of Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem. Brought to Rome by Titus, carried off by Genseric to Carthage after the Vandal sack of the imperial city, recovered and transported to Constantinople by Belisarius, believed to have been restored later to Jerusalem, its ultimate fate is unrecorded and unknown; but it may still be seen carved in bas-relief on the Arch of Titus, near the Colosseum, and, as it now appears, in rough facsimile on the face of the quarry from which Carthage was built, a strange survival where so much has perished.

The Arab's wreck has consummated the curse of Scipio, the drift of the simoon wrought out the denunciations of Cato, the very stones of Carthage are built into Andalusian courts and Venetian palaces, and amid the successive accumulations of ruin worked by Roman, Vandal, and Bedouin, what remains? The ruined cisterns of the Phœnician, the broken aqueduct of the Roman, are all that yet bear witness to the sway of two imperial races; but besides these crumbling relics of empire, what else is here, imperishable as Nature's own sculptured record of her past existence? A woman's grave, an idler's pastime; the one the monument of the proscribed victims of Severus, the other a memorial of the sacred trophy venerated by the Hebrew slaves of Titus—this is what the dust of Carthage has last given up to the prying eyes of the nineteenth century.



ART. VII.—MR. FREEMAN'S "WILLIAM RUFUS."

The Reign of William Rufus and the Accession of Henry the First. By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., LL.D., &c. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

SINCE the publication of his "Norman Conquest," Mr. Freeman has travelled in the province of Maine, where he seems to have obtained some new information concerning a place which the old Latin writers call Sanctus Carilephus, but which no Frenchman would ever dream of calling Saint Carilef; and he now announces his intention of calling it by its proper name—Saint-Calais. Had this been all, we should have had no fault to find with Mr. Freeman; but it really is a little too bad of him to inform the world that his reason for calling a place by its right name is that people have been dull enough not to know what he meant when in his "Norman Conquest" he called it by a wrong one. His readers, or at least such of them as were not

experts, were puzzled, first by the misnomer itself, and then by the absence of the *trait-d'union* customary in names of this class; and now the author of the confusion, instead of frankly avowing that to say "Saint Carilef" instead of "Saint-Calais" is quite as bad as it would be to say "Saint Audomar," "Saint Laud," "Saint Ægid," or "Saint Galerig," instead of "Saint-Omer," "Saint-Lô," "Saint-Gilles," or "Saint-Valerie-sur-Somme;" or instead, at the least, of correcting his blunder and passing on to other subjects, opens fire on the Sussex archæologists for calling the Honour of Pevensey the Honour of the Eagle, and accuses them of not knowing that there is a town in Normandy called Laigle. The Sussex archæologists are, we doubt not, perfectly well able to take care of themselves, and could not improbably reply that "the Honour of the Eagle" is the ancient, customary, and legal designation of a district once, no doubt, known as "the Honour of L'Aigle." Still, even should they prove to be in the wrong, it is none the less ungenerous in Mr. Freeman to divert attention from his own peccadilloes by denouncing those of other men. But be of good cheer, ye men of Sussex. Mr. Freeman will have it that *Mons Sancti Michaelis de periculo maris* is Saint Michael's Mount. We had always thought that Saint Michael's Mount was off the coast of Cornwall; it seems that Mr. Freeman has removed it to the other side of the Channel, and there it will have to remain till he writes his next book and orders it back again.

There are some singular archaisms of manner in the first hundred pages of the first volume of "William Rufus." Robert of Mowbray, it appears, "wrought much slaughter" in Wiltshire, and "took great spoil," and then made his way into the "mid-parts of Somerset;" and, whilst he was doing this, "Berkeley and the coasts thereof" were thoroughly ravaged by William of Eu. Meanwhile, at Worcester, "all the inhabitants were of one heart and of one soul," under Bishop Wulfstan. Bishop Gundulf, however, at Rochester was at a shortly subsequent date "sore let and hindered" in the building of his church. A little later, and Duke Robert "came not" to Pevensey; he "still tarried" in Normandy; he was "coming, but not yet." And whilst he "tarried," the "more part" of the invading host were "smitten down," and others, thinking to "get them back to their own land," "could not." These little scraps of Bible English are quaint enough when worked up into a *florilegium*; but as we read them in Mr. Freeman's pages, it is hard to tell whether they are supposed to indicate an epic or a comic vein in the writer; they pain the ear by their inharmonious juxtaposition with words and phrases of a style with which it is impossible to reconcile them, and will not be of value for many a

long year to come, and until some critic yet unborn shall discover that they were written in an age that placed Middle Age balustrades on Renaissance terraces, and erected at public expense museums which, thanks to their inharmonious construction, compelled the bewildered spectator to inquire upon entering whether it was to a church or to a railway station that he had found his way.

We do think, in all gravity, that these ill-set archaisms greatly mar the otherwise interesting narrative of the rising in the spring of 1088, and are decidedly of opinion that Mr. Freeman would do well to translate it for future editions into such English as he so well knows how to write.

And whilst upon this portion of the work we cannot but regret that in the first illustrative map the name of the Gloucestershire Frome has been forgotten, and that no roads are given; this, indeed, is a defect which marks all the maps of the work, and it is one which we are the more inclined to deplore, as few men could undertake to remedy it with better hope of success than Mr. Freeman himself.

We also think that he would do well in a future edition of the work to suppress, or, where he does not suppress, to recast, not a few of the allusive references in which it abounds, and particularly such as direct attention to his own writings. When an author really finds it necessary, whether in justice to himself or out of consideration for his readers, to refer to what he has written elsewhere, his reference is pretty sure to be direct; where it is not direct it can scarcely be necessary, and is only too likely to prove a blemish rather than an ornament. Thus, we do not for a moment think it bad art in Mr. Freeman to say (i. 328):—"No king, as I have so often shown, was more truly supreme governor of the Church within his realm than was the Conqueror of England, her defender against the claims of Rome;" for, although there is not a word in the statement with which we can agree, it is in this particular place necessary to Mr. Freeman's particular purpose that he should repeat it; but we do think it bad art to recur as he does to the case of Earl Harold and Duke William, reminding us in season and out of season, and when he has set us thinking on other things entirely, that it is his conviction that Earl Harold was all right, and Duke William all wrong. Our own conviction is that the balance of wrong was decidedly on the Earl's side, and the balance of right decidedly on the Duke's; why, then, should we be fretted with incessant, inopportune and ineffectual reminders that we and Mr. Freeman are not of one opinion on the subject?

But worse as an offence against true art, is Mr. Freeman's proneness to refer without sufficient cause to writings of his own

upon subjects not germane to that which he happens to be treating; an offence further aggravated by such an insistence upon technical details as only too often wearies the memory, when it had better have been the author's aim to interest the imagination, of his readers, and by such a suggestiveness of political or polemical allusion as now and then amounts to an affront upon their patience.

A third portion of so much of the work as relates to the reign of the Red King is devoted to the relations of that sovereign with St. Anselm. That a character so great in himself, so influential over the destinies of mankind, so prominent in his own time, and so famous through all ages, should be introduced into Mr. Freeman's pages with all the pomp and circumstance of phrase at that gentleman's command, were of course to be expected; and the opportunity was a good one of showing how human speech may through the pen of a master-hand be so dealt with as in few words and brief to tune every chord of the reader's heart into sympathy with a great occasion. This is how Mr. Freeman has availed himself of his opportunity:—

Anselm of Aosta and Canterbury came from that deep valley which, after all changes, is still Cisalpine Gaul. He came from that small outlying fragment of the Middle Kingdom which has not risen to the destiny of Unterwalden and Bern, of Lausanne and Geneva, but which has escaped the destiny of Bresse and Bugey, of Chablais and Nizza, of royal Arles and princely Orange, and of Hugh's own home by the city of Gratian (i. 366).

That is to say, the delicious rhetorical overture we craved is nowhere; and, instead of it, we are favoured with a lecture on political geography—a lecture, too, which lacks neither pedantry of style nor bitterness of suggestive hint.

But why, when we are longing for at least an adequate first impression of, probably, the sweetest, noblest being that ever trod English earth, catch us by the button-hole and torment us with a medley of geography, politics, and pedantry? Why at such a moment lay our poor memory on the rack, and ply it with conundrums about Bugey and Nizza and the city of Gratian? The reason is only too clear. Mr. Freeman has a small love for France, and an exceeding small love for imperial France, and to him Nice is not Nice but Nizza. To let us know all this at a proper time and in a proper place would be perfectly well; but not in connection with St. Anselm. The "Hugh's own home" is, of course, a conundrum, but not quite a fair one; for "Hugh" is not the usual designation of the personage meant, and there have been many people of the name. The allusion is to St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, who was born at

no great distance from Grenoble, the modern form of Gratianopolis or "the city of Gratian."

But, however, it is not till all this is over that Mr. Freeman approaches his proper subject, and then only to tell us in the text that the saint's birthplace was in the kingdom of Burgundy, and in a foot-note that his parentage is a subject of no importance; from which we are to understand that the history of Aosta, which Mr. Freeman has not studied, is of no material consequence, but that its geography, which he has studied, is. We fear we shall have to keep an eye on Mr. Freeman's foot-notes.

Thus, in one of them (i. 367, n. 1), he says:—"The difference of air between Aosta and . . . Italy does not depend upon the boundaries of kingdoms." Nothing could be more true, but at the same time nothing could be more vapid than this. It belongs to a class of statements compared with which commonplaces are pungent and incisive. How, then, account for the presence of this flattest of truisms in so grave an effort as "The Reign of William Rufus?" The reason will be found on referring to the last page of our author's "Historical and Architectural Sketches":—"We are apt to look on Anselm as an Italian, and to be puzzled at the statement of his biographer that to him, a stranger in Italy, the heat of that land was oppressive;" whence we should infer that in Mr. Freeman's opinion the difference of air *does* depend upon the boundaries of kingdoms, and that if the boundary of Lombardy had only run fifty miles further north so as to include Aosta, St. Anselm, even though he had spent forty years in Normandy and England, would quite have enjoyed a few mid-day rides beneath the dog-star along the roads of Tuscany and the Campagna.

It is needless to say that we should scarcely dwell upon trifles like this if we had not a graver end in view than the exposure of the foibles of a writer of some celebrity. That view will become apparent in due course. Let it suffice us for the present to have drawn attention to the fact that Mr. Freeman's foot-notes are not always merely ancillary to the text, or merely elucidatory of it.

For, in good truth, when these foibles do not show themselves, or even when, if they do, the graver duty which lies upon us does not invite or justify their exposure, we are only too glad to forget that on subjects which most intimately concern us Mr. Freeman is our implacable foe; and nothing can exceed the real and unmixed pleasure with which we follow him in his account of such unpolemical episodes as the interview of the Red King and the Earl of Montgomery, and of the sieges of Tunbridge, Pevensey, and Rochester.

In his history, however, of the campaign of which these sieges

formed part there are one or two points on which we should like to say a few words.

Mr. Freeman makes a little too much, we think, of the chronological difficulty, if, indeed, it may be called a difficulty, of that campaign. If Orderic may be believed, the siege of Rochester began in the month of May and ended "in initio æstatis," whatever may be the precise meaning of those words—presumably, we imagine, between the middle of May and the middle of June. But the siege of Rochester had been preceded by that of Pevensey, which the Peterborough chronicler seems to describe as having lasted for six weeks. And yet the whole campaign, which began, at Easter, must be got over in time for the Whitsuntide assembly. The whole difficulty, we imagine, lies with the Peterborough chronicler, who either assigned a six weeks' duration to the siege of Pevensey, instead of to the whole campaign, from inadvertence; or else, quoting from an authority who wrote in Latin, made "*per sex hebdomadas*" mean six whole weeks instead of five whole weeks and a fraction. We incline to the latter solution. Nothing is more common with the best Latinists of the eleventh and twelfth centuries than the employment of a formula of which this would be only one instance out of many; a formula in accordance with which St. Anselm, writing to Pope Paschal II. a few weeks after the twelfth anniversary of the Red King's accession, described that prince as having already reigned "*per tredecim annos*." If, then, "*jam per tredecim annos*" need mean no more than twelve years and a week or two, the "*sex hebdomadae*" of the authority from whom we suppose the Peterborough chronicler to have quoted need have meant no more than five weeks and a day.

Now the Easter of 1088 fell on the 16th of April, and we shall scarcely err in making the siege of Pevensey begin on the 21st, the fifth week from which date ended on the 26th of May; and if we suppose the capitulation to have taken place on the following Sunday, that is to say, on the 28th, there was still ample time to march to Rochester and begin operations there before the sunset of the next Wednesday, and thus, as Orderic informs us, in the month of May.

It is quite possible, however, that Pevensey was besieged as early as the Wednesday in Easter-week, and Rochester as early as Monday, the 29th of May, the Monday before Whit-Sunday; and as the latter place seems to have surrendered after a very short resistance, there is no reason why the king and his barons should not have assembled at Westminster on the octave of Pentecost; and it is quite within the limits of possibility that, the whole thing coming to an end on the Friday before the Festival, they spent Whit-Sunday itself at Westminster. But there

is no need to put a strain upon the dates. If the assembly began as late as the 11th of June, it was a Whitsuntide assembly. We cannot agree, therefore, with Mr. Freeman that "it is impossible to crowd all the events which had happened since Easter into the time between Easter and Whitsuntide." Eight weeks were ample time for a two days' siege of Tunbridge, a thirty-seven days' siege of Pevensey, a six days' siege of Rochester, for three marches, only one of which can possibly have occupied more than a day, and for the journey home.

That the court did meet, that it met at the Pentecostal season, and that it was fully attended, are facts for which we have the evidence of one who was present, and who, after a delay of apparently several days, crossed over to Normandy, paid a visit at Caen, traversed the duchy, discharged a mission of some importance in France, kept his bed for, not improbably, a fortnight, and eventually reached his monastery at Le Bec, when we know not precisely, but, as it would seem, by the 15th of July. We allude to St. Anselm, from whose correspondence we have culled these details.

There is a chronological puzzle, if puzzle be the word, not unlike this in the history of the last days of William the Conqueror. Orderic informs us that that prince languished for a period which he calls "*sex hebdomadæ*" from the receipt of his mortal wound, a statement which Mr. Freeman [N. C. iv. 704, n. 3] has pronounced inaccurate. "He could not have lingered six weeks," says that gentleman. Why not? He may have started on the fatal journey on any day between the 25th of July and the end of that month, and can scarcely have reached Mantes later than the 2nd of August, from which date to the day of his death there were more than five weeks, a sufficient time to satisfy the meaning of Orderic's "*sex hebdomadæ*."

The most curious instance, however, of, we will not say the utility, but the absolute necessity, of the application of this rule of computation that has come under our notice, is to be found in the history of the fortnight which preceded the 14th of October, 1066, the memorable day of Senlac. Harold reached Senlac on the 13th of October, after a two days' march from London, where he had spent "*sex dies*." Two and six are eight, and eight taken from thirteen leave five. If, then, we suppose him to have reached London on the fifth, and further suppose him to have left York on the first, and then follow Mr. Freeman's example in concluding that, as five *minus* one are four, Harold conducted his army from York to London in the short space of four days, we land ourselves in the realm of wonder. What are the facts? Harold reached Senlac on the night of the 13th, having left London, not on the 11th, but on the morning of

the 12th; after he had been in that city for *sex dies*, that is to say, for five days and a fraction; or, in other words, from the night of the sixth, or even the very early morning of the seventh. Now, there cannot be a doubt that news of the invasion reached York on the night of the 30th of September at the latest; and if, as again there can be no doubt, Harold set forth next morning, he took six whole days from dawn to dusk—six days of, let us say, fourteen hours each, in marching his army from the northern metropolis to London—a perfectly credible account. But to think that an immense and hourly-growing multitude of men, ill shod and heavily accoutred, in need of provisions which might not be easy to get, of repeated halts for rest by day, and of sufficient sleep by night, can have marched from fifty to sixty miles a day, for four consecutive days, is to imagine a speed not "almost miraculous," but altogether so.

To return, however, to William Rufus. Our eye has fallen on another matter, of slight importance possibly, but still of sufficient interest to justify a more careful attention than Mr. Freeman seems to have given it. In a note on p. 68 of the first volume, he says: "A singular story is told by the continuator of William of Jumiéges, how Tunbridge was granted in exchange for Brionne, and measured by the rope." It was not Tunbridge, but the lowy of Tunbridge, which was measured by the rope; neither was Tunbridge given in exchange for Brionne; and the story, so far as we understand it, is the very reverse of singular. Round about Brionne there lay a domain, which, had it been delineated on a map, would have been seen to be of the shape of a very rudely drawn circle. This area was called sometimes "*comitatus Brionensis*," sometimes "*leuca Brionii*;" and we are perhaps to understand by the latter phrase that it was reputed to cover a square *leuca* or league of land. Be this, however, as it may, the writer of these pages is in a position to state that the northern half of the lowy of Tunbridge, as delineated in Hasted's "*Kent*," is as accurate a copy as could well be desired of the corresponding portion of the "*leuca Brionii*." The southern half is, manifestly, much curtailed from its original area; unless, indeed, its peculiar form may be otherwise accounted for. Now the continuator of William of Jumiéges had not the requisite means, as it would seem, for testing the truth of the story that he had heard from a number of old people, the ancients of the country—he calls them "*antiquorum plurium*"—but we have; and, having them, find a satisfaction in knowing that the continuator's informants were quite right. It surely is a matter of some interest to be able to ascertain the truth of a story which, as far back as full seven centuries, was already an oral tradition which the narrator was unable to verify.

We are inclined to think that Mr. Freeman has failed to note the most important detail of the terms of surrender proposed to the Red King by the besieged defenders of Rochester. He says (vol. i. p. 81):—

The defenders of Rochester had brought themselves to ask for peace; but they still thought that they could make terms with their sovereign. Let the king secure to them the lands and honours which they held in his kingdom, and they would give up the castle of Rochester to his will; they would hold all that they had as of his grant, and would serve him faithfully as their natural lord.

That Mr. Freeman has missed the precise meaning of Orderic, whom he here translates, is, we think, manifest from the fact that the words "in his kingdom" are not in the original; and also from his comment on the whole account. "The wrath of the king burst forth, as well it might. Odo, at least, was asking at Rochester for more favourable terms than those to which he had already sworn at Pevensey." But, surely, if this be so, Odo was exceedingly foolish as well as exceedingly insolent; and it is scarcely credible that in a crisis of extreme danger such as that in which he was now placed, he, instead of trying to conciliate the king, should make a proposal which would most certainly exasperate him. The pith of the proposal lay, we apprehend, in the suggestion conveyed by the words, "*naturalis dominus*;" a suggestion, as it seems to us, of very grave political importance. When Duke Robert of Normandy, on his way to the Holy Land, stopped to pass the winter in Apulia and Calabria, Duke Roger, the reigning prince of all that territory, received and entertained him with great ceremony, "*utpote naturalem dominum suum*;" the contemporary Archbishop of Canterbury, writing to the reigning prince of his native land, said that he was bound to him "*naturaliter ut domino*;" Eadmer tells us of certain Normans who broke their oath of fealty to Henry I., that they did so in contempt of their relation to him as their "*naturalis dominus*;" and there can, on the whole, be little doubt that the lord of the land of a man's birth is his "*naturalis dominus*." In other words, the prince whose natural born subject I am is my "*dominus naturalis*." Odo, then, and his accomplices, in offering to acknowledge the Red King as their "*naturalis dominus*," offered to acknowledge him as *de jure* Duke of Normandy, and upon returning to the duchy to do such service to him, their Duke "over the water," as should help him in any endeavour he might make to become *de facto* Duke of Normandy. It was, of course, quite to be expected that he should call them "*perditi traditores*" for making such a proposal; nevertheless, that proposal was quite in keeping with what had been the motive of the rebellion—the

conviction that men who held fiefs in England and Normandy would find it impossible to be faithful to each of their two masters, and must surely have suggested to the king the wisdom of laying the "*perditi traditores*" under obligation to himself, in case he should ever wish to engage their co-operation in any enterprise he might undertake against the duke. "Give us," they said in effect, "fresh grants of all we have hitherto held, whether in England or in Normandy; and we, *Normanni naturales* that we are, will own ourselves your natural born subjects, and support you in your claim to be the '*dominus terrenus*' of the duchy." It certainly is hard to see how natural born Normans could treat the king of England as their "*naturalis dominus*" and not believe him to be the legitimate lord of Normandy.

Before closing our notice of Mr. Freeman's account of the Red King's first campaign, it may be well to add that he is mistaken in saying that Orderic makes no mention of the siege of Pevensey, and that Tunbridge Castle had been defended by a brother of Richard Fitzgilbert. It was Richard Fitzgilbert's son who defended Tunbridge Castle; and Orderic, in his tenth book, makes distinct mention of the defence and surrender of Pevensey by the Count of Mortain.

There are, however, so many matters of incomparably higher moment clamouring for notice, that we must cut short our list of technical details. Mr. Freeman should not have allowed himself to be teased by the "*parvum*" in his edition of Orderic. "*Tunc Odo pontifex à rege Rufo impetrare tentavit ne tubicines in eorum egressu tubis canerent, sicut moris est dum hostes vincuntur et parvum oppidum capitur.*" "Why '*parvum*'?" asks Mr. Freeman. "Orderic, we are persuaded, never wrote '*parvum*;' it is a corrupt reading for '*per vim*.'"

The Count of Flanders, with whom the Red King had an interview at Dover in the summer of 1093, was not Robert the Frisian, but his son Robert the Jerusalemite. The latter, soon after his accession, received a letter from the Pope, which a series of events in the domestic history of Flanders that need not be discussed on this occasion oblige us to assign to the year 1092; and there are, besides, abundant other reasons for placing the death of the Frisian in that year, and not in 1093.

We must now pass to subjects of greater importance.

It would, we trust, be alien to our nature to search for faults in an author, and, having found them, to expose them to the gaze of the world without the justification of a high motive. That high motive we have, and it justifies the course we are taking.

Mr. Freeman, then, we are compelled to say, is far from fault-

less as an historian. He is too prone to see what he has beforehand resolved to see, and to close his eyes to visible facts which it is beside his purpose to notice; too prone to see what nobody ever saw before him or is likely to see after him, and to lay down the illusions of his mental vision as a law to mankind; too prone, when there is no evidence that an event took place, to conclude that it cannot have happened; and too prone to say one thing in his text and to relegate to a foot-note some other thing, which, if duly considered, should have led him materially to modify, if not to cancel, the more conspicuous statement.

These are not light charges, and we think we shall be able to prove them.

Mr. Freeman's account of the surrender of Rochester is almost immediately followed by a narrative spread over more than thirty pages of alleged proceedings between the king and William of Saint-Calais, Bishop of Durham; proceedings in the course of which that prelate is said to have appealed to the Pope against the judgment of the King's Court. Mr. Freeman makes much of this story, and for a curious reason. He has taken St. Anselm into his especial patronage, and although he has not gone so far as to canonize him—for he always calls him Anselm—he nevertheless deems him a "saintly person," and "one of the truest of saints," and has, indeed, gone to the extraordinary and exceptional length of himself styling him a "natural saint." This last phrase is so strange in theology that we presume it to have been invented by Mr. Freeman in his capacity of private doctor.

But then comes the awkward fact that this great and natural saint once appealed to the Pope, and it is to clear him of the presumed disgrace of having been the first bishop in our island to do so, that Mr. Freeman tries to raise a worse than questionable story to the dignity of historical narrative. "It was not Anselm," he cries (i. 497), "who had taken the first and greatest step towards the establishment of foreign and usurped jurisdiction within the realm." "It is no small matter to be able to show that it was not Anselm who was the first to appeal from an English Court to the See of Rome," to show that it was not Anselm who laid down "the rule against which Englishmen had yet to strive for more than four hundred years" (i. 5); not Anselm from whose mouth "men who were English by birth or settlement for the first time heard the doctrine that the king of the English had a superior on earth, that the Witan of England could be rightly appealed from to a foreign power" (i. 119).

Now what we have to note is, not the windy rhetoric of these phrases, but their utter inconsistency with what Mr. Freeman says in other places. For, after telling us (i. 326) that it is most important to remember that Anselm was not the first to appeal

to the Pope, he invites us, in "Additions and Corrections," on page xlii., to subjoin "In strictness Anselm did not appeal to the Pope at all." In which of these statements is Homer napping, and in which of them does he know what he is saying?

But, however, whether "Anselm" appealed or did not appeal to the Pope—we have not yet done with the topic, and shall revert to it again—Mr. Freeman makes no doubt that Bishop William of Saint-Calais had appealed before him, and, in order that we may think as he does, stands sponsor to a very suspicious story about that prelate. He forgets, however, that the praise or the blame, the credit or the discredit, the glory or the dishonour, whichever it may be, of the first episcopal appeal to Rome against a royal sentence is not the praise or the blame, the credit or the discredit, the glory or the dishonour of the bishop that made it, but of the king that provoked it; and that, even if his contention be true, it only goes to show that the kings of England before William Rufus had known how to behave themselves.

Still, our present concern is not with the political or theological prepossessions of Mr. Freeman, but with his credulity as an historical critic. He does not perceive that the Latin of this wonderful story is that of a writer who thought in English at a time when our language had received a development undreamed of in the year 1088; or that the very occurrence in it of the word *feudum*, a word not certainly known to have been in use, and very probably thought not to have been in use, as early as 1088, lays it open to suspicion; or that its very construction and complexion invite us to believe it to be a romance amalgamated out of events in the reign of William the Conqueror before 1088 and in that of Henry II. in a subsequent age. And who, pray, was Hugh of Beaumont who laid the indictment against the bishop? If there be any great Norman house about which we have full and accurate information it is the house of Beaumont, and unless a miracle of concealment has taken place there was no such person in existence in 1088 as Hugh of Beaumont. Hugh of Meulan, the old count's brother-in-law, had retired to the cloister in 1078; and Hugh le Pauvre, the old count's grandson, was not yet born. Here, again, which is Homer awake and which is Homer napping—Mr. Freeman's text or Mr. Freeman's foot-note? In the former he tells us that the charge was made by Hugh of Beaumont; in the latter he adds, with strange *naïveté*, "I cannot identify this Hugh." Of course not; the man had no existence. Why, then, patronize an obviously suspicious document?

When Mr. Freeman is in an uncritical condition of mind he does strange things. Thus, on page 31 of the first volume he tells us, as if by way of allaying any suspicion we might be disposed to entertain of the genuineness of this wonderful docu-

ment, that in the year which followed the alleged transactions, one of the actors in them, Ralph Paganel by name, founded a priory at York. But—will the reader believe it?—he subjoins a foot-note, in which we are informed that the pontiff who confirmed this act was a certain Pope Alexander. What Pope Alexander is meant we need not inquire. It is enough to know that in the year 1089 there had been no Pope Alexander for nearly twenty years. And yet Mr. Freeman only finds it "hard to understand" how Pope Alexander can have performed a pontifical act after he had been dead and buried for half a generation!

But there are harder things than that to understand. We will content ourselves with noting one of them. If there be any ascertained fact in history it is this—that in 1095 William Rufus impeached the Archbishop of Canterbury for having presumed to mention the name of Pope Urban, on the ground that from the moment in which the Archbishop of Canterbury became his *homo* it had been the Archbishop's duty to await the royal initiative upon the subject, and that to anticipate that initiative was treason. And yet Mr. Freeman believes that in 1088, and at a time when for fear of the king no bishop in England dared acknowledge the Pope, one of their number in open court, and when the king was already greatly incensed, and in defiance of the king's authority, and in denial of the king's jurisdiction, appealed, and appealed, as Mr. Freeman will have it so, for the first time in history, from the king to Rome; did all this and escaped scathless! *Credat Judæus.*

But we pass from this to more important subjects. On the way, however, let us call attention to a note on page 104 of the first volume, a page which happens to lie open before us as we write. The note is upon the words attributed to the Bishop of Durham, "*beatum Petrum ejusque vicarium appello.*" To no Catholic, and, we should have thought, to no educated Protestant, is there any doubt as to the meaning of these words. Mr. Freeman thinks otherwise, and adds, that long years after they were uttered, and in the time of Thomas Stubbs, it was the doctrine of that historian that there was no need to go to Rome to find a Vicar of St. Peter; he believes, that is to say, that Thomas Stubbs, the illustrious Dominican who flourished in the fourteenth century, had so far departed from the ancient Catholic doctrine about the supreme authority of the Pope, as to believe and teach that the Archbishop of York was the Vicar of St. Peter in the same sense, of course—otherwise Mr. Freeman is trifling with his readers—as the Bishop of Rome. But this is not all; he refers us to his "Norman Conquest" (iv. 261) for further information; and what do we find? We find appended

to the simplest and most intelligible of remarks about York Minster, which, as all the world knows, was dedicated to St. Peter, the following comment:—"There is a certain satisfaction in finding the Vicar of St. Peter, not at Rome, but at York." Misplaced pleasantry like this is scarcely worthy of the muse, or of Mr. Freeman.

We have explained our author's reason for making much of an exceedingly suspicious document. It is that he may relieve St. Anselm of the praise or the blame, the credit or the discredit, the glory or the dishonour, of having been the first to appeal from a king of England to the Vicar of Jesus Christ. But why evince so lively an interest in St. Anselm? Why pronounce him so great a saint? Because he wants the educated men of England to believe that, in his best days at least, and until he was spoilt by intercourse with papists, St. Anselm was an exceedingly unpopal person. When the educated men of England shall have obeyed this behest of Mr. Freeman's, there will remain but two further concessions for them to make: first, that St. Anselm took the oath of Royal Supremacy; and secondly, that he signed the Thirty-nine Articles!

But whilst Mr. Freeman uses Anselm as material for a somewhat temerarious polemical romance, he is not particularly jealous of the sanctity of his "natural saint" before the moment at which that romance opens, and accepts without the slightest misgiving the sixteenth of the twenty-one meditations which in an uncritical age and by uncritical editors were published as compositions of St. Anselm's; and accepting it as genuine, does not pause to inquire whether, even so, it was written *in propria personâ*, or for some one else. He reads it, sees in it some very painful avowals, and forthwith informs us that the youth of his "natural saint" was licentious. Undaunted by this theological puzzle, and uncorrected by William of Malmesbury, whose declaration that Anselm's youth was never stained even by one glance of the eye inconsistent with holy purity,* lay before him as he wrote, he repeats the charge and says (i. 371):—

The youth for a while cast aside his piety. [He did nothing of the kind.] He cast aside his learning. [Here again Mr. Freeman is in error.] He gave himself to the thoughts and sports of the world [a curious charge in these days of muscular Christianity]. He even yielded to those temptations of the flesh which Wulfstan had withstood in the midst of his military exercises, and which Thomas† withstood in the midst of his worldly business.

* "Pueritiam egressus nunquam vel lasciviori aspectu castimoniam turbavit."—W. M., *De Gestis Pontificum*, lib. i.

† By "Thomas" we are to understand St. Thomas of Canterbury, who, by the way, is an "artificial" saint, if Mr. Freeman may be trusted.

As to the meditation upon which this last charge is based, it occurs to us that, even if Mr. Freeman were unwilling to accept the declaration of so eminent an authority as Luke Hotstein, that it was the work of an abbot of one of our famous Yorkshire monasteries, he would have done well to make some little investigation of the case upon his own account. We have examined it with some care, and are absolutely certain that the sixteenth of the twenty-one meditations assigned to St. Anselm was not composed by him. But even were there any reasonable suspicion that it might possibly be his, these very portions of it to which Mr. Freeman alludes, provide us with some curious evidence to the contrary. The piece, by whomsoever written, was addressed to an elder sister, or at any rate to a sister not much younger than the writer. St. Anselm had one sister, and there is no reason to believe that he ever had another. According to the hypothesis, then, she must have been some seventy years of age by the year 1100. At that time, however, as we learn from the saint's correspondence, her husband was a man in sufficient vigour to go as a crusader to the Holy Land, her eldest son was a mere boy, and she was only now relinquishing hope of fresh additions to her family. All this lay open before Mr. Freeman as he wrote. Why not take notice of it?

We observe, however, that there is another way of putting the case. The domestic history of St. Anselm's sister makes it evident that she cannot have been born before the year 1056; St. Anselm left home, never to return, in the year 1057, and we frankly own to a sense of that rare intellectual pleasure which is only elicited by the discovery of unexpected fitnesses in things when we perceive that the sister of the natural saint who passed his youth licentiously, herself a natural theologian, delivered lectures on morals as she lay in her cradle!

And now for Mr. Freeman's still graver accusations. We call them accusations, and in doing so we exercise no slight degree of self-control and abstain from characterizing them. Still accusations they are. He says (i. 403):—"No one has [had] called in question the right of the king of the English . . . to invest the prelates of his dominion with the pastoral staff. There is not one word in the whole story implying that any one had any scruple on the subject. Anselm clearly had none." The reader will please to make special note of anything which is "clear" to Mr. Freeman. We resume:—"He had received the staff of Bec from the Duke." The staff of Bec, as we are in a position to assure Mr. Freeman, had been buried with St. Anselm's predecessor. We resume again:—"If he was not ready to receive the staff of Canterbury from the king, it was not because of any scruple as to the mode of appointment, but because he

refused to accept the appointment, however made." Here is a fair specimen of Mr. Freeman's logic. Because St. Anselm had one objection he cannot have had a second. Because two and two are four, two and three are not five. Let Mr. Freeman argue thus, if he will; but let him not invite mankind to accept his conclusions. Again:—"Not a single English bishop has a word to say on the matter." Will Mr. Freeman oblige us by saying how many English bishops were present on that occasion, and then how many of the episcopate were servile Normans? He knows perfectly well that these men, or at any rate the majority of them, even if they had a strong conviction on the subject, were not the men to give utterance to it. "We could not look for such scruples in Wulstan, who had received his crosier from the holy Edward." This is a little too bad. When St. Edward the Confessor gave the crosier to St. Wulstan, the Church had not as yet forbidden bishops to do what St. Wulstan did. It is usual for historians to pay some slight regard to chronology. But, however, "If anything, the bishops seem to attribute a kind of mystic and almost sacramental efficacy to investiture by the king's hand." Of course! Mr. Freeman has decreed that the Red King's bishops were Protestants, and if his Anglican friends choose to believe him, by all means let them do so. There *are* follies which defy refutation. "Nor is there a word said on the rights of any electors." Indeed? Not one word? Not one word anywhere? We shall answer this question presently. "It is taken for granted that the whole matter rests with the king." Is it? We shall test this statement with as little delay as possible. "But it certainly does seem strange"—the reader will please to note very carefully every word of the sentence we are transcribing—"It certainly does seem strange when Bishop Gundulf of Rochester, in a letter to his old companions, the monks of Bec, tells them that the king had given the government of the church of Canterbury to their abbot, Anselm, by the advice and request of his great men, and by the petition and election of the clergy and people." To Mr. Freeman, indeed, it may seem strange that on the very day when these things happened a participator in them, and he a prelate of singular sanctity and unimpeachable veracity, should write an account of them which cannot be reconciled with that which Mr. Freeman has given to the world. To the majority of sober people the strange thing is, not that the testimony of a trustworthy witness cannot be reconciled with Mr. Freeman's account, written eight centuries after the event, but that Mr. Freeman's account, written eight centuries after the event, flatly contradicts the testimony of the trustworthy witness.

Now, does the reader understand us? Bishop Gundulf, who

was present on the occasion, distinctly says that the archbishopric of Canterbury had been conferred upon St. Anselm by William Rufus in pursuance of an election,—“*consilio et rogatu principum, cleri quoque et populi petitione et electione.*” Eight centuries later, Mr. Freeman forbids us to believe the saintly bishop, and requires us to believe himself. Here are his words (ii. 405) :—

It certainly does seem strange when Bishop Gundulf of Rochester, in a letter to the monks of Bec, tells them that the king had given the government of the church of Canterbury to their abbot Anselm, by the advice and request of his great men and by the petition and election of the clergy and people. We have often come across such phrases.

In plain English, this is not Mr. Freeman's first offence. The old-fashioned writers, who used to call St. Anselm and his friends “simple papists,” casting out their name as evil, were accuracy itself in comparison with our new lights. But we resume the quotation:—“We have often come across such phrases; and this case, where we know every detail, may help us to estimate their meaning in some other cases.”

All this in the text; but what in the foot-notes? We are grieved to have to say it, but our duty compels us to do so; Mr. Freeman in a foot-note lets us know that he attaches as little importance to St. Anselm as he does to Bishop Gundulf. Anselm himself says, “*Subdidi me dolens . . . electioni totius Angliæ.*” “Anselm himself” says this, and Mr. Freeman refuses to believe him!

Could we follow our own inclination, we should at once close “*The Reign of William Rufus,*” and have no more to do with it; but it is obvious that the thankless task of exposing the untrustworthiness of a writer of works on history is one of those tasks which, if performed at all, should be performed thoroughly; and as we have something to say about the election of St. Anselm we will say it at once.

Mr. Freeman knows his Orderic pretty well. What, then, says Orderic? He makes two statements, which we quote from M. Le Prévost's edition. The first is as follows:—“*Beccensis autem Anselmus . . . post triennium in cathedram Doroberniæ, ecclesiasticâ electione promotus, ascendit*” (iii. 309). The second is: “*Auditâ jussione regis de metropolitani electione, sancta ecclesia exultavit, conventum seniorum unâ congregavit et de negotio pro quo convenerant tractare cæpit? Tandem, consideratâ sanctitate et sapientiâ venerabilis Anselmi, concorditer omnes ipsum elegerunt in nomine Domini, multùmque renitentem secundum morem ecclesiasticum præposuerunt metropoli?*” (iii. 314.)

John of Salisbury, in his *Life of St. Anselm*, gives like evi-

dence:—"Languore tactus et sapientium motus consilio, acquiescit [rex] ut in archiepiscopum promoveatur Anselmus."

Matthew Paris (Hist. Major, s. a. 1094) says that the king's reason for wanting money from St. Anselm some few weeks after the consecration was "quòd gratis promotioni suæ annuisset." The promotion to which the king had consented can hardly have been his own act.

The author of the Life of Bishop Gundulf, a work which Mr. Freeman himself (i. 374) quotes, says (Migne, clix. 826):—"Videntes igitur episcopi et principes regni periculum imminens regi . . . ut eis in tanto discrimine primatem constituat humiliter implorant. Factum est autem. Audit rex eorum consilium, et, ipso annuente, omnes pariter, providente gratiâ Dei, Anselmum eligunt, electum advocant, vocatum . . . licèt totis viribus renitentem archiepiscopum statuunt."

We give our quotations in the original, that our readers may study them for themselves. But the list is not exhausted.

The author of the Life of Abbot William, St. Anselm's successor at Le Bec, says:—

"Cùm itaque prædicta ægritudine [rex] laboraret et pene jam de vitâ desperaret, admonitus est ab episcopis et principibus suis ut pro salute suâ aliquem virum bonum quæreret et Cantuariensem archiepiscopum constitueret, respondit "Quem?" "Abbatem," inquit "Becci, Anselmum." Quod verbum placuit regi et mox jubet illum accersiri. Ita regis et principum electione, cleri ac populi acclamatione, secundùm Dei dispositionem primas totius Britannia, licèt multùm renitens ac reclamans, elegitur." (Migne, cl. 715.)

That is to say, Orderic tells us that St. Anselm was "promoted to the throne" of St. Augustine "at Canterbury by ecclesiastical election;" Mr. Freeman tells us there was none.

John of Salisbury informs us that, "moved by the advice of the Witan, that Anselm be promoted to the archbishopric, the king acquiesced;" Mr. Freeman, who knows every detail, is better informed.

Matthew Paris distinctly implies that there had been an "election" before the king made the appointment; Mr. Freeman does not believe him.

The biographer of one of the chief actors in the business says that "the bishops and barons elected Anselm;" Mr. Freeman knows better.

Another writer who, as living at Le Bec, must have been accurately informed, tells us that the bishops and barons proposed Anselm's name to the king, who was delighted with their choice, and sent for the abbot; and adds, "Thus, by the election of king and peerage, by the acclamation of clergy and

people, he is, for so God ordered it, elected Primate of All Britain, notwithstanding his own vigorous resistance;" Mr. Freeman will have none of it.

St. Anselm himself says that he was elected by all England; Mr. Freeman declares that he was not.

Enough of this. Let us now turn to another subject—that of the alleged investiture of St. Anselm by the Red King.

In his "*History of the Norman Conquest*," Mr. Freeman declared (v. 137) not, as all the world knows, that the Red King offered St. Anselm the crosier, but that St. Anselm accepted that symbol at his hand; "Anselm received the staff from the king's hand;" and now that he has occasion to revert to the subject, he does so in a manner which is scarcely worthy of himself. That a man, however blinded by polemical prepossession, should repeat such a statement with Eadmer's "*Historia Novorum*" lying open before him, would be impossible. But why, with Eadmer's narrative under his eye, does Mr. Freeman not revoke the statement? Why, instead of revoking it, does he say, and that on no authority but his own, that the saint *would have* received the crosier in spite of Pope and popery, if only this, that, and the other? Surely, this is scarcely ingenuous.

In his earlier work, Mr. Freeman further said, "He (St. Anselm) became the king's man." So he did, but not as Mr. Freeman then suggested, in spite of the Church's prohibition. That gentleman's words are, "He received the staff from the king's hand, he became the king's man," as though homage had been at the time to which he alludes in the same category with investiture. It would not have detracted from his reputation to avow that during the sixteen years which have elapsed since he penned this dual statement, he has pushed his studies in ecclesiastical history so far as to ascertain that St. Anselm disobeyed no law of the Church when, in 1093, he paid homage to a layman. No theologian has ever blamed that act; and we presume that Mr. Freeman, now that he is better informed than he was sixteen years ago, does not blame it, and does not deem it blameable by others; and in exact proportion to his unwillingness sixteen years ago to convey a false impression must surely be his zeal now to rectify the unwitting wrong then done. And if so, why not? Surely the error was grave enough to be worth correcting.

But we have not done with Mr. Freeman yet.

We beg leave to repeat what we said just now—that, writing with Eadmer's narrative open before him, he cannot say that St. Anselm received the crosier from the king. And further, we beg leave to repeat that, with Eadmer's narrative open before him,

he, nevertheless, abstains from saying that he did not do so. Why is this? This is a question which can be better answered by Mr. Freeman than by us, and all that we need do is to quote a passage written by him in a subsequent portion of the first volume—"He had, without scruple or protest, received the staff of Canterbury from the son of the Conqueror" (i. 575). We fear that Mr. Freeman's memory is failing. Within a hundred and forty-four pages of the place where he recorded the saint's protest against the whole proceeding; within a hundred and seventy-one pages of the place where Eadmer's account obliged him to know that Anselm did not receive the crosier from the king; within a hundred and seventy-five pages of the place where he told us that the crosier was forced on Anselm by "sheer violence," he has so completely forgotten the whole story of the saint's appointment, as categorically to declare that he, "without scruple or protest, received the staff of Canterbury" at the hands of William Rufus.

We think our readers must by this time be growing aware that the task we have undertaken is not a particularly agreeable one.

At every important stage of the history does Mr. Freeman try to convince the people of England that St. Anselm was a mere Anglican, who cared not a snap of the fingers for Pope or popery; but only to show how bad a brief he holds. Here is another instance. In the early spring of 1095, and thus some fourteen months after his consecration, the holy primate asked leave of the king to go to Rome for the pallium. Mr. Freeman knows this; but, knowing it, concludes, with his usual temerity, that there is nothing else to know, and informs us that, although the "natural saint" had been archbishop for now fourteen months, "he had as yet done nothing towards acknowledging" the Vicar of Jesus Christ—had, in fact, taken "no step which involved the acknowledgment of Urban or of any Pope;" and then, not satisfied with making such a statement, takes care to add—"With Anselm moral questions came first" (i. 481). Here, then, is a distinct suggestion that with Anselm it was not a moral question whether or not he should acknowledge the Pope; not a moral question whether or not he should apply to him for the pallium; not a moral question whether or not he might commit an offence against the Church's law the punishment of which was deprivation. These were, none of them, according to Mr. Freeman, moral questions; and hence it was, according to Mr. Freeman, that "his natural saint" let fourteen months elapse without troubling his head about them. In other words, his "natural saint" was but a sorry papist, for, at any rate, the first year or two of his primacy.

Now, our readers, or such of them as have a copy of "The Reign of William Rufus," will, if they please, turn to vol. i. p. 418, where they will find these words:—"The whole case was set forth at length by Anselm, in a letter to . . . Hugh, Archbishop of Lyons;" and in a note they will perceive that Mr. Freeman regards that letter as a most important one. It is, therefore, to be presumed that he has read it; it is the twenty-fourth of the third book of the saint's correspondence.

Our readers will further oblige us by turning to p. 576 of Mr. Freeman's second volume, and there they will find him alluding to Ep. iii. 24, as "the great letter to Archbishop Hugh of Lyons, to which I have often referred." Very good.

Now, we turn to the letter itself; and as we read it we feel ourselves palsied with amazement; and when we get to the final word, exclaim that either Mr. Freeman's memory must be in the last degree untrustworthy, or that he has only read part of the second half of a document to which he attaches a unique importance; for the first half makes it as clear as a hundred noon-days that the saint *did* speak about the pallium, and *did* ask leave to go and get it, certainly within two months, and probably within one, of his consecration!

Here, then, is another illustration of what we have been saying, that Mr. Freeman thinks it impossible that anything can have happened of which he does not remember to have read a record. We fear, however, that we must add that he seems to be prompted by some malign inspiration as to what to read and what to leave unread; for, after all, the second half of the letter contains the following passage immediately after the one to which particular reference is made on p. 420 of the first volume:—

There is another thing which I am thinking. If I do not within a full year of my consecration to a metropolitan see go in quest of living Pope and of pallium, I am by canon law to be deprived of the dignity. If, then, it be so that I cannot do this my duty without losing the archbishopric, it had better be taken from me by force; or, rather, I had better have no more to do with it, than be untrue to the Pope. This is what I think, and what I am resolved to do, unless you write to tell me why I should not do it.*

That is to say—although in the winter of 1093, St. Anselm had requested leave of the king to go to see the Pope; although

* "Est et aliud quod similiter cogito. Si metropolitanus sacratus episcopus per totum primum annum nec papam viventem nec pallium requiro, cum possum, justè ab illo honore removendus sum. Quòd si hoc facere nequeo sine amissione archiepiscopatus, melius mihi est ut mihi violenter auferatur, immo melius est ut ego archiepiscopatum rejiciam, quàm ut apostolicum abnegem. Sic cogito, et sic facere volo, si mihi non scribitis cur hoc facere non debeam."

in the course of 1094 he had made up his mind to throw up the archbishopric rather than let the canonical term of twelve months expire without paying his visit *ad limina apostolorum*; Mr. Freeman knows better, and informs us that he permitted fourteen months to pass without troubling himself with what to him was not a moral question!

But Mr. Freeman wings a yet bolder flight when, bringing us to the famous episode at the Council at Rockingham (i. 506), in which the Primate interrupted the Bishop of Durham and appealed to the Pope, he assures us that he did nothing of the kind. "Then they all in a moment realized a fact," says Eadmer, "of which they had not bethought themselves . . . that an Archbishop of Canterbury cannot be judged or condemned by any man save only the Pope; and that unless he chooses to do so, he is not bound to give account of himself to any one save to the Pope." "No, no," cries our misguided romancer, "don't believe what Eadmer says; he was an Englishman, it is true, bred at Canterbury, well informed as to the rights and privileges of the Archbishops of Canterbury, and not given to lies; nevertheless, I forbid you to believe him, please to listen to me." Very well, then, we listen, and this is the whisper we hear: "It was that wicked Pope Urban II. who put these fancies into Eadmer's head, and into Anselm's, years after the Rockingham meeting; I, therefore, forbid you to believe what Eadmer says. Anselm did not appeal."

Now, all this is so atrocious and so amazing that we are glad to forget it for a moment; as indeed we do, when on turning the leaf we find an allusion to the patience of Job—none could, in our case, be more apposite—and learn, thanks to an unhappy slip of the pen, that when Job was tempted it was not the patriarch but the devil who sat on the dunghill.

In sober truth, Mr. Freeman's meaning from first to last seems to be that we are to believe nobody but Mr. Freeman, and stand by unmoved whilst he dresses up in Protestant masquerade a saint who, as any one must know who cares to read St. Anselm's letters, rather than for one moment forget his duty to the Holy See, would gladly have died a thousand deaths.

For what is Mr. Freeman's purpose in all these unscrupulous escapades? The purpose is to make it appear that St. Anselm began his archiepiscopate an Anglican; that he remained an Anglican for four whole years from his nomination, and for three years and a half from his consecration; and that it was not till 1097 that he troubled himself about Rome and Romanism, but that then, alas!—that then, in the year 1097, little knowing what wicked people Popes are, and how cruelly he would be undeceived when it was all too late—he took it into his head that

perhaps Urban might have something to say to comfort him; and, distressed with the lengths to which the theory of the royal supremacy had been pushed, the lack of discipline in the Church he had been set to rule, the worldliness of a time-serving episcopate: then, then in an evil moment he caught an ill-fated glimpse of the "majestic and attractive side of the Roman system," and began to dream of "distant Rome" as of a "blessed haven of rest from the troubles and sorrows of England." He looked around him, and there was none to help. The Bishop of Rochester, personally pious and strictly evangelical in life and doctrine, was, nevertheless, intellectually feeble, as might be expected in a man with his views. His southern neighbour, the Bishop of Chichester, was a good *via media* man; good at protests, good at stirring speeches, good at the art of liberating his conscience with much noise and bluster: but, like all other *via media* men, good at settling down again into the old routine, and tolerating what he had sworn was intolerable. The Bishop of Salisbury, an advanced ritualist (i. 533, 586), though not a Romanizer, was a man with whom he had little in common; and, sad to say, all the rest of them were mere Erastians. So, then, he brooded over the griefs of the State-church till he "reached the verge of fanaticism" (i. 586), and nursed the idea of getting help at Rome until the condition of his mind—as is "clear"* to Mr. Freeman (i. 584)—became quite "unhealthy." And so at last he went to Rome, but it was "not for his good." The scarlet lady made a fool of him; and, such were her enchantments, he was never able to shake her off. The Pope, after flattering and caressing him, bamboozled and betrayed him; but still the spell was on him, and he never shook it off. And when he came back to England, though he was in character as sweet, in manner as attractive, in heart as full of sympathy as ever, in temper even meeker and more gentle than ever; yet, "in all things which touched the relations of popes, kings, and bishops, he came back another man."

Nevertheless, although so sadly changed upon all matters which related to the royal supremacy, Anselm's old self was the same. His singular susceptibility of heart and extraordinary subtilty of intellect had made a Romanist of him, and there was no logical way out of Romanism. Still, he was a convert and was characteristically inconsistent; for, although it was the abuse of the doctrine of the royal supremacy, and the extravagant assertion of the claims which found formal expression in the ceremonies of

* This is a favourite word of Mr. Freeman's. We cannot recal a single instance in which it does not mean the precise contrary.

investiture and homage that had driven him to Rome, his conscience never revolted against them; and if he refused to fall in with them the reason was not that he had any scruple of his own about them (ii. 377), but "simply" because it was a "question of obedience."

It is well for Mr. Freeman's silly romance that he ends his book where he does. He might well have carried on his story to the Battle of Tenchebrai, and so to the end of St. Anselm's public career, which came to a close within a year of that event. Had he done so, he would have found that St. Anselm, so far from being a passive agent of the Pope's on the subject of homage and investiture, was so zealous in the cause for which he fought, that the Archbishop of Lyons wrote to him begging him not to be so obstinate, and to yield an unaffected obedience to the Pope's orders—"ne sententiam vestram pluris faciendo quàm apostolicam auctoritatem non solùm sæculo et regno verùm etiam ecclesiæ et sacerdotio resistere judicemini" (Ep. iii. 124). We make no doubt, however, that if Mr. Freeman lives to continue his task he will not read this hundred and twenty-fourth letter of the third book of the saint's correspondence, or that if he does he will very soon forget it.

But why spend more time over a writer who has broken down at every stage of his contention? To make good his contention he had to maintain that St. Anselm was a mere nominee of the crown, and that he said that about himself which, in plain English, he knew to be untrue. That statement we have ground to powder.

To make good his contention he had to maintain, first, that the saint was not unwilling to receive lay investiture, and then that he actually did receive it. If Mr. Freeman lives till he proves the first of these statements his immortality is assured; the second is one which we cannot characterize, our vocabulary not containing a word which accurately describes it.

To make good that contention he had to maintain that it was not till the saint had incurred deprivation by not going to Rome for the pallium that he troubled his head upon the subject. We have shown from the saint's correspondence that there could be no greater mistake, and that the very document which most effectually refutes it is one with which Mr. Freeman professes to be perfectly familiar.

In days gone by young men who were preparing for Anglican orders were given books to read, in which the sweet and attractive Anselm was described as a wicked papist; and some of them, unable to understand the contradiction, bought the saint's works, bought Eadmer's life of him, bought Eadmer's "*Historia Novorum*," and refused to relinquish their quest of a solution of

their difficulty till they should have solved it; and ere they had solved it, found themselves—thanks to God's infinite mercy—yearning for communion with that See of which St. Anselm was the uncompromising champion. This is how things were.

But now things are different. The object now is to fill the imagination of young men preparing for Anglican orders with visions of an ideal Anglican who turned to Rome for consolation and was dazzled and betrayed, but yet was so mastered by Rome's deadly fascination that when his old friends saw him again they found him "quite another man;" very holy, no doubt, but, alas! not the same. Be it so. Those who resort to methods like this do so on their own responsibility. But there is a prophecy on which we will venture, and it is this: that for one man, young, generous and truth-loving, who in the old days turned from authors like Inett to read for himself the hundred and fifty-eighth, and the hundred and fifty-ninth volumes of the "Series Latina" of the Abbé Migne's "Patrologia," ten such will recoil with an unerring instinct from the inconsistencies, the contradictions, the desperate shifts and the sham omniscience of polemical romances like Mr. Freeman's, to ascertain from original sources what it was that underlay the contest which from end to end of Christendom made the days in which William Rufus lived for ever memorable. And what will they learn? They will learn that in St. Anselm's estimate God has no dearer interest in this world than the independence of His Church—*nihil magis diligit Deus in hoc mundo quam libertatem ecclesiæ suæ*—and that the only guarantee of the Church's independence is this, that she is founded on a Rock, and that that Rock is Peter, "*Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam.*"

These words of our Divine Lord were the sheet-anchor of St. Anselm from the beginning to the end of his terrible trial, and all the clumsy craft of modern Anglicanism is impotent to undo the fact.



ART. VIII.—IRELAND.

THE first place in any article on Ireland at this time is due to the joint Letter of the Irish Episcopate, which was issued to the faithful on Sunday, June 11. It is a document of the utmost gravity, and it has already produced the happiest effects. To our view, however, its importance does not lie in its condemning non-payment of just debts, resistance to the law, outrage, murder, and secret societies. These things the Bishops of

Ireland have condemned repeatedly, and within the last three months, without waiting for a general meeting of the hierarchy. Neither is the point of the letter found in that grave, yet measured, paragraph which imputes the blame of agrarian crime in large proportion to the atrocious and multiplied evictions. But the Irish Bishops have now made a declaration which, if we mistake not, will be the starting-point of a new period in the history of justice to Ireland. "The National movement," they assure their flocks, "purged from what is criminal and guarded against what leads to crime, shall have our earnest support, and that of our clergy." It may not be easy to say what is comprehended under the term "National movement"; it was impossible, for many reasons, to be precise or explicit; but this much is quite certain that the Irish Bishops wish their flocks and the Government to understand clearly that there is a "National" cause for which Irishmen are striving; that the Irish clergy throughout the length and breadth of Ireland intend to discuss, define, and promote it; and that, whilst carefully guarding against what is criminal or illegal, they do not intend to rest until the country is satisfied. It is probably true to say that no such unanimous declaration was ever before made by the Bishops of Ireland. The following is the text of the joint Letter:—

"In the social crisis through which Ireland is now passing, and which must long and deeply affect moral as well as material interests, you have a right to expect that your Bishops would give you advice and direction, and help to remove those perplexities with which the most enlightened as well as the best disposed are now beset. Pressed by the duty we owe you in this conjuncture, and anxious beyond expression for your temporal as well as for your spiritual welfare, we have considered at our meeting, amongst other subjects, the present condition of our beloved country, and now hasten to communicate to you the result of those deliberations.

"Let us premise that in forming our judgments we have been influenced chiefly by the consideration of your spiritual interests, and have been solely guided by the dictates of conscience and by the ever just and beneficent law of God. To you, the devoted children of the Catholic Church, enlightened by Faith and obedient to the Divine Precept of seeking first the Kingdom of God and His justice, to you, as to ourselves, it is and must be an undoubted truth that, in all questions, social and political as well as religious, the law of God is our supreme and infallible rule; that what is morally wrong cannot be politically right; and that an act which God forbids us to do cannot possibly benefit either ourselves or our country.

"Applying those principles to events every day occurring around us, and to the important questions which now absorb the attention of our people, we see dangers against which we must raise our warning voice, and not a few excesses, which we must deeply lament, and unequivocally condemn.

"It is true that on religious as well as political grounds, it is the indisputable right of Irishmen to live on and by their own fertile soil, and be free to employ the resources of their country for their own country for their own profit. It is, moreover, the admitted right, and often the duty, of those who suffer oppression, either from individuals or from the State, to seek redress by every lawful means; and to help in obtaining such redress is a noble work of justice and charity. On those grounds it is that the object of our national movement has had the approval and blessing, not only of your priests and bishops, but of the sovereign Pontiff himself; and has been applauded in our own and in foreign countries by all men of just and generous minds without distinction of race or creed. It must, however, be well known to you, as indeed it is to the world at large, that in the pursuit of your legitimate aims means have been from time to time employed which are utterly subversive of social order and opposed to the dictates of justice and charity. It is to those unlawful means we desire to direct your attention, and especially to the following :—

"1st. Refusing to pay just debts when able to pay them.

"2nd. Preventing others from paying their just debts.

"3rd. Injuring the neighbour in his person, his right, or property.

"4th. Forcibly resisting the law and those charged with its administration, or inciting others to do so.

"5th. Forming secret associations for the promotion of the above or other like objects, or obeying the orders of such condemned associations.

"Under each of these heads numerous offences, all more or less criminal, have been committed, fearfully prominent amongst them being the hideous crime of murder, which even at the moment we address you horrifies the public conscience, disgraces our country, and provokes the anger of the Almighty.

"Against all and each of these offences we solemnly protest in the name of God and of His Church; and we declare it to be your duty to regard as the worst enemy of our creed and country the man who would recommend or justify the commission of any one of them. We solemnly appeal to all our flocks, especially to the youth of both sexes, not only to have no connection with secret societies, but to condemn and oppose them as being hostile alike to religion and to social freedom and progress.

"Let us now assure you that the National movement, purged

from what is criminal and guarded against what leads to crime, shall have our earnest support and that of our clergy.

"A considerable instalment of justice has within the last few years been given to the tenant-farmers of Ireland. To them and to other classes of our countrymen, especially to the labouring class, much more is due; and it is your duty and ours to press our claims until they are conceded.

"In every peaceful and just movement of yours the clergy shall be with you, to guide, and, if necessary, to restrain you; but you must not expect them to do what in conscience they condemn. They cannot be the sowers of hatred and dissension amongst their flocks—they cannot under any pretext tolerate, much less countenance, lawlessness and disorder. They will work manfully with and for you, but in the light of day, with lawful arms, and for just and laudable objects; and we feel assured that your filial obedience to their instructions and to the admonitions given in this brief address will bring down the Divine blessing on our country, save it from the evils with which it is threatened, and lead it speedily to prosperity and peace.

"Before concluding, we feel it our duty to declare, without in any sense meaning to excuse the crimes and offences we have condemned, that in our belief they would never have occurred had not the people been driven to despair by evictions and the prospect of evictions for the non-payment of exorbitant rents; and, furthermore, that the continuance of such evictions, justly designated by the Prime Minister of England as sentences of death, must be a fatal permanent provocative to crime, and that it is the duty of all friends of social order, and especially of the Government, to put an end to them as speedily as possible, and at any cost.

"Earnestly beseeching our loving Lord to bestow on you and on our afflicted country the wisdom, piety, and fortitude of His Divine spirit, and to teach you to prefer the treasures of His grace to all the goods of this earth, we heartily impart to you our pastoral blessing.

"Dublin, June 10, 1882."

Here follow the signatures of Cardinal M^cCabe, of three archbishops, and of twenty-four bishops.

We repeat that the significance of this letter does not lie in its condemnation of crime. It is only the English public, blindly reading its English newspapers, who are unaware that in letter after letter and speech after speech the bishops and clergy of Ireland have been uttering their abhorrence of outrage and murder, and imploring their flocks to have no part with men who

break the law of God or man. No doubt this distinct enumeration and branding of the chief classes of crime which have been recently but too common in Ireland will go far to check them. It is difficult to prevent an impoverished and suffering people from acts of retaliation. Murder will never be common in Catholic Ireland. A murder will always be a rare and appalling crime, and will generally be the work of the hired agent of a secret organization. But acts of outrage and vengeance, short of murder, are often made light of by men who despair of justice, and find themselves and their families without bread. It is not so very long ago that industrial England—Lancashire, Cheshire, and South Wales—was acquainted with the incendiary fire and the midnight outrage, and even with premeditated assassination. The calm voice, therefore, of the Episcopate, heard from every altar in Ireland, will do much in persuading the hot and angry peasantry to listen to the law of God. But the Bishops have declared that Ireland has a “National” cause, and that peaceful and lawful agitation in the national cause is just and worthy of praise. Ireland, they hold, is a nation. If she is a nation, her national religion must be respected, her people must be free from vexatious interference, her children must be allowed to live by the land, and her Executive must not be made up of foreigners. On May 23 the Archbishop of Cashel made a speech at Limerick, which we quote as showing what the best men in Ireland are saying at this moment. It is quite true that Archbishop Croke is more outspoken, or, if you will, more extreme, than most of his brethren. But we believe that he truly represents central Ireland—the Ireland which is on the whole both most Catholic and most determined. And if we compare this speech with the joint letter just cited, it will be seen that, allowing for the difference of phrase and circumstance, the speaker and those who agree with him were not in an absolute minority at the meeting of the Bishops. The speech was in reply to an address from the Young Men’s Society of Limerick:—

His Grace recalled the first time, thirty years before, that he addressed a meeting of county Limerick men. A young man, he was then, as now, for he had never changed, upholding the people’s cause—the cause of tenant right. And then he first came to know, what he had since learned so well, that no people in Ireland—not even the sons of gallant Tipperary—surpassed in patriotism, determination, or dash the people of the county of Limerick. Now, what was the aim of the present agitation? Was it anything revolutionary, opposed to the principles of justice, subversive of law, and so unfit for the patronage or support of an ecclesiastic in his position? These things were said of the Irish agitation and the Irish demand and of his own political action. But they were untrue; for what was the Irish

demand? It was briefly this:—That Ireland should be governed by Irishmen and according to Irish ideas. And was this revolutionary, unreasonable? Was not France governed by Frenchmen, Spain by Spaniards, England by Englishmen, and even poor Poland by Poles? And what was the case in Ireland? All the governors of Ireland were Englishmen—Lord Lieutenant, Chief Secretary, Under Secretary. Yet there were Irishmen, and plenty, fit for such offices. In what department did the Irish genius fail? As statesmen, orators, soldiers, Irishmen had stood, and were still standing, in the first rank. There was no lack of Irish talent. It was a crying injustice, then, to give to strangers—however able or honest—the posts of power in Ireland which belonged by every right to Irishmen. But not only did the people of this country demand that Ireland should be governed by Irishmen, but that she should be governed according to Irish ideas. An honest Englishman was fifty times better as a governor in Ireland than an anti-Irish Irishman. Such men prevented Englishmen from gaining any true knowledge of Ireland and Irish ideas. Such unnatural sons of Ireland loved her only as long as they could batten and fatten on her fields—they loved her for gold. What did such men know or care about Irish ideas? And Irish ideas of government were not so strange—they were the ideas of every people on the face of the earth. That an industrious Irish farmer should be allowed to live and thrive unmolested in his Irish home—that the Irish labourer should first receive of the fruits of Irish earth—these were Irish ideas, and, according to these ideas, and such as these, Irishmen should govern Ireland; and until such governors and such ideas of government prevailed in Ireland—until this fair, reasonable demand of the Irish people was granted—they would never lay down their arms, never cease from agitating and struggling through weal and woe—respecting the rights of others, while vigorously asserting their own, until at length they had reached this glorious consummation.

There cannot be the least doubt that the present troubles and difficulties owe their origin almost entirely, and their peculiar bitterness quite entirely, to the long-continued injustice of the policy of England. That policy has been, partially, at least, revoked and reversed. But the past is irrevocable; and to root up an evil crop and bring good seed to maturity will take as long as the original mischief was in the doing. And however good may be the will and the intentions of the British nation and parliament at this moment, there seems to be no chance—except, perhaps, on one condition—of the peace and stability necessary for working out great measures of reform. The Land difficulty might be grappled with; the question of arrears might be adjusted; the lawless secret organization which makes tools of an impulsive peasantry might be rooted out—if these were the only matters which demanded settlement. But there is a much deeper movement, and a far more powerful current to be counted with in the Irish question of the hour. This, it is useless to

deny, is the question of Ireland's legislative independence, or Home Rule. Ever since certain words were spoken by Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons at the beginning of March, the concession of Home Rule for Ireland has been perceived to be only a matter of time. There is no doubt that the time is not very distant. There is every reason why Ireland should have what she demands. For ourselves, we need hardly say that we are very far indeed from contending, in the abstract, that every province, people, or petty nationality should rule itself in its own way. We hold that where a people is justly governed, with substantial liberties and equal rights, the question of nationality is generally a mischievous one. With regard to Ireland, it really seems as if it were impossible for England to rule her in justice and in peace, because it is impossible for Englishmen to understand her people. The only thing which the average Englishman understands—that is, cares to enter into—about the Irish people is, that it is their duty to pay their rent. Their religion he despises and hates, their temperament he laughs at, their national virtues he mocks, their faults and weaknesses he bitterly denounces. It is quite true that this is not the tone of publicly expressed opinion at the present day. There is a good deal of it even in print—as any one may convince himself who takes up certain of the miserable so-called “Society” journals; but when an Englishman writes he may be presumed to reflect, and when he reflects on his feelings towards the Irish people, he recognizes in a certain degree their unjust bitterness; and, being ashamed for himself and his forefathers, he endeavours to be serious, impartial, considerate and sympathetic. But the effort he has to make cannot be mistaken for a moment. The very excuses, palliations or admissions which he sets down demonstrate that he has in his own heart a standard to which he has no hope that his Irish fellow-creatures will ever attain. His standard is a compound of Protestantism, British prejudice, and well-to-doism. And it follows that the utterances of most Englishmen, from that of a friendly Lord-Lieutenant down to the editor of a provincial daily paper, are, with regard to Irishmen and Irish affairs, tinctured with so much unconscious patronage, superiority, and snobbishness, that it is no wonder if they disgust the very people they are intended to conciliate. Meanwhile, in the mass of English society, behind the scenes, where there are no constituencies to be flattered and no “liberal” principles to be ostentatiously adhered to, the bitterness and contempt to which we have referred are indulged in with very little restraint indeed. Unfortunately, we are obliged to admit that this holds good not only of Protestant society, but of Catholic as well. It is so difficult to understand—or rather to feel—that the refusal of a

certain number of Irish tenants to pay their rents is not the whole of the Irish question. The poverty of a large proportion of the kingdom, the wholesale evictions, the widespread absenteeism which drains the country—these aspects of the Irish difficulty are not matters which can be dealt with by a policeman, by a Chief Secretary, or by an Order in Council. They have assumed the proportions of national calamity; and nothing but political measures of national magnitude can heal the people whom they afflict. It is hard not to feel for one's self or one's neighbour when Irish estates pay no rents. To be angry or sympathetic is natural enough, and is not unjust or unreasonable. But it is only poor and narrow minds who refuse to see in the Irish troubles anything except a resistance to the payment of just debts.

But it is not only that English society and English officialism (however well-intentioned) cannot enter into the Irish character. The English themselves have encouraged the Irish people to demand and expect legislative independence. English policy and feeling during at least thirty-five years has been in the direction of the promotion of national "autonomy," as it is called. They have backed Kossuth, Mazzini, Cavour, Garibaldi. They have smiled on Greece, the Southern States of America, the Danubian Principalities—on Slav and on Czech. The sympathy, the money, and the political influence of England have been freely given wherever the shadow of oppression seemed to rest. The doctrine of Home Rule is the doctrine of the British people; applicable all the world over—except to Catholic Poland and Catholic Ireland. The Irish nation has taken up this cry slowly. It almost seems as if the idea had been forced upon them by the iteration of the English press and the tone of the people of England. But, the word once grown familiar, there is no chance of its being dropped. England has no principles and no logic to silence it. She can only plead two things against its being put to the proof in Ireland; one is, that Ireland has really all she wants, and the second is, that the safety of the British Empire demands that Ireland and England should be bound together by the bond of a common legislature. To the first plea, Ireland returns a loud denial. In answer to the second, she points to Canada and to Australia, in proof that a province may be a loyal member of the Empire and yet have its own legislative independence. But even if legislative independence should necessarily lead to separation, the British nation is in no position to rebuke the Irish leaders if they refuse to see any force in that argument, and if they decline to shrink from the prospect of separation itself. It is needless to say here that, for our own part, we should regard the separation of Ireland from England as most disastrous to both countries,

and that we consider any attempt to bring it about to be nothing less than treason condemned by the laws of God and man. But with what face can this be said by the politicians and the press of England, who have patronized every robber and filibuster for forty years?

The Irish difficulty, then, is the creation of England herself. England has no logical ground from which to condemn anything that is happening in that country except the murders, the outrages, and the unjust refusal to pay rent where it is possible to pay. But the outrages and, above all, the murders are most evidently the work of a secret society; a society with which the people partially sympathize, so far as to refuse to aid in active measures for its extermination, but from which they withhold all active co-operation. As Sir William Harcourt emphatically said in his opening speech on the Bill now under discussion:—

There is a cancerous sore . . . which corrodes and corrupts Ireland's healthy frame. It is the sore which springs from the baneful existence of secret societies and unlawful combinations. (Hear, hear.) To that foul disease it is necessary that the surgeon's knife should be applied. We have to cauterize and to extirpate it. It is not necessary that I should attempt any elaborate proof of the existence of this pernicious evil. This poison that courses through the veins of the Irish social system is revealed in its effects. It breaks out into deeds which are alien altogether to the nature and genius of the Irish people—a people generous, warm-hearted, impulsive, excitable perhaps, but who are not barbarians, nor cruel, nor savage in their nature. If that be so, what is the history of these midnight outrages and these daylight assassinations—(hear, hear)—these murders of undefended women and noble men? This is not the work of the mass of the Irish nation. They shrink from such deeds with horror, with dismay, and even with terror. These felon and miscreant deeds are the work of secret gangs of nocturnal conspirators, of hired assassins.

Whether this Prevention Bill is the best way to meet this great evil is a question to which we must revert further on.

It is necessary, however, to dwell for one moment on these outrages, and especially on these murders, which have justly roused such intensity of feeling in England. It is necessary to distinguish carefully between the perpetrators of the assassinations themselves and the mass of the disaffected Irish people. In every time of national exasperation, associations are formed for secret and desperate purposes. Their promoters are desperate men, who get together a band as desperate as themselves. There are always such men drifting about in every country. Their trade is violence, and their tastes and habits fit them for nothing else. But in peaceful and contented times they have no chance.

A man's neighbours are better detectives than any policeman. A violent rough must eat and drink and sleep; he must be seen and he must be known by many. In ordinary times no man could carry a gun, no two men could consort together, no shooter or stabber could run away, without being known and denounced, if not the first time, at least the second or the third. But when the mass of the people are exasperated against a government, or even against a class, then the hour of the depredator has come. He arms, he plots, he conspires, he strikes—and though his neighbours know him, they stand silent and make no sign. To a certain extent, we believe this to be true of Ireland at the present moment, as it has been true but too often during the present century. The people of Ireland are not murderously inclined, as Mr. Cowen, amid cheers, assured the House of Commons. But they are exasperated; and they will hardly lift a finger or utter a word to bring certain classes of evil-doers to justice. Their crimes they would not imitate; their society they detest and condemn; but they will not help a Government or a class to which they, rightly or wrongly, attach the blame of provoking these criminals by their own want of justice or of prudence. The prevalence of agrarian crime in Ireland, then, is the work of bands of desperate men, with whom the people have no part or lot. The sullen silence of a whole people (so far as they are silent—for they do speak sometimes) is owing to the angry feelings with which they regard those against whom the outrages are aimed. But is there cause for this exasperation of the Irish people? The Bishops of Ireland give the true answer, and it is one which should be better understood by Englishmen:—

We feel it our duty to declare, without in any sense meaning to excuse the crimes and offences we have condemned, that in our belief they would never have occurred had not the people *been driven to despair by evictions*, and the prospect of evictions, for non-payment of exorbitant rents; and, furthermore, that the continuance of such evictions, justly designated by the Prime Minister of England as sentence of death, must be a fatal permanent provocation of crime, and that it is the duty of all friends of social order, and especially of the Government, to put an end to them as speedily as possible and at any cost.

The history and details of Irish evictions during the last ten years are practically unknown to Englishmen. Their newspapers barely allude to them. Even in Ireland, in official quarters, the expeditions for purposes of eviction are kept as quiet as possible. When the special commissioner of the *Freeman's Journal* set out to visit Connemara in May, he found that at Galway police barracks they had "almost forgotten" that an expeditionary force of two of Her Majesty's gunboats, with seventy soldiers and a body of police, had started to protect the sub-sheriff in

carrying out a regular campaign of evictions on the coast between Clifden and Carraroe. Yet it is stated on good authority that some 1,800 people were turned out of house and home during that very fortnight. Evictions are so common that the official class has ceased to note that they are going on. But the people who suffer them do not forget them. And the readers of the national newspapers are not likely to forget them. What would happen if in Kent or Herefordshire 1,800 people were driven from their holdings and turned out homeless within a single fortnight? Mr. Parnell stated in the House of Commons on the night of Thursday, June 15, that evictions had been increasing every month this year in a very alarming proportion. During the first three months of the year 7,000 persons were evicted—at the rate, that is to say, of over 2,000 per month. In January there were about 1,000 evicted; whilst in May there were over 5,000. The Chief Secretary, thereupon used these remarkable words:—

The honourable member for the city of Cork has described generally the state of evictions in Ireland, and he has described them undoubtedly with perfect correctness. The number of evictions in the first quarter of this year is serious. (Hear, hear.) The number of evictions during last month is most formidable. (Hear, hear.) The number of evictions during the first week of this month is something very like appalling. (Hear, hear.)

Now the word "eviction" is an easy word to use. To many Englishmen it is a word and little more. But the Irish people, who have to suffer the process, know what it is. We are anxious that our readers should try to form some idea of what is meant by "eviction." For this purpose, we do not wish to give them an elaborate word-picture, or to group facts together so as to make them tell; but we take the words of one who, less than six weeks ago, saw with his own eyes what he here describes. His language seems studiously moderate, and there can be no doubt whatever that things are as bad as he says they are, if not worse. The writer is the special correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal*, writing in that paper on June 1:—

The road leading from Galway to Oughterard, where Mr. Michael Davitt began his inquiries into the state of Western Ireland, is one sad monument of evictions, in days gone by, as well as during the past few years. *For miles upon miles the visible signs of a people's existence are roofless cottages and the remains, in ruins, of deserted villages.* The only comfortable looking dwellings are the houses of the constabulary. The others are huts, which at first I concluded were for cows, but which a more minute inspection showed me were habitations for human beings. *The whole country here about appears as though a conquering and devastating army had passed over the land, leaving ruin*

and desolation behind. At Killarrin, Mr. Davitt diverged from the main road to visit the first cottages built by the Land League for some tenants evicted three years ago. They stand on the summit of a hill overlooking the lovely Loch Corrib, which rests as peacefully in the valley as the shepherd's dog on the domestic hearth. These dwellings are the best homes of the peasantry I have seen in Ireland, and being situated on common land they are entirely rent free. The occupants, twelve in number, have cultivated their holdings ever since they were evicted from them, the owners knowing well enough that so long as the Land League is in existence no other persons will ever consent to be tenants. Evictions are still being carried out in this neighbourhood, and it is complained that the work is often done without previous notice. . . . From this neighbourhood Mr. Davitt proceeded through Moycullen to Carraroe, *where lately nearly 200 families were evicted.* It is impossible to imagine a more pitiable state of affairs than exists here. The village stands on a craggy eminence overlooking Killkerrin Bay. For miles around the land is almost covered with high boulders, many of them larger than cottages. Amid the interstices of these the spade has been employed with such industry, as to show that these rocky hills, in strength arrayed, might also be with verdure clad. Industry has even reclaimed some of the boulders themselves, for with an almost incredible diligence a soil has been made upon them with peat, and on the top of many huge stones potatoes are flourishing. There are patches thus under cultivation which have *taken twenty years to reclaim, and for which the owners exact a rent of from 15s. to £1 per holding.* It is impossible for the land to yield any such rent, whatever be the amount of labour bestowed upon it. As a matter of fact, the land only produces potatoes sufficient for food to last about four or five months in the year, though occasionally a small patch of rye or oats is seen, which, as there is no market for it, is supposed ultimately to become "potheen." The inhabitants of this district have to look elsewhere than to the land for their means of subsistence, and their sources of income are indeed small. Some years ago the herring fisheries provided a living for some of them, but now the fish have left this part of the melancholy ocean and have gone to other shores. These poor people, too, are not allowed to gather the seaweed which strews the beach unless they pay for the privilege, but they are able to fish it up from below low-water mark, and then, by carrying it to Galway, a distance of thirty miles, they can sell it for twopence a cwt., if they are fortunate enough to find a customer in want of kelp, but this is by no means always the case. Another occupation is preparing turf for fuel, at which work they can, with the utmost diligence, earn about twopence a day—two men cutting the turf, two stacking it to dry, and sixteen women carrying it two or three miles to the boat. These figures are for one boat-load, which sells for fourteen shillings. In regard to this, too, the turf can only be taken from the holdings. If any is cut from the bogs in this vast wilderness a heavy fine is in-

flicted. The only other sources of income are when a few of the men go over to England to help to get in the harvest, or when the stalwart ones in America send a trifle to the old folks at home.

It will readily be imagined that the houses of these people are of the worst description, *but the pen and the tongue would alike fail adequately to describe the wretchedness, misery, and squalor that here reign supreme.* I went with Mr. Davitt into several of the huts. One of them, built chiefly with turf on a bog, without windows, and with merely a hole for a chimney, is considered the best house in the village by right of a recessed chamber about the size of a pantry, and which is the bedroom for twelve persons of both sexes, the other part of the dwelling being occupied by another family. A broken-down bedstead in one compartment, and a deal table in the other, were the only furniture within the building. *The majority of the huts are far worse than this—they are simply hovels into which one can hardly enter without creeping. They contain no furniture of any description.* In one of them a woman and her newly-born babe lie on an improvised bed of straw and seaweed. In another, a woman near her end is similarly placed; and in each of these similar dwellings live huddled together eight or ten men, women, and children. *The sheriff's officers valued all the furniture in 130 huts, from which the families had been evicted, at less than twenty shillings.* The quantity and the quality of the food of these people are in keeping with the wretchedness and squalor of their dwellings. Those evicted are supplied with a stone per diem per family of Indian meal, for which they have to work at road-making. This, with water, is all they have to live upon, and the allowance is not given to those who have a boat or a cow. The other inhabitants fare no better, and are almost entirely dependent upon the money distributed by Miss Yates, of the Ladies' Land League, a noble-hearted young lady, who has left her own comfortable home, and is roughing it, to administer help and comfort to those who have suffered so much and endured so long. *When Mr. Davitt visited the village there was not in any dwelling a loaf of bread, nor was there one within a radius of three miles.* Bread is a luxury seldom seen at Carraroe; while fresh meat can only be had by sending a distance of twenty miles. *Most of these evicted tenants are living either in the glen, sheltering beneath the boulders, or accepting the hospitality of friends who are not sensibly in a better condition than themselves.* Those only have been allowed to remain in the huts as caretakers who could not be removed, such as the two women to whom allusion has been made; the rest are houseless and destitute. To speak to these people even of the advantages of the Arrears Bill is irony.

Let the reader carefully and fairly take in the lines of the picture thus moderately drawn; let him remember that at this very time this process is going on in the West and South-west of Ireland at a rate which Mr. Trevelyan owns is "something very like appalling;" and then let him ask himself whether the passage

of the Episcopal Letter, quoted above, is in the least degree exaggerated or unfair.

The "Prevention of Crime" Bill, introduced by the Government on the day that Lord Frederick Cavendish was buried, is not law as yet, but its chief features may be considered to be fairly certain. In a few days the people of Ireland will be at the mercy of the executive Government. An Irishman will be able to be arbitrarily imprisoned, kept without trial, and tried without a jury. He will be able to be gagged, "dispersed," visited, searched and generally made uncomfortable by these policemen who have proved themselves so eminently unable to protect any one or to find anything out. His newspaper may be suppressed at the will of the Lord Lieutenant. The Executive government may visit his district with a ruinous fine. He may be tried for his life before three judges without a jury. He may be tried for minor offences by a court of "stipendiary magistrates." It must not be supposed that we think there is any danger of the executive Government working this stringent measure in a tyrannical and bloodthirsty manner. Earl Spencer is an able and a kind man. He is a serious politician, whose aim is the welfare of the country. He is known to be a genuine friend of Ireland, and there can be little doubt that he is fond of the Irish people. But, whilst admitting this, we cannot but view with the deepest apprehension the effect of this measure in Ireland. What is it intended to do? To put a stop to assassination? Assassination will not be affected by it. The reasons why the assassins escape are, first, because the people are silent, and, secondly, because the Government do not take the means to secure the life of their own informers. The Bill will not alter this state of things. Assassination may cease, or diminish, as we believe it is ceasing; but this Coercion Bill will neither create witnesses nor endow the police with supernatural powers of detection. Is it meant to put down "boycotting" and minor outrage? But here again what is wanted is evidence; and the Bill will not produce evidence. The common law was always strong enough to reach even "boycotting," whatever Mr. Gladstone may say, if the police could have caught any one using intimidation, advising injury, or committing an outrage. As for "boycotting" in the sense of a combination not to deal with or assist a given person, whatever its morality may be, no definition can make it illegal which will not also make a strike illegal. And we are much mistaken if the definition of "boycotting" in this Bill will not cause unforeseen complications. But, however this may be, the Bill will open more wounds than it is likely to heal. What we fear is that the magistrates who are to execute this Bill will consider that it enables them to *dispense with evidence*. In a period of national

disturbance, when the executive is baffled, its impulse is to strike terror. Guilty or not guilty, some one must suffer. No matter if a few mistakes are made, the effect will be obtained and fear will bring peace. This is the essence of what is called martial law. There is no denying that English opinion, at this moment, is under the influence of panic, and that it is wildly demanding that something shall be done. The Irish police magistrates are, many of them, resolute and military men. They eagerly want to have their own way. The effect of giving them their own way will be that they will act like "bashaws," the innocent will suffer with the guilty, there will be resistance, terror, perhaps calm, and one more layer of hatred and distrust will be added to the mass of Ireland's repulsion for England, which has been accumulating for so many generations. This is not the way to save or regenerate a country.

There is no chance of the Prevention of Crimes Bill becoming law before we go to press. But we have indicated its general features and pointed out where it is likely to fail. The great, and we may perhaps say the fatal, obstacle to the success of any measure for allaying Irish agitation, is the omission to put a stop to evictions. As it is, a land bill merely acts as a stimulus to the landlords to eject their tenants before the Bill becomes law. The evictions should be stopped. It is inconceivable that Mr. Gladstone's Government should not see this and act on it, were it not only too certain that the opposition he would meet with from the furious Protestant conservatism in both Houses would cause endless delay. But the omission will nevertheless prove most disastrous.

One of the evils resulting from the slowness of land legislation and the bitterness of so many of the higher class of Englishmen, is that agitators of all kinds have ample time to propound wild and impossible schemes for the welfare of the country. We believe that Ireland has now got beyond the danger of losing her faith and her common-sense, and drifting into Socialism and infidelity. The danger was great a few years ago; greater than most persons know. The young men of the large towns had begun to feel the influence of that propaganda of communism and unbelief which was carried on by men who flooded the country from the United States. The evil was helped on by the wild and wicked language of more than one newspaper. Thanks to the efforts of the clergy during the last fifteen years, and above all to the hard work of the Irish Bishops, and the incessant "missions," particularly those of the Redemptionist Fathers, which have sanctified the land, the present generation of Irishmen are faithful to the traditions of their religion, and free from the taint of socialism. The "No Rent" agitation is not a proof to the contrary. It is a phrase which is capable of a

number of interpretations; even its promoters only intended it to be a retaliatory measure for the imprisonment of the suspects; and besides, the people of Ireland, as a whole, have never accepted it. But though there is no danger that the ordinary Irishman will become a Socialist or a Communist, there is a danger that he will allow himself to trust men whose theories are socialistic or communistic. It is well known that Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt are offering to the Irish people rival schemes for the "nationalisation" of the land. The phrase itself need not imply communism. To deal with the land of a country, for the benefit of the vast majority of the citizens of that country, is well within the province of the government of a country. If the operation be as gradual as possible, and if fair compensation be made to those whose interests are interfered with, there is no valid reason why considerations of high policy—which are quite on a different level from those of mere legality or hereditary right—should not dictate a change in the conditions of the possession of land. Mr. Parnell's scheme is that of a peasant proprietary, the landlords to be bought out, in great measure, by the public money. Mr. Davitt's is very different. It is that the land should become the property of the Government, and that the occupiers should pay a land-tax. At first sight it is difficult to understand why the Irish tenant-farmer or the Irish peasant should be anxious that all the land should belong to the Government. In Mr. Davitt's scheme the land-tax would have to provide both for the gradual extinction of the debt incurred by the country to buy out the landlords and for the whole working expenses of the government of the country, all other taxes ceasing. Now, how long does he suppose that the agricultural class would peaceably tolerate either the State as a landlord or the burthen of paying all the taxes of the country? The whole payment might—though we do not admit it—be less than the present rent; but the experience of political agitation makes it very clear that it is not against absolute burthens that men most rebel, but against being more heavily burthened than their neighbours. If the farmers of Ireland are to pay the taxes and the merchants, manufacturers, professional classes and shopkeepers are to pay nothing, have we not the materials for a very warm agitation indeed? The real explanation of the matter is, we fear, only too evident. Mr. Davitt is a very earnest man, and a man who has made sacrifices; we do not believe he was justly condemned as a Fenian to penal servitude; but he is certainly a mischievous man. He is a novice in political economy. He has strong ground to occupy in his denunciation of Irish wrongs and his appeals for justice and relief; but he knows very little about national finance. The modern doctrine of universal free-trade is

no doubt inapplicable, and is disastrous if applied, in cases where there is only a limited supply of a prime necessary, such as bread during a war, or land in Ireland. But the doctrine of free trade has the merit of being very simple and of requiring no adjustments or calculations. No sooner, however, is this broad path deserted than we find ourselves in the wood. No one but an expert can tell us what will be the combined result of Nature's laws, of man's propensities, and of positive legislation taken together. But there are plenty of people who will undertake to do so. Now the Communist agitation, which has appeared and reappeared in history ever since history began, is, in its essence, the theory that every man, at every instant, has an equal right to everything. Its propagators have no hope that the world will ever accept this theory; their aim is different; it is, to excite the classes which happen to have little or nothing against those who happen to have something, and so to profit by the scramble which may ensue. They do not, as a rule, dare to propound their theory in its naked simplicity, but they apply it now to the land, now to capital, according to time and place. When we say that the *Irish World*, the New York paper which chiefly supports Mr. Davitt, is conspicuous for Communism of the rankest sort, we have said enough to indicate what we mean. Mr. Davitt is the dupe of his American friends, and his scheme is a scheme, not so much for the regeneration of Ireland as for the making that unhappy country a *corpus vile* on which to try the experiment of American Communism.*

* The *Times* of June 21 prints the following extract from the *Irish World* of May 13. It is instructive, both as a literary curiosity and as a sample of the doctrine to which we refer. "I love to see the strikes go on. I would not say a word that might discourage or dishearten the brave strikers. Striking leads men to see the necessity of organization, and to profit by it. It stimulates thought and educates. It gives the working masses more respect and importance in the eyes of the powers that be. It does furnish temporary advantage in the matter of well-being, and that is better than no change at all. The whole tendency of striking is good, so far as it goes. But how far does it go? There is where the vital issue lies. Are men beginning to see that the bottom lever of slavery and oppression lies in the undisputed right of these mammoth profit-hounds to monopolize land, natural wealth, transportation, and the means of exchange, as against the people? Is the challenge widening, deepening, and becoming more inexorable on these bottom issues? If not, then the strikes are silly antics of deluded fools, and beneath contempt. But, thanks to the light-spreaders and the stoned prophets whose own receive them not, the germs of these great living bottom truths have taken root, and are rapidly covering the earth. All strikes of landlords, profit-mongers, and their abettors against them are now too late. Every labour agitation can but strengthen them, and all strikes are converging to one grand strike of the masses for the land and other prime natural opportunities. On with the strikes, then! and never forget to season them with saving thought."

All such delusive advice is to be shunned. Ireland, by paying attention to such wild proposals, will play into the hands of those who most desire to put off the day of her freedom and her peace. Let her work on, legally and resolutely, year by year removing disabilities and rectifying what is wrong; and the solution which will come in the gradual course of constitutional agitation will be such as she will have no reason to be dissatisfied with. But murders and treason, outrages and dishonesty, socialism and utopianism—all these (if they were nothing worse) are stumbling-blocks in her cause. They arm her enemies, they disgust her friends, they demoralize her own people, and all the ruin they make must be painfully cleared away before the work of reconstruction can go swiftly on.

In the meantime a new and most formidable danger threatens the Catholic people of Ireland. A circular has been published and largely circulated among the landlord class inviting subscriptions for a new venture, "The Land Corporation of Ireland (Limited)." The circular is signed by the Marquis of Drogheda, the Marquis of Ormonde, Lord Rosse, Lord Ventry, Mr. Bernard Fitzpatrick, Mr. Arthur Kavanagh, Colonel King-Harman, Mr. Penrose Fitzgerald, and Mr. Agar-Ellis. It is accompanied by a long letter from Mr. Arthur Kavanagh, in which the objects of the proposed company are very clearly laid down. It may be briefly said that its purpose is to buy up the land of Ireland, and then either to keep up the old impossible rents, or to "colonize Ireland by loyal farmers from other countries" (!) The capital of the company is to be £750,000. Of this, many thousands of pounds have already been taken up, and the list of subscribers, including the Earl of Kenmare and the O'Connor Don, occupies, closely printed, a column and a half of the *Freeman's Journal*, of June 23. We have here, in fact, what may well be described as a gigantic project for exterminating the tenant farmers of Ireland. Landlords of every shade, Whig and Tory, Government and Opposition, Catholic and Protestant, have banded together to make war upon the Catholic occupiers of the soil of Ireland. We do not care to inquire what success this new league will have. In the end, it will no more exterminate Irishmen from the soil of Ireland than the ancestors of some of these landlords exterminated them in years gone by. But the immediate results of this manifesto are not doubtful. First of all, it will add a hundred-fold to the exasperation of the present conflict; and next, it will unite together every class of Irishmen (not landlords) by a sense of common danger. Nothing more was needed to extinguish the difference between Mr. Parnell and Michael Davitt than this demonstration from a common foe. Nothing will better smooth out the divergence of opinion between bishop and bishop than

this declaration of war. Nothing will waken up dreamers and dispose of socialistic utopias so thoroughly as this rude appeal to arms. The watchword of the new league is "The old rents, or extermination." The British people have agreed that the old "rents" were extortionate and unjust. The Land Corporation, then, starts with a cry which is as immoral, if not as illegal, as the cry of "No Rent," in its most absolute sense. Does not the very fact that so many honourable men should be found uniting in a confederation so ill-advised and so opposed to the feelings of the majority even of Englishmen and Scotchmen, afford by itself a sufficient proof that the English governing classes are utterly unable to understand Ireland or to feel with her people?

LETTER OF POPE LEO XIII.

TO THE

BISHOPS OF SICILY.

*Venerabilibus Fratribus et Dilectis Filiis Archiepiscopis Episcopis
Aliisque Locorum Ordinariis in Regione Sicula.*

LEO PP. XIII.

VENERABILES FRATRES ET DILECTI FILII SALUTEM ET APOSTOLICAM
BENEDICTIONEM.

Sicut multa audacter et insidiosè ii susceperunt, qui de perniciè catholici nominis iamdiu cogitant: ita nominatim videntur decrevisse, vim quamdam popularis invidiæ in Pontifices maximos excitare.— Quod quidem ipsorum consilium quotidie magis illustratur et erumpit. Omnem enim occasionem vituperandorum Pontificum datam avidè arripiunt, non datam studiose captant: incorruptis rerum gestarum monumentis posthabitis, fictos sermones dissipant: falsa crimina, tamquam venenata tela iaciunt, tanto effrenatiore ad audendum licentia, quanto est impunitas maior. In qua male dicendi consuetudine aliud quippiam propositi inest, præter contumeliam: videlicet huc plane spectant homines improbi, ut e persona Pontificum Romanorum ad ipsum Pontificatum divinitus institutum contumelia perveniat, adductisque in contemptionem summis Ecclesiæ Principibus, Ecclesiæ ipsa, si fieri possit, opinione hominum iudicioque damnetur.—Harum machinationum triste ad recordationem documentum extremo mense martio Vos, Venerabiles Fratres et Dilecti Filii, Panormi vidistis. Nec tacita esse potuit indignatio vestra: significationem eius luculentam et nobilem, qualem ab Episcopis expectari oportebat, ad Nos per litteras officii plenas deferendam curavistis. Profecto illæ iniuriæ præter modum graves fuere, ut qui ex constituto Panormum conveniant, coniciendis certatim probris in Pontifices Romanos visi sint convenisse. Ne ulla quidem verecundia religionis fuit, quam Siculi homines ab avis et maioribus sanctè inviolateque conservant, quæque est atrociter dictis lacessita, in quibus ipsam agrestem immanitatem nemo probus ferre æquo animo potuit. Quantus harum rerum inustus animo Nostro sit dolor, coniecturam ex dolore vestro singuli facite. Nihil enim tam lamentabile est, quam publice licere Ecclesiæ maiestatem sanctitatemque nefarie contemnere; nihil tam miserum, quam summorum Pontificum memoriam ab italis hominibus indigne violari.

Ea quæ Pontifices Romani pro salute Italiæ gesserunt, orbis terræ testimonio iudicioque comprobantur, ita ut nihil sit, quod nomini Decessorum Nostrorum metuamus ab æquis et prudentibus viris. Verumtamen Nos in criminationibus, de quibus loquimur, valde

commovit primum rei indignitas per se: deinde multitudinis minus eruditae periculum, quae facilius decipi et in errorem impelli potest.

Et sane magnus futurus est error, si in re iudicanda sex ante saeculis gesta non ab his temporibus moribusque nostris cogitatio avocetur. Respicere quippe opus est ad instituta et leges eius temporis, maxime vero ius gentium, quo tunc viveretur, repetere. Exploratum est, quaecumque demum illius iuris origo et indoles extiterit, temporibus illis plurimum in rebus etiam civilibus auctoritatem Romanorum Pontificum valuisse, idque non modo non repugnantibus, sed consentientibus libentibusque principibus et populis. Cumque optabile videretur Vicarii Iesu Christi patrocinium, non raro usu veniebat praesertim in Italia, ut ad eum velut ad parentem publicum confugerent civitates, eidemque sese in fidem sponte sua traderent et commendarent. Domina animorum religione, Apostolica Sedes perinde habebatur ac propugnaculum iustitiae, et infirmiorum tutela adversus iniurias potentiorum. Et hoc quidem cum magna utilitate communi: hac enim ratione factum est, ut Pontificibus auctoribus diremptae saepe sint controversiae, sedati tumultus, sublatae discordiae, bella composita.—In hoc tamen magisterio populorum ac pene dictatura, nemo Romanos Pontifices iure coarguet imperii sui vel opes augere, vel fines proferre voluisse. Omnem potestatem suam illuc semper converterunt ut civitatibus prodessent: nec semel ipsorum opera et auspiciis Italia impetravit, ut vel externorum hostium propulsarentur incursiones, vel domesticorum adversariorum turbulenta ambitio frangeretur. Quam ad rem sapienter et opportune, Venerabiles Fratres et Dilecti Filii, commemorati a Vobis sunt Gregorius VII., Alexander III., Innocentius III., Gregorius IX., Innocentius IV., Decessores Nostri, qui exterarum gentium dominationem rebus italicis saepius imminentem prudentia et fortitudine summa prohibuerunt.

Quod ad Siciliam vestram pertinet, fidei et pietati eius in hanc Apostolicam Sedem paternam benevolentia Pontificum mutue cumulateque respondit. Revera ipsorum consiliis vigilantiaeque, non mediocri ex parte Siculi debent quod potuerint Saracenam servitutem effugere. Gratamque etiam et aequam libertatem Innocentio IV. et Alexandro IV. gens Sicula tunc impetravit cum, post Conradi Imperatoris obitum, summam imperii penes municipium esse placuit. Post autem si Clemens IV. Carolum Andegavensem solemniter Siciliae regem appellavit, cur Pontifex reprehendatur nihil est. Fecit ille iure suo, fecit quod e republica Siculorum magis esse iudicavit, delatis imperii insignibus viro nobili et potenti, qui civicas res ordinare et exterorum ambitioni resistere posse videbatur: de quo viro vel ipsa maximarum virtutum domestica exempla sperare iuebant, fore ut iuste et sapienter imperaret. Nec caussa est, quamobrem vel Urbano IV. vel Clementi IV. vitio detur, quod homo natione exterius regnum Siculorum capessivit. Etenim praeterquam quod exemplis huius generis nec antea carebat nec postea caruit historia, Siculi ipsi in potestatem externi principis illo eodem anno volentes concesserunt. Simul ac vero se Carolus inflexit in dominatum iniustiore, maxime ministrorum vitio praecipitata in perniciosam partem republica, desi-

derata certe non est Romanorum Pontificum in admonendo caritas, in corripiendo severitas. Constat inter omnes, quot quantasque curas Clemens IV. et Nicolaus III. adhibuerint, ut hominem ad aequitatem iustitiamque revocarent. Quorum providentia pervicisset fortasse obstinationem viri principis, nisi viam rebus novis cruenta multitudinis ira subito patefecisset. Post inhumanam illam caedem, cuius, ubi furor constitisset, ipsos puduit auctores, conscientia officii impulit Martinum IV., ut Siculos itemque Petrum Aragonium aliquanto severius pro merito ipsorum adhiberet. Nihilominus tamen eam severitatem et ipse Martinus et Honorius IV., Nicolaus IV., Bonifacius VIII. lenitate et misericordia mitigarunt: iidemque non antea quiescere visi sunt, quam, omnibus iis controversiis per litteras legationesque compositis, Siculorum saluti et legitimae libertati, quantum fieri poterat, consuluerunt. Quibus ex rebus manifestum est, quod Vos, Venerabiles Fratres et Dilectii Filii, verissime dixistis, fautores iniusti dominatus vel popularis invidiae concitatores appellari Romanos Pontifices nisi per summam iniuriam non potuisse. In quo quidem Decessores Nostri iustioribus iudiciis usi sunt iis ipsis hominibus Siculis, qui, recenti adhuc caede, Sedem Apostolicam fidentibus animis implorandam censuerunt.

Haec commemorare volumus, ut de tot tantisque iniuriis Ecclesiae et Pontificatui Romano impositis querelas Nostras publice testemur: eodemque tempore ut Vos intelligeretis, gratas admodum accidisse Nobis communes litteras vestras, quibus easdem iniurias summa voluntatum concordia Nobiscum pariter deploratis. Apparent in iis litteris episcopalis vestigia virtutis, cuius gratia forsitan ignoscentior posteritas erit eorum temeritati, qui nihil dubitarunt Romanum Pontificatum, hoc est nobilissimum et maximum Italiae decus, incesto ore lacerare.

Ceterum ex hoc ipso magis ac magis perspicitis, quod superiore mense februario monuimus, quanta vigilantia providere oporteat, ut fides catholica in tanta iniquitate temporum apud Italos conservetur. Pergite itaque, Venerabiles Fratres et Dilectii Filii, fortiter pro iuribus Ecclesiae propugnare, mendacia improborum convincere, fraudes detegere, Siculosque universos in fide et amore retinere huius Apostolicae Sedis, unde iis, beneficio Apostolorum, christianae sapientiae lumen affulsit.

Divinorum munerum auspicem et praecipuae benevolentiae Nostrae testem Vobis, Venerabiles Fratres et Dilecti Filii, et populis curae fideique vestrae concreditae Apostolicam Benedictionem peramanter in Domino impertimus.

Datum Romae apud S. Petrum die XXII. Aprilis A. MDCCCLXXXII. Pontificatus Nostri Anno Quinto.

LEO PP. XIII.

APOSTOLIC LETTERS OF POPE LEO XIII.
ON THE
REFORM OF THE ORDER OF ST. BASIL IN GALLICIA.

*Apostolicae Litterae de Ordine S. Basilii M. Ruthenae Nationis
in Gallicia Reformando.*

LEO PP. XIII.

AD FUTURAM REI MEMORIAM.

SINGULARE praesidium et decus semper Ecclesia catholica sibi sensit accedere eorum hominum opera, qui christianam sanctitatis officique perfectionem expetentes, humanis rebus generosa quadam alacritate dimissis, sese Jesu Christo dicavissent. Qui etsi principio quidem semota a civitatibus loca liberius Deo vacaturi incolerent, rationemque aetatis degendae clericalium munerum expertem mallent, postea tamen, proximorum caritate et quandoque Episcoporum etiam auctoritate compulsi, in urbes concedere et sacerdotalium munerum officia suscipere non recusarunt. Mirifice inter hos vel a primis Ecclesiae saeculis effulsit magnus ille Basilius Caesareae in Cappadocia Episcopus, theologus idemque orator cum paucis comparandus, qui non modo ad omnem virtutis laudem ipse contendit, sed ad imitationem sui vocavit plurimos: quos sapientissimis praeceptis institutos ad communem religiosae vitae disciplinam in coenobia congregavit. Hi vero poenis voluntariis et labore assuefacti in divinas laudes sacrarumque doctrinarum studia dispertiebant utiliter tempora; atque his artibus cum alia multa assecuti fuerant, tum illud praecipue ut rem christianam valerent et virtute sua illustrare et, ubi opus esset, data opera defendere. Quamobrem quo tempore praeclarus ille virorum religiosorum Ordo Photiana clade interiit, fons utilitatum non exiguus una secum exaruit. Verum ubi primum, receptis denuo in Ecclesiam catholicam Ruthenis, ille revixit, et in dignitatem pristinam revocatus est adnitente Sancto Josaphato Archiepiscopo Polocensi, martyre invicto, eodemque eius Ordinis alumno, tunc Rutheni revirescentis sodalitatii celeriter sensere operam. Eius enim sodalibus id maxime erat propositum, conservare Ruthenorum cum Ecclesia Romana conjunctionem, plebem erudire, in iuventute instituenda elaborare, parochialia munera gerere, cunctis demum officiis, quae ad excolendos animos pertinent, perfungi, praesertim si Cleri saecularis aut numerus aut industria temporibus impar extitisset.

Quibus illi de caussis tantum sibi apud omnes benevolentiae conciliarant, tantum opinionis et gratiae, ut nonnisi ex Basilianis legerentur, qui vel Episcopi vel Archimandritae fierent.* In *Zamoscena* Synodo Ruthenorum provinciali, cuius Apostolica Sedes decreta confirmavit, cautum fuerat, ut nemo esse Episcopus posset, quin institutum Basilia-

* Breve Bened. XIV. diei 12 Aprilis, 1753, inc., *Inclitum quidem.*

num professus esset, nemo autem profiteri, quin intra monasterii septa annum *probationis regularis* et sex hebdomadas ad leges et consuetudines sancti Basilii exegisset.* Itaque non solum Episcopi Ruthenorum, sed etiam Pontifices Romani, Decessores Nostri, sodalitatem Basilianam magno in honore habuerunt, meritisque laudibus prosecuti et praecipua cura complexi sunt: eam quippe probe noverant, Ecclesiae catholicae maxime apud Ruthenos et antea plurimum profuisse et in posterum non minus profuturam. De Clemente VIII.† et Gregorio XIII.‡ satis constat, quantum in ornandis Basilianis operae studique collocarint: quos ipse Benedictus XIV.§ et recentiore memoria Pius VII.|| singularibus verbis commendarunt. His vero luculentum postremo tempore accessit testimonium f. r. Pii IX.¶ iis consignatum litteris Apostolicis, in quibus B. Iosaphato sanctorum caelitum solemnes honores decernebantur.

Sed pristina monasteriorum coniunctione dirempta, Ordinem iampridem florentissimum variis debilitatum casibus humanae infirmitatis incommoda non parum affligere: idque maxime per hanc aetatem, cum in tanta opinionum insania et corruptela morum passim doctrina catholica in invidiam vocetur. Abductis praeterea rerum novarum cupiditate ad profana studia animis, multorum caritas deferbuit, ac pauci inveniuntur, qui mortalibus abdicatis rebus proxime ingredi Jesu Christi vestigiis instituunt.—Nobis interim Ordinis Basiliani dolentibus vicem, et qua ratione relevari casum eius oporteret, in animo considerantibus, illud commode accidit, ut de rerum statu non modo Nos Episcopi, sed etiam ex eodem Ordine sodales diligenter docuerint. Immo quod olim in Orientalium Ecclesiarum discrimine Basilius magnus, idem illi sibi faciendum opportune censuerunt ut opem Apostolicae Sedis imploraverint, propositis etiam inter alia remediis, quae sanctus Iosaphat in caussa simili sapienter et utiliter adhibuit. Perplacuit Nobis communis Episcoporum et Monachorum voluntas: et leniri coeptus est animi nostri dolor Ruthenorum caussa susceptus, de quibus quoties cogitamus, toties angimur: non enim possumus vel illatas fidei catholicae iacturas non deplorare vel praesentia pericula non extimescere. Sed recte sperandum in posterum iudicamus, si Deo adiutore et auspice magnus ille Monachorum Ordo ex integro floruerit, quo vigente, Ruthenorum vigit Ecclesia. Habendus enim ille est annosae instar arboris, cuius radix sancta: unde novorum insitione palmitum fructus expectare licet laetos et uberes: idque eo magis quod cultores expetuntur, quorum alias est in opere eodem industria spectata, scilicet sodales e Societate Iesu, quo ipse sanctus Iosaphat et Velaminus Rutski Metropolita adiutores optimos experti sunt.—Igitur de gravi huiusmodi negotio, quod singulares curas Nostras sibi iure vindicat, mature deliberare iussimus aliquot

* Syn. Zamosc. Tit. VI. de Episcopis.

† Clem. VIII., *Altissimi dispositione*, 23 Sept. 1603.

‡ Greg. XIII., *Benedictus Deus*, 1 Nov. 1579.

§ Bened. XIV., *Inter plures*, 2 Maii, 1749, *Inclitum*, 12 Apr. 1753, *Super familiam*, 30 Mart. 1756.

|| Pius VII., *Ea sunt ordinis*, 30 Iulii, 1822.

¶ Pius IX., *Splendissimum Orientalis Ecclesiae*, 29 Iun. 1867.

Venerabiles Fratres Nostros S. R. E. Cardinales e sacro Consilio christianae fidei propagandae Orientalibus negotiis praeposito. Quorum cum probaverimus sententias, ad ordinandam solitatem Basilianam in monasteriis Galliciae ea quae sequuntur auctoritate Nostro Apostolica decernimus, religioseque servari praecipimus.

Inclutum Ordinem S. Basilii magni in Ruthenis sic restitui volumus, ut sodales eius ad sacerdotalia munera probe exculti in curanda proximorum salute sempiterna strenue versentur. Atque in hoc genere nihil optamus magis, quam ut studeant ipsum S. Iosaphatum ferre alterum parentem suum imitari, et ad excellentem eius caritatem proxime accedere. Huius rei gratia Collegium tirociniorum, seu *Novitiatum*, uti vocant, iure legitimo constitui volumus in Monasterio Dobromilensi intra fines Dioeceseos Premisiensis: cuius monasterii templum et continentes aedes una cum omni re familiari, iuribus, redditibus Collegio tirociniorum seu *Novitiatui* cedant.

Monachos Ordinis Basiliani in Gallicia futuros tirocinium in Monasterio Dobromilensi ponere rato tempore iubemus: si secus posuerint, professio religiosa irrita infectaque esto.

Quo totius et firmitus fatiscientis Ordinis necessitatibus consulatur, pluresque adolescentes ad profitendum tam salutare vitae institutum excitentur, privilegium eandem ob causam a Pio VII. Decessore Nostro renovatum vel concessum per Apostolicas Litteras die 30 Iulii an. 1822 datas, quarum initium *Ea sunt ordinis*, ita confirmamus, ut etiam Latinos, nondum tamen sacris ordinibus initiatos, cooptari liceat. Iis fas esto Ruthenorum ritum sese in omnibus conformare ante solemnem professionem: qua peracta, non tamen antea, ad ritum Ruthenum, vetito ad Latinum regressu, vere et penitus transiisse intelligantur.

Cum susceptum huius Ordinis reformandi negotium multas habeat difficultates, quae consilium auctoritatemque Sedis Apostolicae postulant, idcirco eius regimen Nobis et Romanis Pontificibus successoribus Nostris reservamus, curam agente sacro Consilio christianae fidei propagandae Orientalibus negotiis praeposito, donec aliter ab ipsa Sancta Sede Apostolica decernatur. Eidem Sacro Concilio ius potestatemque tribuimus nominandi, rite perrogata Monachorum sententia, eligendique Protoegumenum, seu Praepositum Ordinis in Gallicia Provincia. Hanc itaque sodalitatem Basilianam ab ordinaria Episcoporum et ipsius etiam Metropolitae Ruthenorum auctoritate et iurisdictione omnino eximimus et exemptam esse declaramus: salva tamen potestate, quam Tridentina Synodus Episcopis in hoc genere attribuit etiam uti Apostolicae Sedis Delegatis.

Collegium tirociniorum, quod diximus, veterum exempla sequuti, nominatim S. Iosaphati et Velamini Rutski Metropolitae, Societati Iesu instituendum ac regendum tamdiu concedimus, quamdiu ex ipso Ordine Basiliano non extiterint viri, quibus Monasterii Dobromilensis regendi curam Sedes Apostolica deferendam putet.

Itaque praecipimus, uti quam primum Coenobii Dobromilensis et *Novitiatu*s magisterium gubernationemque suscipiant lecti aliquot e Societate Iesu sacerdotes; qui tamen non modo quod ad religiosam disciplinam, sed etiam quod ad officii mutationem in potestate ordinaria

Antistitum suorum, uti nunc sunt, ita esse pergant. Iisdem sacerdotibus e Societate Iesu Protoegumenus tradat, salvo tamen Basilianis iure dominii, monasterium supra dictum, Nobis iam ultro oblatum, una cum omnibus eius bonis ac redditibus: de eaque traditione instrumentum iustum perficiatur. Ea bona eorumque bonorum fructus in tuitionem Coenobii et Alumnorum insumendos administrent sacerdotes Societatis Iesu, non auctoribus Monachis Basilianis, auctore Sacro Consilio christiano nomini propagando, cui in annos singulos rationes accepti et expensi, item relationem de statu tirociniorum deque adlectis inter tirocinia ex fide reddant.

Monasterium Dobromilense, quod interim potestate Protoegumeni exsolvimus, accipiat quotquot ex Rutheno vel Latino ritu in Ordinem Basilianum cooptari se velle declaraverint. Nec tamen cooptentur, nisi quos probos et idoneos esse constiterit non solum legitimis de vita moribusque, litteris, et utriusque Ordinarii tam originis quam domicilii testimonio, verum etiam semestri probitatis constantisque voluntatis documento, quod intra Monasterii septa ante ediderint, quam vestem initialem sumpserint.

Dobromilenses alumni seu *Novitii* ad omnem pietatem religiosamque perfectionem informantur ex instituto Ordinis Basiliani disciplinaque per Sanctum Iosaphatum ordinata. Cumque omnino velimus Ruthenorum ritus probatasque consuetudines inviolate servari, curent et provideant rectores Monasterii, ut, aliquo adhibito ex sacerdotibus Ruthenis, in aede sacra continenti divina officia peragantur, et Sacramenta administrentur ritu Rutheno: item ut alumni liturgiam ceremoniasque Ruthenas sedulo ediscant. Iidem alumni divinas laudes rite persolvere assuescant: abstinentias et ieiunia ad praescripta Sancti Iosaphati servant: ea tamen prudenter temperare Coenobii Praefecto liceat: cui et licere volumus eos, quibus praeest, a praeceptis ecclesiasticis iusta de causa exsolvere, eidemque ceteras facultates impertimus, quas in Antistites Ordinum religiosorum conferre Sedes Apostolica consuevit.

Sacramentales alumnorum confessiones, etiam biennio postquam vota simplicia nuncupaverint, excipiat ipsorum magister, etsi forte praefecturam monasterii idem gerat: ita tamen ut illis integrum sit, quando-cumque voluerint, ad extraordinarium Confessarium accedere.

Post tirocinium anni unius et sex hebdomadam, vota simplicia Alumnos nuncupare fas esto, si modo digni et habiles ad officia Ordinis sui Antistitum iudicio videantur. Quos minus dignos minusve idoneos esse constiterit, eos etiamsi votis obstrictos, quae *devotionalia* appellantur, Praefectus Coenobii iisdem solutos abire iubeat. Qui vota simplicia rite ediderint, eos abire iubere ne liceat citra Sedis Apostolicae auctoritatem, excepto quod evidens necessitas urgeat, quae cunctationem nullam recipiat.

Alumni post vota simplicia Sacerdotibus Societatis Iesu studiorum moderatoribus ad humaniores, literas instituuntur: mox philosophiam et theologiam sub iisdem doctoribus percipiant, atque in iis studiis ad disciplinam D. Thomae Aquinatis exercentur.

Iisdem, exacto a nuncupatione votorum simplicium triennio, Ordinem Basilianum solemniter profiteri liceat, servatis legibus a f.

r. Pio IX. Decessore Nostro editis, imprimis Constitutione *Ad universalis ecclesiae*, edita die 7 Februarii 1861.

Haec quidem decernenda iudicavimus. Interim diligens dabitur opera perscribendis vivendio legibus seu Constitutionibus, iisque ad ipsas illas proprius accedentibus, quas Basilius et Iosaphat tam praeclare condiderunt. Eas vero Nostra et huius Apostolicae Sedis auctoritate recognoscendas et approbandas esse volumus. Et hac demum ratione futurum confidimus, ut Basiliana Ruthenorum in Gallicia societas in spem gloriae veteris, opitulante Deo, reviviscat, atque ad omnem virtutem instructa, id facile assequatur, quod eius tum conditor Basilius, tum restitutor Iosaphatus animo proposuerant: nimirum catholicum nomen in alteris conservare, ad alteros propagare, avitam ejus gentis cum Ecclesia Romana coniunctionem tueri, Episcopia Ruthenorum catholicis adiutores doctos, industrios, bene animatos suppeditare.

Verum adlaborantes pro incolumitate Basilianae in Gallicia familiae, non in hac unice curas defigimus, ut non etiam ceteros caritas Nostra complectatur eiusdem alumnos extra Galliciam consistentes. Qui sane pari studio benevolentiaque Nostra digni sunt, maxime ob utilitates Ecclesiae catholicae non modo partas, sed etiam reliquas et speratas. Interea pro certo habemus, eos minime sibi defuturos, ac velle universos omni ope contendere, ut dignitas retineatur Ordinis Basiliiani, atque omnium monasterium exoptata coniunctio, Dei beneficio, obtineatur. — Venerabiles autem Fratres Ruthenorum Praesules, de sodalitate Basiliana egregie meritos, libenti animo futuros arbitramur, non quod ipsos in hac parte levandos onere duximus, sed quia, rebus auctoritate Nostra ita constitutis, iure ea bona ex Ordine Basiliano expectari possunt, quae communi omnium desiderio expetebantur.

Prosperos coeptorum exitus impetret a Deo ipsa parens eius Maria Virgo, una cum Michaële Archangelo, caelesti Galliciensium Patrono, et Basilio magno et Iosaphato martyre: quorum omnium gratia faxit Deus, ut plurimi ex omni hominum ordine in animum inducant huius reformationis beneficia experiri.

Haec volumus mandamus atque indulgemus, decernentes irritum et inane si quid contra praemissa a quavis auctoritate scienter vel ignoranter contigerit attentari. Contrariis quibuscumque etiam speciali et individua mentione dignis minime obstantibus, quibus omnibus et singulis ad effectum dumtaxat praesentium Apostolica auctoritate derogamus. Volumus autem ut praesentium Literarum exemplis etiam typis impressis, manu alicuius Notarii publici subscriptis et sigillo personae in ecclesiastica dignitate constitutae munitis eadem prorsus fides ubique in iudicio et extra illud adhibeatur, quae ipsis praesentibus haberetur, si forent exhibitae vel extensae.

Datum Romae apud S. Petrum sub annulo Piscatoris die 12 Maii 1882, Pontificatus Nostri anno Quinto.

LEO PP. XIII.

Science Notices.

A New Antiseptic Process.—Science is threatening us with another revolution, not, as of late, in the ethereal regions of heat, light, and electricity, but in the more vulgar departments of domestic economy. Professor Barff has lately contributed a Paper to the *Month*, in which he describes a new process whereby articles of food notoriously liable to putrefaction can be preserved sweet and good for an indefinite period of time. Clotted cream has been sent to Jamaica and Zanzibar, and has been pronounced at the end of the journey to be perfectly sweet. In August last a jar containing ribs of mutton was despatched from the Falkland Island; they were eaten here, both boiled and roasted, and were found tender and good. Milk in the dairy, treated by this process, can be allowed to stand for several days so that the whole of the cream can rise. These wonderful results have been obtained by a very simple expedient. Glycerine heated with boracic acid produces a chemical compound somewhat analogous in its composition to beef or mutton fat. Professor Barff, the discoverer, has provisionally termed this substance “boro-glyceride.” It is by means of this preparation that the Professor has been enabled to achieve such wonders. Articles of food to be preserved are immersed in a solution of this boro-glyceride until they are required for use; liquids can be treated with a dilute solution and yet retain their native taste and freshness. It is also reported that animals can be preserved whole, and shipped in perfect condition from America to these islands. The animal is first stunned by a blow, a vein is then opened, the compound is injected, and the circulation of the blood carries the antiseptic into all the arteries and vessels of the body.

A practical demonstration of this method of preserving meat was given in Cannon Street Hotel in April last. Carcases of beef and mutton treated in this manner had been lying thirty-nine days in a butcher’s shop; from these, joints were now cut and served up for luncheon to a company interested in the process. The experiment was highly successful; the meat retained not only its pure rich flavour, but was perfectly free from all taint or taste. Fears have been entertained as to the danger of consuming large quantities of this unknown chemical compound. But medical opinion is reassuring. The properties of boracic acid are well known—in diphtheria its effects are excellent. Professor Barff is able to state that one person has taken for a year an ounce a week of this boro-glyceride in cream, and no evil effects have resulted therefrom. We wish the illustrious Professor all the success that his patience and genius deserve.

Eucalyptus and the Roman Malaria.—The dreaded *maremna* of the Roman Campagna seems destined to yield at length to the
VOL. VIII.—NO. I. [Third Series.] P

energy and perseverance of the Trappist monks of "Tre Fontane." The Abbot has recently sent to the Minister of Public Works a report of their labours on the farm of the "Tre Fontane" from October 1880 to October 1881; and the highly successful results of the monks in planting the Australian gum-tree, the Eucalyptus, are well worthy of record.

It is not long since Garibaldi, amid much pomp and circumstance of speech, proposed that a grand national effort should be made to reclaim the Roman Campagna. But the matter began and ended in speech. About the year 1868 Pope Pius IX. invited the Trappist monks to labour in the Campagna, and show the world what the energy and devotion of religious men were able to effect. The task at first threatened to be beyond their strength. For the first three or four years the monks were compelled to retire every night to the city, and as a rule one-fourth of their number was down with the fever. Their first care, however, was to lay down plantations of the Eucalyptus, and on this tree they placed all their hopes to effect the salubrity of the air. Nor were they disappointed; the wonderful results achieved by the Australian exotic were so marked that the Italian Government could no longer shut its eyes to the mighty benefits foreshadowed in these experiments. And so these men, who had been hunted from their convents as a good-for-nothing race, and declared to be totally unsuited to modern times, have been offered a perpetual lease of 1,000 acres of the farm of the "Tre Fontane," on the condition that 100,000 Eucalypti are planted within the space of ten years.

There was no doubt a certain amount of serious risk in this undertaking. The Eucalyptus is a delicate thing, and very susceptible of cold. In our own islands it is with difficulty cultivated; while in Italy even whole plantations have perished under the cold of a moderately severe winter. But the Trappists are not easily discouraged, and their success during the first year of their occupation has surpassed the most sanguine expectations. The cases of fever that formerly were always reckoned at 25 per cent. of their community have now fallen to 5 per cent., and dangerous cases are extremely rare. This beneficial change has been attributed in some measure to the aroma that the gum-tree sheds around. There can be no doubt, however, that its chief merit arises from the property of absorbing the moisture of the soil. It acts in fact like a pump, and by ridding the earth of its stagnant waters it goes at once to the very root of the disease. Its powers of absorption are indeed extraordinary. M. Trottier, a French colonist of Algeria, has concluded from a number of experiments that the Eucalyptus can absorb almost its own weight of water. Compared with the trees of our own climate, these results must remain almost inexplicable.

Among the species planted by the Trappists, the *E. globulus* and *resinifera* seem to be the more hardy and better adapted to resist the frost and storms. The *E. rostrata*, *viminialis*, and *melliodora* are by no means so strong; but as they require a very marshy soil, they are perhaps on that account better adapted for the works in hand. There

appears to be every hope that the Eucalyptus in the hands of the Trappist monks seems destined to solve a problem that has agitated the Roman world for over 1,200 years.

Dr. Siemens on Solar Energy.—Turning now to the realms of pure science, we find that Dr. Siemens has lately expounded to the Royal Society one of the most ingenious speculations ever offered on the conservation of solar heat. For an elaborate statement of the new theory we may refer our readers to a Paper contributed by Dr. Siemens to the *Nineteenth Century* for April. It will be impossible, with the space at our disposal, to enter into all the details of the theory.

How the enormous heat of the sun is kept up is a question that has interested men of all ages. The first idea that naturally presented itself was, that chemical action in some way or another was the origin of solar light and heat. But it was soon felt that the products of this combustion must in time accumulate to such an extent as to seriously interfere with solar radiation. Others have advanced the view that the body of the sun is slowly shrinking, and in the act of contraction is giving out heat. A more daring hypothesis was started by Sir W. Thomson, who suggested an annual rain of meteoric stones on the sun's surface. Certainly a quantity of matter equal to one-hundredth of the earth's mass, and moving with a velocity of about 700,000 yards a second (the approximate velocity of a body approaching the sun), would be enough to bring about the necessary incandescence. This theory would have been a very welcome one, but astronomy can offer no evidence to show that there is anything like such a quantity of meteoric matter in the solar system.

In the midst, then, of this perplexity, Dr. Siemens, the inventor of the regenerative furnace, comes forward with his hypothesis, and applies to solar energy the same principles by which he was enabled to secure so great an economy in terrestrial heat.

In the first place, he maintains that all interstellar space is filled with matter in an extremely attenuated condition. Astronomers have long since come to the same conclusion from the curious behaviour of comets. It was agreed to call this very subtle fluid *ether*, but nothing could be declared as to its constitution. Dr. Siemens, however, contends that this attenuated matter is hydrogen, oxygen, carbonic acid, aqueous vapour, and dust. His arguments are very ingenious and instructive, but too long for insertion here.

His next contention is the turning-point of the whole hypothesis. It is well known that the separation or dissociation of gaseous compounds depends on the amount of heat on the one hand, and the amount of pressure on the other. That is, as we increase the pressure the temperature required for dissociation must increase too; but as the pressure is removed, the same amount of temperature is not required. Certain experiments undertaken by Dr. Siemens point to the fact that aqueous vapour at low pressure and high temperature may be resolved into its constituent elements—oxygen and hydrogen.

He conceives, then, that in interstellar space, where pressure

vanishes, the enormous solar heat may be employed in dissociating the aqueous vapour present in those regions. The nascent hydrogen would unite with the carbons around, and thus produce fuel for the maintenance of solar energy.

So far the theory does not present much that is open to criticism. But it is by his third point that Dr. Siemens must stand or fall, as it is the vulnerable part in his armour. Already mathematicians have joined issue with him on this point, and Mr. Proctor maintains that here mathematical proof is dead against him. Dr. Siemens then goes on to point out that the rotation of the sun on its axis gives to its equatorial parts a velocity of about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles a second. This, of course, would have a centrifugal effect on the gaseous products of solar combustion, causing them to fly off from the equator into space. Now we come to the crucial point of this theory. These gaseous compounds sent out into space would be dissociated, as explained in the second point, and then by gravitation *be drawn towards the polar surfaces of the sun*, where velocity and centrifugal forces vanish. This fan-like action would draw enormous quantities of oxygen, nitrogen, and the hydrocarbons to the polar regions, where they would pass from the state of extreme tenuity and cold into compression and brilliant outbursts of flame.

The hypothesis is extremely simple and beautiful; it will be very unfortunate if so brilliant a flight of the scientific imagination has to be arrested by the cold, dull hand of mathematics.

The Photography of Rapid Motions.—Mr. Muybridge in America, and M. Marey in France, have successfully mastered one of the most difficult problems of photography—the representation from second to second of the different phases of animal locomotion and the flight of birds. A race-horse rushing along at the speed of nearly two miles a minute, and moving his limbs in each stride at double that rate of velocity, can have every movement clearly delineated. A number of such photographs can be taken each second; and when these different pictures are combined in a zoetrope the effect is truly startling. The most rapid movement of a bird's wings can be caught on the negative, and reproduced with curious effect.

M. Marey's apparatus for this object is very much like a fowling-piece. The observer, like a sportsman, is equipped with a game-bag, too; but this is to carry his plates.

In operation he shoulders the gun, whose interior has been turned into a photographic camera. The object to be photographed—say a bird on flight—is then carefully sighted and covered, the trigger is pulled, and prepared photographic plates appear in rapid succession at the mouth of the gun. These plates are so sensitive that in fine weather they can take an image in $\frac{1}{1800}$ of a second; on a cloudy day, in $\frac{1}{700}$ of a second. It cannot be a matter of surprise that with such an apparatus twelve plates a second can be taken, and the successive phases of the most rapid movements be accurately reproduced.

Much discussion has been going on of late on the relative superiority of the Oxford and Cambridge styles of rowing. After all, the secret

of successful oarsmanship is one for science relying on accurate observation to discover. Unfortunately, observers in this matter seem to be unable to rid themselves of a personal bias, and so the battle of the "styles" rages as fiercely as ever. If, now, the clubs of Oxford and Cambridge, and the different Thames' clubs would unite, and take advantage of Mr. Muybridge's new process, the principles of good rowing might be speedily determined. Hanlan, too, might be persuaded to row past the camera, and the perfection of his marvellous style be handed down to posterity. In fact, it will be very strange if a nation of our sporting and athletic tastes is not forward to take advantage of the opportunities now afforded of a thorough study of "style." For not only the "eights" would be benefited, but the "elevens" too all over England might have the secret of forward play unfolded before their eyes, were Dr. W. G. Grace to allow himself to be caught at play by the camera of Mr. Muybridge.

Notices of Catholic Continental Periodicals.

GERMAN PERIODICALS.

By Dr. BELLESHEIM, of Cologne.

1. *Katholik*.

PROFESSOR PROBST, of Breslau University, continues his Paper on the "Reformation of the Milan Liturgy by S. Ambrose," the first part of which we noticed last quarter. The first desire of the great doctor was to shorten the rather protracted old form of service, and then to bring into prominence and urge on the attention of the faithful the doctrine of the Catholic Church, as expounded against Arianism. Thus, whilst S. Basil reformed the Oriental Liturgy, S. Ambrose adapted the Milan offices to the new shape given by S. Damasus to the Roman Liturgy. Nor could any one be found better fitted for accomplishing this great task than S. Ambrose, who, both for solid doctrine and attachment to the Roman See, surpassed any bishop in the Western Church. Hence may he be styled the father of the Milan Liturgy, as indeed he was, as early as the tenth century, by Walafried Strabo. It may well be supposed that S. Ambrose changed the Milan rites as little as he could; but duly allowing for his conservatism, it is equally certain that he endeavoured to bring them into closer harmony with the Roman rites. Thus, in the Sacramentarium (l. 3, c. 1, n. 5), speaking of the Roman Church, he says: "Whose type and form we follow throughout;" and let it be borne in mind that for S. Ambrose the Catholic Church is there to be found where Peter lives and exercises his supreme authority. He made two principal changes which may be judged of by reference to the Sacramentarium Leonianum as exhibiting the official liturgical changes introduced by S. Damasus. Firstly, wo

mention the "Collects," and secondly, the "Prefaces." The Collects form a notable part of the primitive Mass Liturgy, and, as Cardinal Wiseman shows, are generally made up of two parts—the Introduction and the Petition. But they were, prior to S. Damasus, not changed to suit the feasts of the ecclesiastical year; and it is entirely to that saint that we must attribute Collects bearing reference to the different saints according to their feasts. The same type of Collect is found in the Masses that have come down from S. Ambrose; hence it may safely be concluded that S. Ambrose allowed the reformed Roman Liturgy to modify the rites of his own Church. Another change the Roman Liturgy had undergone in the pontificate of Damasus concerns the Prefaces. The primitive Liturgy had only one Preface; the reformed one of S. Damasus contains several forms of Prefaces. And this new element appears also in the Masses bearing the name of S. Ambrose.

Professor Stanonik, of Gratz in Austria, contributes several articles on Petrus Aureoli, of the Franciscan Order. This great doctor, now-a-days all but forgotten, lived in the fourteenth century, was created Archbishop of Aix by John XXII., and has left some excellent writings. We may mention his "Commentaries on the Sentences," his "Quodlibeta," a "Breviarium Bibliorum" (a kind of introduction to the Scriptures), and his learned work on the "Immaculate Conception." The "Repercussorium editum contra adversarium innocentiae Matris Dei" is held by Stanonik to be a genuine work of Aureoli against some authors who deny that it is his.

Professor Max Müller's numerous works on Philology, Eastern Mythology and Religion, are brought before the German public in four articles in the *Katholik*. The writer of them shows a thorough acquaintance with the Professor's writings; his object is to judge them by the irrefragable principles of Christianity and the unchanging doctrine of the Catholic Church. And having duly admitted Professor Max Müller's lofty ideas, immense erudition, and the large results derived from his researches into the Religious Books of the East, the writer points out that some of his conclusions cannot be accepted by a Catholic divine, and these are keenly opposed in these four articles.

2. *Historisches Jahrbuch der Goerres-Gesellschaft*.—This journal of the Goerres Society contains a remarkable article by Baron de Reumont, the former Prussian Ambassador at Florence, and author of the "History of the City of Rome," on "A Stuart Pretender in the Seventeenth Century." The Duke of Monmouth is generally supposed to be the oldest of the many illegitimate children of Charles II., king of Great Britain; but there was another Stuart in the seventeenth century who claimed to be an elder brother. In 1863, the *Civiltà Cattolica* (vols. vi., vii.) published a paper based on authentic documents on the conversion of Charles II. to the Catholic faith. In this it was stated also that the king, during his stay in the isle of Jersey, had a son, who received in baptism the name "James," but in 1665 obtained the name "de la Cloche du Bourg de Jersey;" that afterwards he went to Hamburg, where he was received into the Catholic Church, July 23, 1667;

that he thence proceeded to Rome, and entered the Society of Jesus, April 11, 1668: and that he went twice to England, where, under the name of "Henri de Rohan," he was received by King Charles II. Here ends the history of this supposed son of that monarch. The writer in the *Civiltà* supposes him to have died a member of the Society of Jesus. More light has, however, been thrown on this mysterious person by a testament published by Don Scipione Volpicella, first librarian to the National Library, Naples, in the "*L'Itale reale*" (1881, n. 13). The testator styles himself "Don Giacomo Stuardo, figlio naturale di Carlo II., procreato con la Signora D. Maria Stuardo della Famiglia dei Baroni di San Marzo." In addition to this, he wishes to be buried in the Church of S. Francesco di Paola, outside Porta Capuana, Naples, and institutes his heirs the children of his wife, Donna Teresa Corona. Hence arises the question: Who was the real person calling himself "natural son of Charles II.?" Investigations were fruitless, until in 1878 the mystery was unveiled. The parish priest of S. Sofia, in S. Giovanni Carbonara, Naples, found a marriage certificate, running in the following terms:—"Addì 19 Febraio 1669 il Signor Giacomo Enrico Boneri . . . e la Signora Teresa Corona . . . sono stati solennemente congiunti in legittimo matrimonio." Baron de Reumont says: "There cannot be a doubt but that this Giacomo Enrico de Boneri, *alias* Giacomo Stuardo, is identical with Giacomo de la Cloche, and Enrico de Rohan, *alias* Stuart, living in the Roman Noviciate. Who he was, where he came from, and on what he founded his pretensions, remain a mystery. But it is generally known that Prince Charles, with special license of his father Charles I., went to Jersey in September, 1646, and thence started for France on a visit to his mother, Mary Henrietta. If the story be based on truth, the pretender James would be born about 1647, and have entered the Society of Jesus in his twenty-first year, and in the ninth year of Charles II.

3. *Historisch-politische Blätter*.—The April number contains a very able and interesting Paper on the "Literary Activity of the Benedictine Order in Austria during the last century." It is a critique of a book published under the same title last year at Würzburg. The period named, during which the Austrian Benedictines were called on to do their work for the Church, was in general an extremely unfavourable one for monasteries. The Imperial Court of Austria, once the stronghold of the Catholic religion, became animated after Maria Teresa's death by the new ideas borrowed from the French philosophy. Joseph II., although in his personal life a respectable man, proved to be an enemy to the Church and her dearest institutions. He inaugurated a period of slavery from which she was rescued only in our own days. Hundreds of monasteries were abolished by simple decrees of the Emperor. The writer presents what is unquestionably a sad spectacle of all the splendid institutions that formally linked people and clergy with the Imperial house, sacrificed in less than a quarter of a century to the sophisms of Joseph II. In the subsequent reigns, the great order of S. Benedict gained new strength, and his children once more became famous as scholars and

teachers. Many members of the Order are now professors in the Hungarian Universities. The treasures accumulated in their libraries are innumerable. A special interest for Scotland attaches to the so-called Scotch monastery in Vienna, with its sixty-six priests and ten clerics and novices; sixty monks conducting the gymnasium, with five hundred disciples. The statistical notices afford plentiful proof of the immense activity of the old Order.

The May issue notices the second volume of Professor Funk's new edition of the "Apostolic Fathers." This volume contains the Apocrypha—viz., the pseudo-letters of S. Clement to Virgins; the interpolated form of S. Ignatius' letters; three acts of the martyrdom of S. Ignatius, the first being in the Vatican library, the second written by Simeon Metaphrastes, and the Latin edited by the Bollandists; the fragments of Papias, and the biography of S. Polycarp. Professor Beelen, of Louvain, has supported the genuineness of the letters to Virgins (or, "On Virginity"); but Professor Funk holds them to be spurious, issued only under cover of the name of Clement. The editor gives great prominence to the "Ignatiana," or false letters of S. Ignatius of Antioch. They form a principal part of the new edition. Who was this pseudo-Ignatius to whom is ascribed this enlarged and corrupted form of the famous genuine letters of the saint? Professor Funk contends that he was a member of the sect of Apollinaris. His arguments for this opinion would be conclusive were it not for the fact that these false letters of S. Ignatius were read during the solemn service in the early ages of the Church. This fact can scarcely be accounted for if we accept Professor Funk's opinion. The learned editor has spared no pains to compare every attainable manuscript. Here, for the first time, is employed the celebrated Codex of Constantinople, containing, along with the letters of S. Clement, the interpolated letters of S. Ignatius. Dr. Funk was assisted by the Metropolitan of Nicomedia, Philotheus Bryennius, who collated this Codex for him. There were also several manuscripts belonging to Balliol and Magdalen Colleges which were duly consulted. Indeed, Professor Funk's edition of the pseudo-Ignatiana may be safely said to be by far the best now extant.

The trustees of the Prussian Archives at Berlin, under the editorship of Herr von Sybel, are actually engaged in publishing a series of documents concerning the relations between the Crown of Prussia and the Catholic Church. The second volume uses more than eight hundred papers referring to the province and bishopric of Silesia and Breslau, obtained by Frederick II. in 1740. A rather harsh ecclesiastical policy was inaugurated by the king, who claimed to confer all the livings of the diocese, and nominate even the bishops. The papers afford a very signal example, referring to Count Schaffgotsch, a nobleman of no good life whom the king nominated by his own authority against the will of the Pope and the chapter of Breslau, which claimed the right of electing the suffragan. Benedict XIV. gave way, and Count Schaffgotsch, having seriously promised to alter his manners, became successor to Cardinal Sinzendorf. A prominent feature in King Frederick the Second's ecclesiastical policy was his

management of mixed marriages. The king reserved to himself the right of allowing dispensations, the Pope being formally and solemnly excluded. This reservation was, in the hands of the monarch, simply an appropriate means for the propagation of Protestantism.

ITALIAN PERIODICALS.

La Civiltà Cattolica. 6 Maggio, 1882.

Centenary of the Sicilian Vespers.

THE absurdity, not to say the atrocity, of the recent celebration of the Centenary of the Sicilian Vespers by the Italian Liberals is well shown up by the *Civiltà Cattolica* of May 6. The writer asks three questions: Were the Sicilian Vespers one of the most glorious facts in their history, of which the Italian people may be truly proud? Can they be presented as a noble example of patriotic virtue to the present generation? Can they be produced as evidence that the same principles and sentiments which animate modern Italian liberalism were working and energizing six hundred years ago? The bare statement of the horrors enacted on that Easter Tuesday of 1282 are sufficient answer to the first two questions. The pen recoils from relating the acts of bestial ferocity and diabolical cruelty perpetrated that evening and the night which followed, not upon an unprepared soldiery alone, but upon helpless women and babes. They must fill with horror every soul which has preserved a vestige of humanity. Certainly, instead of deserving the glorification of a Centenary celebration, Sicilian Vespers had best for the honour of Italy have been consigned to eternal oblivion. Glorious proofs of valour were, it is true, given in the war which followed on the Vespers; but it was not these deeds of arms, whatever some may please to say, but the sanguinary Vespers themselves which were celebrated in Palermo by the Liberals of Italy as great and memorable on March 31, 1882.

In the absence of all title, then, to be thus considered, it may be asked what is their claim to the sympathy of Italian liberalism? To transform the actors in the Sicilian rising into modern revolutionists requires audacious lying; and that has not been wanting in the Liberal press. Nothing could well stand in greater contrast. Modern Italian liberalism is essentially anti-Catholic. It desires to unchristianize the people, and to hold up to them Pagan types of virtue and heroism. Now, it is preposterous to seek such examples amongst their ancestors of the thirteenth century, who, whatever else they might be, were uncompromising Catholics. In the very midst of their revolting excesses, and even while searching for French *religieux* to massacre them, the Sicilians respected the ashes of S. Louis, brother to the very prince against whom they were rebelling, which would have been the first object of the sacrilegious fury of the sons of '89. The names of Jesus, of the Blessed Mother of God, and of their patron saints, always mingled with their battle-cry; and the Messinians, in their courageous resistance to the forces of Charles of Anjou, attributed all

its success to Our Lady. Again, the modern revolutionists hate the Supreme Pontiff as they hate Christianity, and are the mortal foes of his temporal power ; but it is to run in the face of all historical facts to attribute any such animosity to the Sicilians of 1282. Although they rose against the sovereign to whom the Pope had given the investiture of his fief, and in so doing indirectly assailed the authority of their feudal lord, nevertheless, so far from having the slightest wish to throw off their allegiance to the Holy See, they, on the very morrow of the Vespers, raised the standard of Holy Church, proposing to carry on their government under the direct authority of the Pope, the undisputed lord of Sicily. About a fortnight later an assembly of the Barons and heads of the people decreed that a solemn embassy should be sent from all the communes of Sicily to the Supreme Pontiff, to present him with the keys of all their towns, and renew their homage to him ; but believing that the Pope would either be unwilling or unable to deprive the Angevine prince of his fief, they determined at the same time to offer the throne to Peter of Aragon ; and that prince, having landed five months later, was received with indescribable joy by the Sicilians, who for him and his successors sustained the struggle, the glory of which the senator Perez, in his discourse delivered at the celebration of the Centenary, desired to include in the commemoration of the Vespers.

It is clear, then, that the Sicilians only wavered between the immediate political jurisdiction of the Holy See, which they would have preferred, and the government of a foreign dynasty, for which they had no abhorrence, so long as their privileges were respected. It was his disregard of those privileges which had rendered Charles of Anjou odious, not the fact of his being a stranger. What, therefore, becomes of the figment of a tyrannical Pontiff imposing upon them a foreign yoke, and their aspirations after a national monarchy ? The rights of the Holy See were never questioned by the Sicilians ; and Peter of Aragon, whom they chose, was as much a foreigner as was Charles of Anjou, the selection of the Pontiff. The Popes of the thirteenth century were, in short, as guiltless of the charge of desiring to sell Italy to the stranger as in this nineteenth century is Leo XIII., upon whom the modern revolutionists desire to fix the accusation.

Del Liberalismo Conservatore.

LIBERAL conservatism is here exposed in this same number of the *Civiltà*. The party known in Italy by the name of moderate Liberals, now cast down from power, were the faction which heretofore extended a fraternal hand to the Masonic sects, and who by their aid and foreign support unmade Italy in order to make it up again after its own fashion, and for its own exclusive and perpetual benefit, as it hoped. Being now unseated by the rivals who had acted as their auxiliaries in this enterprise, the moderate Liberals do not cease to cry out that Italy is lost if they cannot regain the ascendancy. The new electoral law adds to their terrors of democratic rule ; hence they desire to form a Conservative party, in which they invite all to join

them, Catholics included, who do not desire to see power fall irretrievably from the hands of men of education and property, who they say are its legitimate possessors, into that of the lower grades of society.

They would, therefore, engage all monarchists of every shade to combine together at the next elections in order to present a front against revolutionists. It will be understood, however, that they formally exclude the *intransigenti* clericals, because, as these aspire to overturn the present order of things, they must be regarded as revolutionists themselves. Catholics, accordingly, it is plain, would be called upon to sacrifice the rights of the Pope and of the Church in order to support the order of things which the so-called moderate Liberals succeeded in establishing in Italy, and to admit as an article of belief that this order of things is a commendable order (not a horrible disorder, as they cannot but esteem it to be), thereby trampling at once on their conscience and common sense. These would-be Liberal Conservatives, in fact, as the writer proceeds to show, wish to conserve only what makes for their own party interests, and is compatible with their own dominion. To this end they would preserve all the juridical monstrosities and practical robberies of the Revolution up to the point beyond which the reign of demagoguery begins. The boasted moderation of this party, then, must be reduced to the admission of just that portion of what is good and true, which would not damage themselves or injure their position; outside those limits, interest must have the primacy in everything—that is, the interests of their party, while principles must be remorselessly immolated, and no account made of justice, divine or human. *

Were the realization of such a chimerical project desirable, the writer shows that it would not be possible, and would not avert the dreaded evils. For if anti-Christian and demagogic principles are adopted—and such are the principles upon which the moderate Liberals carried out their work of making Italy—it is vain to talk of staying their evolution at a certain point. You cannot lay down principles and shirk their consequences; you cannot retain poison in your viscera and expect to escape death. This is further developed by the writer, who, in particular, shows what must be the logical consequences of the doctrines of the sovereignty of the people, and of the irresponsibility, not political only, but even moral, of the monarch, by which he is reduced to the state of a mere puppet; and, as the people are likely to be taught by-and-by, a useless and expensive puppet, a mere shadow and mock king. Will they think such an ornament worth the 15,000,000 *lire* of the civil list? It is a nominal, not a real monarchy, which these moderate Liberals are so enthusiastic to preserve to Italy. Again, if the people, of whom the lower classes form the overwhelming majority, are sovereign, so essentially sovereign that a plebiscite is judged essential to the creation of a State, with what logic can they be precluded from directing the government of that State at their pleasure? As the Conservative plan in question must include the dethronement of the Pope for the sake of the integrity of the national territory, and the confiscation of the property of the Church for the benefit of the State,

these being two accomplished facts which the moderate Liberals, by whom they were effected, never will or can undo, maintaining, on the contrary, that the very wish to undo them transforms a man into a revolutionist; and since, on the other hand, the Roman Pontiff will never accept the ignoble conditions offered to him, and make himself the voluntary subject of the Revolution and a conservator of all its misdeeds—it follows that this supposed party would necessarily remain in a perennial state of hostility to the Head of the Church—a state involving the persecution of all that is ecclesiastical and religious.

The moderate Liberals would like to assume a mask of respect to religion, in the hope of opposing a dyke to the flood of immorality which threatens to deluge Italy; but in the face of such circumstances, what could the pretence avail? With what consistency either could they insist on the sacred rights of property—viz., their own property—after having so flagrantly violated those rights in the case of others? Certain examples are pestilential and infectious, and, when a convenient opportunity occurred, a democratic Government might, by a simple law, convert the rich patrimony of private individuals into State property, inventing, to cloak the new robbery, some plausible name for this act of spoliation—say, “social justice.” It would serve the purpose as well as the “secularization of the goods of the Church” and the “tutelage of public beneficence.”

How Italian Catholics ought to work.—An article, thus headed, in the number for May 20, contains some very practical advice as to the necessity of systematic union amongst Catholic associations in order to render them really effective. Obeying the impulse given by the late holy Pontiff, Pius IX., and repeated by Leo XIII., a number of active associations have been formed by Italians throughout the length and breadth of the Peninsula, for the defence of their common country against those who would rob it of its faith and corrupt its morals. A fresh power and vital organization has been imparted to them by grouping them round the *Opera dei Congressi*, the object of which is to bind them together in one general aim, leaving each at the same time to follow out the particular scope appertaining to it. Without such a combination, Catholic Italy would contend at great disadvantage against the revolutionary sectaries, who are linked together in one solid phalanx from Turin to Palermo. Already are their enemies beginning to feel that Catholicism must be reckoned with as an important force, and neither in the Liberal newspapers nor in Parliament are Catholics spoken of with the same contempt as heretofore.

But it is needful to perfect and promote this general organization more fully, in order to give it the energy and efficaciousness requisite. The Holy Father has especially urged the all-importance of union and co-operation, and indeed it is a truth, centuries old, that union is strength. There are those, however, who are slow to realize this truth practically, and hence a want of zeal in many good Catholics for the *Opera dei Congressi*. What need, they ask, of these new institutions when they possess so many old ones? and when all the good required by each individual parish and diocese meets with local

attention? Why seek aid from without? This holding back of a large number, this self-centralization, is the chief cause, the writer opines, why Catholic action in Italy has not realized the hopes reasonably entertained, nor corresponded to the fears of their adversaries. Much more might be done in the way of discipline and joint action, and, in support of this view, he quotes the words addressed by the Duke Salviati, who heads the work, to the meeting of the Turin Congress concerning the cause of the insufficiency of Catholic action in Italy, which has been so justly lamented by the Holy Father.

The whole of this article will repay perusal, and, in spite of its local application and relevance, is one of general interest in a practical point of view. If want of union renders even a large majority weak against a well-disciplined enemy of far inferior numerical strength, so also is the converse true, and the power of even a small minority is indefinitely increased by combination.

FRENCH PERIODICALS.

Le Contemporain. 1er Juin, 1882. Paris.

M. RENAN has been lately delivering himself of his ideas about the Book of Ecclesiastes, or as he, pedantically enough, prefers to say, "Kohleth," and the Abbé Rambouillet replies to him in this number of the *Contemporain*, under the heading, "L'Ecclesiaste et M. Renan." The Abbé is well known as the author of writings on the Book of Ecclesiastes, and especially of a translation of it from the Hebrew. It may be interesting, therefore, to give a brief notion of what he says to M. Renan. He observes that unbelievers, rationalists, &c., have for a long time past ranked the writer of Ecclesiastes among the sceptics and materialists of antiquity. "M. Renan takes up this thesis—as decrepit as it is false—trying to give it rejuvenescence by his original talent and charm of style. He knows thoroughly the tricks of the business and the credulity of his public."

The first quoted of M. Renan's sentiments on the sacred books may be left in its original French. He proposes to translate it "au moyen de petits couplets, touchant d'un côté à la platitude, de l'autre à la gaudriole, allant de la Palisse à Pibrac," and he calls it the work of "une absolue décrépitude." "As to the sceptical or epicurean character of the composition," he says, "it is possible to quarrel over the precise meaning of two or three verses, which is of little consequence. If the author did not continue in scepticism he passed through it, and has given the theory of it completely and frankly." There is nothing after death. The day of Jehovah never comes; God is for heaven; He will never reign on earth. Kohleth sees the inutility of attempting to reconcile the justice of God with the course of the world. There is no future life: the death of man is as the death of an animal. The moral of Kohleth is *un morale de juste milieu*; calm pleasure is the supreme end of life.

In reply to all this, the Abbé Rambouillet justly remarks that we need

proof of it. M. Renan gives assertion and no proof; whilst grave objections are plainly against him which he does not take the trouble to discuss. The last two verses of the book (xii. 13–14) sufficiently destroy the assertions as to scepticism, and therefore M. Renan first observes that they have perhaps been added “pour sauver par une reflexion pieuse ce que le livre avait d’hétérodoxe;” and as this would not agree with the age assigned to the book by himself, he prefers to consider the last four verses as a *finale* to the whole Bible, at a time when Ecclesiastes held the last place! This again is all arbitrary assumption. If the verses in question closed the Bible, or collection of books, why “let us hear the conclusion of the discourse” (*ce discours*).? It is enough to compare these four verses in the Hebrew with the rest of Ecclesiastes to be convinced that they are all from the same pen.

But leaving these aside, other verses, unquestioned by M. Renan, tell against his charge of scepticism—for example, the 16th and 17th of chap. iii. and the 9th of chap. xi. This last passage M. Renan translates freely enough: “Amuse-toi.” “Amuse thyself, young man, but deceive not thyself; not one of thy pleasures but thou shalt one day expiate by as much of regret.” Add to these two texts the seventh verse of the last chapter as a proof of belief in a future. Indeed, the recompense of works in another life is three times repeated in the few pages occupied by the book. This would be enough for any but those of M. Renan’s school, to whom it is *incontestable* that the Jews, before their return from captivity, had no notion of the immortality of the soul. “The confidence of these rationalist *savants* in their own lights is great indeed.”

M. Renan, in what he says of Ecclesiastes’ sentiment concerning the death of man and beast has allusion to vv. 18–21 of chap. iii. But a writer who has just said that he believes in a judgment by God, cannot mean to say, immediately afterwards, that the death of beast and man are, in every way, one and the same thing. But such a contradiction does not trouble M. Renan. According to him, it is one of the characteristics of the author: “The clear perception of one truth does not prevent Koheleth from seeing, immediately after, the contrary truth with the same clearness.” Is M. Renan mocking both readers and all common sense? Here the Abbé Rambouillet adds a translation of his own from the original of these verses, 18 to 21, adding verses 16 to 17. He thinks that one phrase (we italicise it) has not been happily rendered by the Vulgate. We attempt an English rendering of his French:—

16. One thing that has struck me is that iniquity usurps here below the place of judgment (*équité*), and injustice the place of justice.

17. But I have said to myself: Both the just and the unjust will be judged of God when comes the time of judging every will and every work.

18. I reflected thus: God wills in such manner to prove men, and to *see* (or *show*) if they look upon themselves as beasts;

19. Because the same thing happens to man as to beast: the one dies as the other dies, and the same breath is in them both; and man has no more (under this aspect of him) than the beast: all are vanity.

20. All go to the same place; taken from dust, they return into dust.

21. Who understands that the soul of man mounts to heaven, whilst the soul of the beast descends to the earth?

The sense of the original, he thinks, is thus :—God appears to abandon all things to the will, good or bad, of man, and to be unconcerned about his doings. He acts thus to prove his fidelity, and that the proof may be complete He permits that the issue of life should be, to all *appearance*, the same for man and for beast—nothing exteriorly distinguishing their death. Hence it comes that many men believe in no further destiny for themselves than the brutes have, &c. The Abbé treats in a similar manner M. Renan's accusations as to the epicureanism of Ecclesiastes, founded on chap. ix. 1–10.

The Abbé suspects that M. Renan removes the date of the composition of this book so far from the time of Solomon, simply because he has no profound belief in the above contention concerning its character. The notion of the soul's immortality, according to some of his friends, must not be among Jewish dogmas before the captivity. "If the book were honestly sceptical, I am persuaded that M. Renan would have no difficulty to give it back to the author whose name, so to speak, it bears. With what satisfaction would he not invite the defenders of the holy books to discover the influence of divine inspiration in Ecclesiastes!" M. Renan has several times changed his opinion as to the date of its composition. First, it was difficult for him to believe that it belonged to any but the brilliant and free epoch of Solomon ("Histoire des Langues sémitiques," p. 133). Then he placed the composition about the time of Alexander ("Le Cantique des Cantiques," p. 101), now he places it about 125 B.C. Now, also, being written by a Sadducean, it bears the character of the sceptical and semi-materialist philosophy of its author! To support this last opinion, he dwells on technical considerations of language—"the old-style Hebrew," he writes, "has a character of its own, firm, nervous, 'serré comme un câble,' twisted, enigmatic. Modern-style Hebrew, on the contrary, is loose, tone-less (*sans timbre*), feeble, altogether analogous to the Aramaic." The language of Ecclesiastes is indeed modern, but little tainted with Aramaic elements; what it most resembles is the "Mishna," and the Mishna represents the Hebrew of the second century before Christ. "By its language, the book Koheleth appears to be the most recent of the Biblical books, the nearest to the Talmud."

It is well to hear a Hebrew scholar like the Abbé Rambouillet in reply to this sort of criticism. "It is absolutely impossible," he says, "to determine by the style alone the epoch of composition of any one of the Hebrew books of the Bible." The writer of each was so personally independent, untied to grammar requirements or syntax, or to the influence of any school or public "taste," &c. Indeed, the difficulty of determining the age of a Hebrew writing from its style is *insurmountable*, as M. Derenbourg (a literary friend of Renan's) has avowed in the notable case of a recent discovery of an inscription at Jerusalem, referred to by the Abbé at length. Gesenius—surely an authority—found *Ecclesiastes* full of Aramaisms; M. Renan says it

is little tainted with them! Once, too, the book was, even to M. Renan's mind, "un ouvrage du plus grand caractère," to-day he brands it an "œuvre décrépite;" and the style that he once ranked with that of *Job* and the *Canticles* is now "lâche, sans timbre, flasque." Again, the Abbé Rambouillet denies the similarity with the language of the Mishna. "I need," he says, "only mention three notable points of difference between the languages of the two books. We find neither Greek words nor Hellenisms in Ecclesiastes (as M. Renan admits): its style is very little Aramaic; and lastly, the Hebrew words found in it, and not found in other books of the Bible, are very few in number. The exact opposite is true of the Mishna."

Lastly, if Ecclesiastes was not written till about B.C. 130, how came it to be written in Hebrew? Hebrew had then fallen into desuetude, and was no longer spoken in Judea: the popular speech was a mixture of Hebrew and Syriac: the Holy Books had been translated into Greek: and Jews writing for the instruction of their brethren generally wrote in Greek. Besides, Jewish tradition is unanimous in attributing the book to Solomon, not even a Talmudist ever thought otherwise; and if it were written in modern Hebrew, how could they mistake it for an ancient book?

There is no sound reason, either philological or historic, for the scepticism or materialism of the author of Ecclesiastes, or against the authorship of Solomon. Let us not be moved by the desperate attacks of rationalistic criticism; as M. Gaston Boissier recently said (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, du 1^{er} Mars, 1882), *à propos* of the "Origines du Christianisme," M. Renan writes for the people who don't believe the word of the Church; they much need his aid to their incredulity.

Thus far the Abbé Rambouillet. In England, amongst critics whose reverence for the Bible would prevent them entertaining for a moment the grave charges of epicureanism and scepticism against a sacred book, the authorship of Solomon is nevertheless generally denied. "The most competent Biblical scholars," we are told by one writer, "deny the Solomonic authorship of Ecclesiastes." A more moderate writer (the Rev. E. Hayes Plumptre), in Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" (art. Ecclesiastes), having marshalled the arguments *pro* and *con*, leaves it as being yet an open question. Such Solomonic authorship, we need scarcely observe, is not a matter *de fide* with Catholics, but our commentators do not feel themselves called on to leave the teaching of a tradition that was unanimous and unbroken up to the time of Grotius. Perhaps even the denial of their own opinion afflicts them less from the notable want of unanimity among their opponents. The writer just referred to notices this in his own way: the arguments, he says, are stronger *against* the traditional belief than in *support* of any rival claim (art. Eccles. *supra*). A recent Catholic writer—M. Vigouroux, in his excellent "Manuel Biblique"—notices the fact also. He remarks that since Grotius in 1644, "most Protestant, and some Catholic authors" have adopted the opinion of Grotius. "But they are very divided as to its date." From Nachtigal, who places parts of the book between Solomon and Jeremias, 975–588, he enumerates no less than fourteen groups of authors, each of which

places it farther and farther away from Solomon, until lastly we find Grätz placing it in the time of Jesus Christ—imagining he sees in verses 16–20 of the tenth chapter a proof that the author of Koheleth died during the reign of Herod! This shows, M. Vigouroux observes, how unstable and uncertain are “these intrinsic proofs” in determining an author or a date, since the examination of this very short book has led to results so divergent and contradictory.

Notices of Books.

Les Hymnes du Bréviaire Romain. I. Hymnes dominicales et férielles du Psautier. II. Hymnes du Temps (Avent—Noël—Epiphanie). Par l'Abbé S. G. PIMONT. Paris: Poussielgue Frères.

THE hymnology of the Church can boast of an antiquity almost as venerable as that of Christianity itself. Commentators profess to see in those words of the Pastoral Epistles, “a faithful saying,” the first traces of a liturgy, perhaps even of sacred hymns. During the sad days when Arianism was laying waste the Church, SS. Ambrose and Hilary found in the popular hymn a ready means of gathering their people around them and confirming them in the faith. The great Bishop of Milan was the father of Latin hymnology; and it is hard to say whether any of his successors have surpassed him in expressing the lofty themes of Christianity in terse and happy measure. In S. Gregory's hymns the liturgical idea is more prominent; we meet with appeals to God to overlook the ingrained sinfulness of our nature, appeals to the soul to shake off the sluggishness, the *sordes peccati*. In the mediæval hymns we find much richer gleams of fancy, an almost childlike playfulness in handling the sacred themes, and an unction that shines through the most unclassical Latinity.

The Abbé Pimont has undertaken to rescue these ancient hymns from a certain amount of reproach that had been heaped upon them by their correctors. How these venerable strains jarred on the ears of the humanists of the seventeenth century; how reluctantly the Holy See yielded to the cry for the correction of the old hymns, is well told in his pages. It might be feared at first that M. Pimont's outspoken advocacy of the primitive text is equivalent to some want of respect for the authorities of the Church who had sanctioned the revision of the hymns. But the letters of approbation that the author has received from bishops and archbishops, and the honourable distinction of a letter from the Holy Father Pope Pius IX., are quite reassuring on this point. Relying on this support, the Abbé proceeds to deliver the most determined attacks on the work of the correctors; he points out that, while carried away by the mania for classical scansion, they were utterly lost to the charm of real poetic inspira-

tion. If we mistake not, he will not allow the most innocent correction the right or the merit to be substituted for the older forms.

An Introduction to the first volume of some hundred pages is devoted with somewhat of diffuseness, we think, to the defence of the author's theory that Christianity created a new Latin language, since the classical forms were inadequate to the expression of Christian ideas. So important (a little over important, perhaps) does the author regard this question of a Christian Latinity, that in the preface to his second volume he excuses the delay of four years since the appearance of the first volume, by the fact that amongst other advantages he has had time to study that question further. And he proceeds in the Preface to defend against Père Brucker and others his original views. The Abbé Pimont acknowledges that the Commission of Urban VIII. did some good service. He recognizes the worth of many changes in some of the hymns, but complains that "under the pretext of elegance or clearness the Correctors have too often, alas! on the whole, merely sacrificed, for the sake of *classical* expressions, the primitive words, that were nearly always rich in symbolism and a profound mysticism." We think the writer here only repeats another echo of a wider doubt—often expressed—as to any value of the *renaissance* from a Christian point of view. Architects like Pugin and painters like Overbeck suffered from its effects on their arts in much the same way. That the Christian faith, animating human genius in all its expressions, produced in the "Ages of Faith" arts and a poesy of its own, and this both by a kindling transformation of such pre-existing materials as were not too Pagan to be thus redeemed and by the bold creation of new forms, is surely beyond all question. What will always be an unsettled point—because in the main a thing of taste and fluctuating, is how far either the old classic elegance or the mediæval *naïveté* is preferable.

M. Pimont would not deny the scansional superiority of the corrected hymns; but he would not have it at the price of ruined symbolism. In another sphere of art he would hate stained glass windows in which the conventionalism of middle-age artists gives place to the naturalism of modern design and an observance of the laws of perspective. So, Pugin would have destroyed S. Peter's; and *en revanche* Gothic arches and proportions and gargoyles and the "dim religious light" are all but barbarism in one or other degree to many lovers of Italian art. It is possible, however, to admire all that is valuable in both one and the other form of any art; quite possible to admire Horace and Adam of St. Victor, not both for classical metre, or for symbolism, but each for his own gift. And for our own part, we join M. Pimont in a cordial admiration for the quaintness and poetic asceticism of the uncorrected hymns, and, as a matter of taste, would rather have them as they were than *posed* and cut into "feet" and trimmed to Horatian elegance. What he does not apparently acknowledge—perhaps he is too artistic a composer to urge what constitutes the strong point in the opposite view—is, that Christian inspiration may lend itself to classical forms, as an angel may be a devotional painting that has neither bilious countenance nor mathematically circular nimbus nor

angular drapery. His strong point, however, is, that the reaction of our age towards a symbolism that retains *enough* of classic taste and forms did not exist when the Correctors did their work. What we call symbolism they called barbarism, and they thought *too much* of the exterior faultlessness of Augustan dress. The age that produced such poems as "De partu Virginis" by the "Christian Virgil," in which nymphs, goddesses, and sibyls surround the divine Infant, but His name of Jesus is not once mentioned, we may justly say, cared over much for "latinity." Nay, even the technicalities of Catholic theology became barbarous to ears so nice; and only in our own days has the tide of reaction set strongly against this grave error. Let us say, however, that such healthy reactions nearly always originate in an enthusiasm that is itself open to the charge of being *outré*; your nicely balanced and superfinely critical men are never enthusiasts. And in the beautiful cause of Catholic hymnology we gladly welcome the Abbé Pimont as an enthusiastic leader and a teacher whose work will keep the high place it has already taken.

To give the reader something of the Abbé's rather than any more of our own ideas, it will be well to quote what he rightly calls his thesis:—

Les Hymnes du bréviaire romain sont d'autant plus belles, qu'elles ont été écrites sous le souffle de l'esprit chrétien, lequel s'est donné à lui-même sa forme adéquate par le juste et plein accord de l'idée avec la forme, et a créé ainsi ce style nouveau qui n'a rien de comparable dans le classique profane (vol. i. xxxi.).

This, the reader sees, means that a *style* has been created as alone adequate to the expression of Christian ideas; hence to superimpose on the old hymns the metre of another style is even a literary mistake. Augustan style was the perfection of form for pagan thought, but, as he strenuously maintains, not "le type unique de perfection"—voilà "la grande erreur." A "second Latin literature" grew out of the Gospel and the reign of Christianity, and this second literature, like the first, eventually raised itself both in prose and poetry to a perfection of form, but—"dans un autre ordre." A learned critic has objected that the only determinable change in the so-called "second literature" is a quantity of new *words*, whilst he denies that there are many new *forms*. This M. Pimont vehemently opposes: the case is just inversely; the new words imported by Christianity into Latin are comparatively few; the new forms abound. Plentiful proof and illustration of all this is to be found in the two volumes before us. The author reaches the extreme of his enthusiasm when he says:—

We go farther, for we dare boldly to say that if, *par impossible*, our hymns had been written in the style of Horace—as Santeul strove to write them for the Paris breviary—far from being classical, in the rational meaning of the word, it would really have been hard to know to what serious literature they belonged; since in divorcing them from the new idiom of the Church which alone lent a language in true harmony with their Christian thought (*pensée*), they would oftenest be but a sorry

plagiarism, or at most a cold and servile imitation of antique art. (vol. i. lvii.).

And he quotes, in confirmation M. Villemain's criticism on the poetry of S. Gregory Nazianzen. A further and profound remark of the author relative to the style of hymns is, that it not only grew from their peculiar thought and sentiment, but was the response to their "destination"—to use his own word. They were not written, as were the odes and epics of antiquity, for the privileged class of *littérateurs*, but chiefly for the "people," who were to chant them, together with the clergy. The pagan populace, whether at Athens or at Rome, were never *à l'aise* with prosodial refinements—hence the frequent infractions of quantity, &c., in the comic poets—and how much less the Christian populace! The motto of pagan poetry might be the "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*" of Horace; that of the Christian hymn, the "*Venite, omnes,*" of the Divine Master. Hence, in the hymns that were to touch and re-echo in faithful though plebeian hearts—as in the

Congaudeat turba fidelium!
Natus est rex salvator omnium,
In Betleem—

we have the simplicity of diction, concise periods, absence of inversions, vivacity of expression and "turn," and the unction that embalmed them to the popular feeling in a heavenly perfume. This just criticism, perhaps, also accounts for the attempt to "correct" which the Abbé deplores. Modern languages at the period of the *renaissance* had grown so far perfect and estranged from the parent Latin that the people no longer either took part in or even understood the once popular hymn. Hence, to meet the tastes of *littérateurs*, the Latin hymn was refined up to their cultured requirements. And a vernacular hymnology—popular once more in proportion as it partakes of the qualities just enumerated—has taken its place with the peoples. We will conclude by saying that the Introduction to the first, as also the Preface to the second volume, although only a prologue to the work proper, and in a great measure theoretical, deals, and deals ably, with a topic of intense interest.

For those who care more for the hymns as they stand than for any speculations about their metrical correctness or superiority to pagan poetry, the Abbé's criticisms will be found full of interest. In the body of his work each hymn and each line is dwelt on with care and admiration. First we have the hymn, then the primitive text, a synopsis, a critique, and lastly a commentary giving an elucidation of the text and parallel passages from Holy Writ. It is in these side-lights, so to speak, that he has contrived to throw on the text from verses of the Psalms and passages of the Fathers, that the author displays much originality and poetic insight. His translation of the more difficult lines is always valuable, though not unfrequently too diffuse.

We are disposed to question his grounds for claiming the authorship of S. Ambrose for so many of the hymns. Take, for instance,

the Advent hymn, "Conditor alme Siderum," which he attributes to S. Ambrose. Surely this hymn breathes the style and inspiration of S. Gregory. Compare it with the Lenten hymn, "Audi benigne Conditor," an acknowledged Gregorian. The opening verses of both contain exactly the same idea. Later on we meet the peculiarly bold expression, "interitu mortis," which is paralleled by a similar daring phrase in the Lenten hymn, "infirmi virium," a mode of speech quite characteristic of S. Gregory. No one can fail to recognize in the line, "Salvasti mundum languidum" an idea quite familiar in the homilies of S. Gregory. These little peculiarities, common to both hymns, would seem to point to a common authorship.

At some length we have endeavoured to show our appreciation of the seriousness, the solid learning, and the piety which are displayed in this work. Lovers of the hymns of the Church will find in M. Pimont's pages a treasure of curious and instructive details on all that concerns the sacred verse. Nor is there any attempt to shirk the obscure passages from a fear to compromise his scholarship. So famous a verse as the "Quo carnis actu exules," which is omitted in the corrected version, he boldly grapples with; and though there may be a question as to his correct rendering, there can be none as to his serious and thoughtful criticism.

Up to this date two volumes only have been published. The first contains the ferial and dominical hymns of the Psalter; the second takes us as far as the Feast of Holy Innocents. We shall look forward with much interest for the completion of the labours of M. l'Abbé Pimont.

The New Testament in the Original Greek. The Text revised by B. F. WESTCOTT, D.D., and F. J. A. HORT, D.D. Macmillan. 1881.

THIS work is of the greatest interest to Biblical students, being the outcome of years of labour on the part of two most eminent scholars. It is not altogether a new work, for portions of the text have been in print for nearly ten years. But what was only known to a few favoured friends is now published to the world, with a full explanation of the authors' new theory of textual criticism. The influence of this work for good or evil has been, and will be, very great. We say has been, because it is well known that the learned editors were the guiding spirits on all textual questions to the Committee for the Revision of the New Testament. They furnished the members with copies of their text; and, according to Dr. Newth, their judgment was rarely disputed. To form an opinion on the value of their new text, we must first examine the theory on which it is based. Briefly stated, it is this: That the old Textus Receptus is critically of no value, as being mainly grounded on late manuscripts. That the great bulk both of Uncial and Cursive MSS. now extant represent a Syrian recension of the Sacred Text made about the middle of the fourth century. To arrive at trustworthy results we must get access to the text as it stood before this recension. On examination it is found that the pre-Syrian text has three different types or classes of readings, which the

learned editors call respectively Western, Alexandrian, and Neutral. The Western type is preserved in Codex Beza, the old Latin version, and in the quotations of St. Irenæus; and it is marked by considerable license and frequent interpolation. That the Alexandrian type may be discerned in the quotations of St. Clement and Origen, and is characterized by general purity but occasional paraphrase. That the Neutral form is the purest text, and is preserved to us in the Vatican Codex, and partially in the Sinaitic. So that those readings are the nearest to Apostolic purity, which are pre-Syrian, non-Western, and not Alexandrian, and that they are found with absolute certainty when the two Codices α B agree. When they do not agree, which is very often, other MSS. have to be grouped together on either side and a decision arrived at, not by counting but by weighing. It is open to dispute as to how far this theory is new. It has a certain resemblance to Griesbach's theory of families, and Hug's notion of recensions, both of which have been generally rejected by scholars. Tischendorf was a man of one MS., and that his own discovery. But these editors seek to combine the Vatican with the Sinaitic, and then defy the whole manuscript world, Syrian, Western, and Alexandrian. It is of course obvious that a text formed upon such a theory must be very revolutionary in its character. We may expect to find considerable omissions, numerous deviations from the common text, and some very strange readings. And this is just what we find in the new Cambridge edition. Some passages, such as the woman in adultery, the angel at the pool, the heavenly witnesses, are wholly removed from the text. Many verses in various places are enclosed in double brackets, which means that they are to be regarded as Western interpolations. The last verses of St. Mark and St. Luke's account of the agony in the garden and one of the seven last words are treated in this way. On the other hand, it is surprising to find inscribed in St. Matthew (xxvii. 49) one verse describing the piercing of our Lord's side before He was dead. Among other instances of strange readings adopted by the Cambridge editors, we may mention *μονογενὴς θεὸς* (John i. 18), *αὐτοῦ* (Mark vi. 22), *ἡμέτερον* (Luke xvi. 12), *ἡλίου ἐκλιπόντος* (Luke xxiii. 45), *Μελιτήνη* (Acts xxviii. 1), *λίθον* (Apoc. xv. 6), *ἐκδυσάντες* (Matthew xxvii. 29). Perhaps the most valuable part of the work to students is the notes on select readings. Many of them are treasures of compressed erudition. We can but wish that the editors had given us more such notes and a little less of their elaborate theory. It may be questioned whether their summary of evidence for and against particular readings is as important and as accurate as it should be. The editors have a short and easy method of their own for getting rid of obnoxious readings by simply styling such readings "Syrian" or "Western." This important work will be differently judged according to the estimate formed respectively of the Textus Receptus and the Vatican and Sinaitic Codices. Critics like Dean Burgon who have a superstitious reverence for the text of Erasmus, and call the above-mentioned MSS. "false witnesses," will account the new text as the most corrupt ever published. Those, on the other hand, who think that because these MSS. are the oldest they are the truest, will rejoice that a text is set.

forth based upon their authority. The rule "*id verius quod prius*" does not always hold good in textual criticism; for, to quote Dr. Scrivener:—

The worst corruptions to which the New Testament has ever been subjected originated within a hundred years after it was composed. Irenæus and the African Fathers and the whole Western, with a portion of the Syrian Church, used far inferior manuscripts to those employed by Stunica or Erasmus or Stephens, thirteen centuries later when moulding the *Textus Receptus*.

The new theory of the Cambridge editors is open to the charge of "subjectiveness," and is deficient in historical support. Its cardinal point is a double recension of the Sacred Text at Antioch in the middle of the third and fourth centuries, for which there is no historical evidence. The history of the Syrian version can hardly be reconciled with such a supposition. Again, the editors rely for their proof of the pre-Syrian character of certain readings on what they call "conflate" or combined readings, such as Mark vi. 33; viii. 26. At the best, the evidence is weak and open to another interpretation. It is quite as likely that \aleph B have omitted words as that the later MSS. have added them. Just as Griesbach always suspected the orthodox of tampering with the text in the interests of truth, so these editors seem to think that Syrian and Western MSS. add and change and interpolate, whilst their favourites never leave out anything and never blunder. To such an extent have they been blinded by favouritism that on the sole authority of \aleph B, they have adopted readings which contradict history, geography, and common sense—*e.g.*, Mark vi. 22; vii. 31; Matthew xxvii. 28. Then again it is essential to their view, that \aleph and B should be regarded as independent witnesses. This can hardly be maintained in the face of the fact made good by Tischendorf, that the scribe who wrote the Vatican Codex was the corrector of a portion of the Sinaitic. Judging the new text from the Catholic standpoint of the Vulgate, we must admit that it largely supports Old Latin readings where they diverge from the received Greek text. On the other hand it is clear that the manuscript by which St. Jerome corrected the Old Latin version of the New Testament was akin to those which transmit to us what the editors call the Syrian text, which they admit was the type of text most common in the fourth century. The Codex Alexandrinus in the British Museum is perhaps the best and earliest example of the Syrian text, and it is strongly antagonistic to the Vatican and Sinaitic Codices. Yet the editor tells us that—

by a curious and apparently unnoticed coincidence the text of A (Cod. Alex.) in several books agrees with the Latin Vulgate in so many peculiar readings devoid of Old Latin attestation as to leave little doubt that a Greek MS. largely employed by St. Jerome in his revision of the Latin version must have been to a large extent a common original with A (p. 152).

To those who fear the unsettling effects of Textual Criticism it will be reassuring to learn from the Cambridge editors that, apart from "trivialities, such as changes of order, omission or insertion of the

article with proper names and the like, the words in our opinion still subject to doubt can hardly amount to more than a thousandth part of the whole New Testament" (p. 561).

Institutiones Theologicae in usum Scholarum. Auctore JOSEPHO KLEUTGEN, S.J. Vol. I. Praeter introductionem continent partem primam, quæ est de ipso Deo. Ratisbonæ: Pustet. 1881.

AS many as thirty years ago Father Kleutgen came forward in defence of the scholastic philosophy and theology. It was a time when the Catholic divines of Germany were more or less influenced by the philosophy of the day, and their works animated by a spirit not very friendly to those eminent doctors of times gone by, whose fame had unfortunately, at the French Revolution or subsequently to it, been lost with the destruction of their ancient schools. It required no little self-denial and courage to overcome the obstacles encompassing Catholic theology and go back to these same scholastic doctors. The glory of having taken this meritorious step belongs to Father Kleutgen. The learned author, now in the evening of his life, presents us with a compact result of his solid science and high accomplishments in this recently published first volume of his "*Institutiones Theologicae*." It is a work of special interest. It is dedicated to (and the dedication has been accepted by) Leo XIII., an honour not to be underrated, as the present Holy Father ranks foremost amongst divines for his extensive knowledge of the scholastics. And it need not be said that Father Kleutgen accurately follows their system; hence he very often combines moral and dogmatic theology, and generally employs the method and order of St. Thomas. As he himself says:—"Primum cordi mihi erat maxime, ut disputationem omnem ad veterum theologorum atque nominatim ad S. Thomæ immortale opus quod *Summam Theologicam* inscripsit revocarem." The first volume of Father Kleutgen's work corresponds to the first part of the *Summa*; and future volumes will treat of God the Creator, of the Redeemer and his Blessed Mother, of the kingdom of Christ on earth, of Grace and the Sacraments, and, lastly, of Eschatology. What is usually styled "*theologia fundamentalis*" will be inserted in the proper places of the dogmatic theology, and not be commented on in separate treatises. We must not forget to mention—for such as have not yet read any of Father Kleutgen's works—his limpid classical Latin. There is not, according to our thinking, another theologian of our century who handles the Latin idiom in so masterly a manner as Father Kleutgen. This first volume contains the tracts, "*De Deo*" and "*De Trinitate*." And for thoroughness of explanation, comprehensiveness of view, and firm grasp of both doctrine and difficulties in these most profound treatises, the author deserves the highest praise. I should like to draw special attention to the clever article on the "*Pulchritudo Dei*" (pp. 417–426), which is masterly in execution; and also to the rules laid down according to the scholastics for the employment of substantive and adjective nouns of the Divine Essence and Persons (p. 541). In explaining the manner in which Almighty God foresees

"contingent future" things, our author accepts neither the "divine decrees" of the Thomists nor the opinion of Suarez and Franzelin, that God foresees them in their own objective reality. Whether or not Father Kleutgen is too severe on the doctors who hold this second opinion we will not decide. He himself rather agrees with Bellarmine, that the solution is not to be attained in this life. In explaining the doctrine of the mystery of the Trinity (pp. 427-724) Father Kleutgen successfully establishes the Catholic Faith against the manifold errors of our time—errors that attack this prime mystery either directly or indirectly by adulterating the philosophical ideas of "person," "essence," &c.

I hope this brief notice may suffice to bring before the reader's attention a work that will take and keep its place in the front rank of our doctrinal literature. It is earnestly to be desired that the life of the learned author may be spared him for the publication of the five other volumes that will complete the work.

BELLESHEIM.

Erklärung des Propheten Isaias. Von JOSEPH KNABENBAUR, Priester der Gesellschaft Jesu (*Explanation of the Prophet Isaias.* By J. KNABENBAUR, S.J.). Freiburg: Herder. 1880.

CATHOLICS are very often accused of not laying due stress on the study and explanation of the Bible. How undeserved is the rebuke, the galaxy of classical commentators belonging to the Society of Jesus would alone show. And here is another reply to it in a commentary on the "evangelist of the prophets" that will deserve the attention of students everywhere. The Introduction (pp. 1-39) contains a catalogue of not less than sixty-three previous interpreters of Isaias—a strong array of Catholic commentators on this one great prophet. Father Knabenbauer very properly prefers the text of the Vulgate. It is the authorized text of Catholics, and they are familiar with it; and besides, the trustworthiness and excellence of the Vulgate grow more and more conspicuous in our time, even by the testimony of non-Catholic scholars. Wherever the Vulgate text is at variance with the Greek or Hebrew, our author, who is an Oriental scholar, always compares the original with the translation. He deserves special praise for his thorough examination into the "office" of the prophets, and the various means adopted by God for giving them cognizance of the future (p. 1-12), and his solid proofs for the "authenticity" of Isaias (pp. 27-31).

The commentary is divided into two chief parts. Four of the chapters of great excellence in the first part are appropriately headed:—1. The Vision calling Isaias to his sublime office (pp. 100-112). 2. The Time of Achaz (pp. 112-191). 3. Suppression of the Heathen Kingdoms (pp. 191-326). 4. The Preparation for the Calamities coming from Assyria (pp. 326-400). Two historical chapters follow, on the invasion of Assur (pp. 400-427). The explanation of Isaias (ch. vii.) on the mother of Emmanuel, and the seven—the original has "six"—gifts of the Holy Ghost, is very well done. But Father

Knabenbauer is scarcely justified in not applying *Isaias vii. 15* to the human nature of our Lord. It is true that the words "*butyrum et mel comedet*" hint at the country's calamity in which the boy's lot will be cast; but the "*sensus accommodatus*" occurs in the liturgy of the Church too often to be entirely passed by in so large a commentary as this. In the second part the author examines those marvellous speeches of *Isaias* on the "end of the calamities" (pp. 464-580), on the "atonement of human guilt accomplished by the *Messias*" (pp. 538-625), and the "double reward of Jerusalem" (pp. 640-718).

We cordially recommend this excellent explanation of *Isaias*; and must add that the reader will find in these pages a complete treasury of whatever the holy fathers and doctors have written on this prophet. Catholic literature will be still more deeply indebted to Father Knabenbauer if he shall happily find opportunity of publishing similar solid and extensive commentaries on others of the major prophets.

BELLESHEIM.

Kalendarium Manuale utriusque Ecclesiæ Orientalis et Occidentalis Academia Clericorum accommodatum. Auctore NICOLAO NILLES, S.J. Tomus II. Cœniponte: Typis Feliciani Rauch. 1881.

THE first volume of this instructive book, which has been well received in Germany, England, and Italy, was noticed in the July issue of this REVIEW of 1880. That first volume treated of the immovable, this second of the movable feasts. Father Nilles starts with the ecclesiastical year of the Eastern Church, which is divided into three parts—the first, called *Triodion*, extends from the last Sunday after Epiphany to Easter; the second part, *Pentecostarion*, from Easter to the first Sunday after Whitsuntide; the third part from Whitsuntide to the last Sunday after Epiphany. Father Nilles, being a good Oriental scholar, is very successful in his elucidation of those dogmas taught by the Catholic Church in Eastern and Western Christendom, but unwarrantably denied by the Greek—as, for example, the Procession of the Holy Ghost and Purgatory. As to the last-named, it is clear that those who deny that the Greek Church was in her first days familiar with the doctrine of purgatory are quite oblivious of the works of those great fathers such as SS. Chrysostom and Basil, who shed so great lustre on Eastern Christendom.

Widely as the Greek and Latin rites differ one from the other, they agree in the common celebration of a great many festivities, though not on the same day. Thus the commemoration of the departed is kept by the Eastern Church on the day before Sexagesima (p. 20), and the Feast of All Saints on the first Sunday after Whitsuntide; and again the Feast of St. Joseph, on the first Sunday after Christmas. The reader will find worthy of special attention several sublime hymns of the Greek liturgy on Our Lady, and above all the ὕμνος ἀκράδιος so called because it must be recited standing (pp. 154-163). Besides the original Greek hymns, Father Nilles has inserted some hymns of the Western Church, very successfully translated into Greek, as, e.g., the "*Lauda Sion*" and "*Pange Lingua*." The praise of these clever

translations is due to the Jesuit Father Mayr, who has also translated into Greek the Office of Corpus Christi, the Imitation of Christ, Canisius's Catechism, and the Offices of Our Lady and the Angel Guardian (pp. 474-478). The Calendars of the Armenians, Copts, Syrians, &c., are considered in an Appendix (pp. 453-670). The concluding part of the volume contains notices about the university erected by Leo XIII. at Beirut in 1881; and a series of papal documents referring to the actual position of the Eastern Church. It is sad enough to notice the excitement to which the Holy Father's encyclical "Grande Munus" on St. Cyril and Methodius has given rise to in certain Greek quarters. The Metropolitan of Nicomedia, Philotheus Vryennius, opposed it in an "ἔλεγχος," in which he only repeats old Protestant errors that have again and again been refuted. A clever reply to the accusations brought forth by this prelate appeared in the "Ἀνατολή," a Greek Catholic paper from which F. Nilles quotes (pp. 692-706). The esteem in which the "Kalendarium" is already held by most competent judges may be gathered from the approbations it has won from many Greek bishops, and principally from the bishops of the Italo-Greeks in Calabria, and the Archbishop of Palermo.

BELLESHEIM.

Thomas à Kempis and the Brothers of Common Life. Two Vols. By the Rev. S. KETTLEWELL. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882.

THE expectations with which we commenced the perusal of these two handsome well-printed and well-indexed volumes have not been realized; on the contrary, the conviction has forced itself upon us that Mr. Kettlewell is as little fitted to be the biographer of Thomas à Kempis as was a better-known Anglican divine to be the editor of the "Imitation." We may as well state that we are not now concerned with the ever-fresh controversy concerning the authorship of that book; and as Mr. Kettlewell, who has been for some time before the public as the champion of à Kempis' claims, here takes for granted the premises maintained in his former work,* and only incidentally touches on the question, we will imitate his reserve and refrain from criticizing the occasional arguments with which he labours to support his favourite theory.

But we cannot allow this life of Thomas à Kempis to pass unnoticed; for not only is it another proof of the inability of non-Catholic writers to treat intelligently of things Catholic, but, as it seems to us, it is besides a deliberate attempt to rob the Church of à Kempis and his brethren, by showing them forth to the English public, if not as genuine Protestants, yet, as at best, half-hearted Catholics and veritable precursors of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century. Our only comfort under it all is the hope that the want of literary power, the monotonous style, and the unexciting nature of the work may prevent its doing much harm to anybody. We hope to justify

* "The Authorship of the 'De Imitatione Christi.'"

our remarks on these several heads by the extracts which we shall presently lay before our readers.

To any one familiar with the various editions of à Kempis' writings, it will be superfluous to say that the career of their author was a very uneventful one; his Jesuit editor Sommalius collected all that was known about him into about twenty short pages. Yet out of this slender material Mr. Kettlewell has produced two large volumes, and this he has succeeded in doing by embodying in his narrative copious extracts from the chronicles of the Congregation of Windesheim and the historical writings of à Kempis, interspersed with never-ending extracts from his ascetical works, which are intended to illustrate the spiritual growth of their author. Such a process, of course, is quite a legitimate one, and has been satisfactorily attempted ever and over again; but to a Catholic reader it is peculiarly trying to have to endure the lengthy digressions on the inner life, the "smug" apology for ascetical practices, the patronising excuse for the mediæval denseness of à Kempis, to which Mr. Kettlewell condemns his readers in consequence of his determination to make a great book. We fret under his exposition of the ascetical views of à Kempis; we revolt at much which we can only characterize as "twaddle." Nor do we care to be told that "infula" means "mitre;" that "Pontifex" is interpreted "chief pastor;" that lay brothers are styled "conversi," and that "Feria Sexta" is the ecclesiastical rendering of Friday (vol. ii. pp. 74-78, &c.). Indeed, Mr. Kettlewell seems fond of airing his ecclesiastical attainments, and more frequently than not takes occasion to narrate the life of some saint whose feast day is mentioned in the chronicles he is quoting, possibly with some idea of thereby bringing out some feature of à Kempis's character which has hitherto escaped the notice of historians. His style, too, is unnecessarily diffuse: witness the following enlargement of the simple statement of an earlier biographer that "Thomas was sent to school:"—

We can better imagine than describe the feelings of both the parents and their son at parting. The lad had now arrived at a most interesting age, and had doubtless been a great comfort and delight to both his father and mother. They had watched over him from his very cradle, they had endeavoured, as far as in them lay, to instil into his mind sound principles of a truly religious life, and they had seen him grow up under their eyes with a youthful ardour for the things of God rarely witnessed. How, then, could they help doubly loving him, and consequently feel the more in parting with him? Nevertheless, it was no doubt cheerfully done. Other parents were willing to part with their children for some hope of worldly advancement. Why should they not freely give up their son Thomas, and even speed his going from them, when in all likelihood it would promote his growth in grace, as well as enable him to gain higher qualifications for a life of devotion in God's service? And who can wonder that, though the youthful Thomas should grieve for awhile at leaving his beloved parents, he should yet, like a young athlete, be eager to try what he could do—what his powers were—eager to see and join his brother, and to prove himself worthy of the hopes his parents entertained for him? (vol. i. 96).

Similarly (ii. 102), the statement of "Tolensis, a brother in the

monastery of St. Agnes, after the death of Thomas à Kempis," that it was a customary thing for him while in bed during the night to compose, and to write books after morning "lauds," is thus amplified by the Rev. Mr. Kettlewell :—

And when we consider how clearly ideas and thoughts spring up in our minds, and present themselves to us in fitting and most forcible words whilst we sometimes lie awake on our beds, how even matters that have perplexed us, and about which we have been anxious and uncertain during the daytime, have been wonderfully solved by us during the night season ; and how a plain way, or the right words to say, have been presented to us, we have not much difficulty in picturing to ourselves how it was with à Kempis in the production of his great work—how greatly his soul was possessed with the desire of producing words that might be of real value to the saving health of his beloved brethren, and to all others who earnestly sought to live righteously and godly in this present evil world. We can imagine him waking in the night with this idea pressing upon him, how he would devoutly ponder over solemn subjects that would come up before him—perhaps, at first, some of the words of Holy Scripture or of holy worship, which he had lately listened to, or written out, the precious counsels of his pious brethren, or the fathers of the fraternity from whom he had learnt so much, or some of the sayings of ancient sages, with which his mind was well stored, especially those of Pythagoras and Seneca ; and then how the sacred wisdom, distilled into his mind, as it were from on high—for he was ever seeking the presence of the Holy Spirit in all he wrote—would shape itself in terse and epigrammatic sentences, and be conveyed in simple, few, yet weighty words. And then in the early morning, after he had paid his homage to the Most High, how he would at once put down on paper whilst still fresh in his mind the well thought-out passages or counsels of Christian perfection which had been conceived within him.

And so on. The like tendency to dilate on every conceivable opportunity is manifested throughout the work. From the fact that Thomas à Kempis, "the first copyist of his time" (i. 231), frequently copied out and quoted a mediæval "*Speculum Monachorum*," Mr. Kettlewell discovers a wondrous similarity of tone between his writings and the "*Mirror for Monks*" of Abbot Blosius, a work of a century later (i. 251) ; another instance of the negligence which mars so much of the interest of his work.

Frequent and of divers kinds as are the literary blemishes of which we complain, the historical and dogmatic errors which we have met with are far more reprehensible. Thus, speaking of Kempen, Mr. Kettlewell informs us that although there were "no regular monasteries, but only a few isolated attempts at fraternal bodies" (though the Benedictines, Cistercians, Dominicans, and Carmelites had establishments in the town, as he himself relates), yet the town possessed a truly remarkable parochial system.

The parishes of Oldt, Hüls, and Vorst originally belonged to Kempen ; they, however, had chapels of ease, and were possessed of rectors who enjoyed certain distinct privileges. A complete parochial system seems to have been established, only so far restricted that these rectors could not consecrate (!), and were obliged to attend with the candidates for holy orders at the parochial synod at Kempen.

These highly privileged rectors were, apparently, in no great favour; judging by Mr. Kettlewell's researches, the popular ear was rather disposed to listen to the "mendicant monks," the "current coin" of whose preaching was formed of "scholastic subtilties (*sic*), and the vulgar arguments drawn from the fears of hell and the joys of a material paradise" (i. 131). If such were indeed the case, the Franciscan and Dominican missionaries must have sadly deteriorated from the example set them by St. Anthony of Padua or St. Vincent Ferrer. This is on a par with the assertions that Rupert, Abbot of Deutz, "held views at variance with the doctrine of transubstantiation" (ii. 330); that the Jansenist schism took its rise from the cession by the five Elective Chapters of Utrecht of their temporal authority to Charles V. in 1528 (ii. 148); that the Reformation was introduced at Daventer because the intelligent inhabitants of that town "greatly incensed at the irregularities which then prevailed in that Church (of Rome?), and at the want of sympathy and interest exhibited for the welfare of their souls, and feeling that they had a greater right to their own place of worship over and above that of the adherents to a foreign Church, were induced to make the change they desired" (i. 98), and, finally, that the venerable founder and Abbot of Solesmes, the late Dom Guéranger, "was the representative of views more in accordance with the Reformed Church, and had an abhorrence of any pictures for worship, or of the worship of relics" (ii. 455).

Such are some of the many extracts which might be produced to show the extent and accuracy of Mr. Kettlewell's reading, and the bias with which he sat down to write the life of à Kempia. If on such comparatively minor matters as we have just called attention to he is so far untrustworthy, it is needless to say that his views and remarks on Indulgences, Papal Supremacy, Confession, and the like, are indicative of an almost invincible ignorance of Catholic teaching. He does not do justice to the noble efforts of the Popes to withstand the Turks; he defends the Hussites and their rebellion; he errs in supposing that the Bible in the vulgar tongue was a novelty, whilst actually quoting the words of one who mentions at least eleven vernacular translations, and blames the Germans as being singular among "all nations" in not possessing the Word of God in their own language (i. 302); and, lastly, he affords us a supreme proof of his taste and piety by saying (i. 361):—

Alas! the worship of the Virgin is openly inculcated and insisted upon too generally in the Romish Church; and in some places she is more worshipped than God or Christ.

There may be some persons to whom this trash is acceptable, and to them Mr. Kettlewell's work will doubtless be welcome; as for ourselves, we should have had more sympathy for his attempts to set forth a noble example of "Vital Christianity," as he sometimes calls his ideal state of Christian excellence (i. 59, 163), or "Vital Godliness," as he elsewhere prefers to style it (i. 27, 28, 60), had he displayed more of that charity for his neighbour without which no

Christian excellence can exist. Besides desiring to make the practice of "vital godliness" more familiar by the example of the Brothers of Common Life, Mr. Kettlewell seems to have been impelled to write by an idea that the one thing needed for the renovation of "the dear old Church of England" is an organization like that of the said Brethren (i. 309, 426-7, &c.); and to make their practices appear more suitable for his "co-religionists," he adapts their language and the language of their annalists to the tone which prevails in the highly respectable circles of the Evangelical school. Thus (i. 350), Father Henry Brune "celebrated the sacrament" among the lepers; Arnold of Schoonhoven, a schoolfellow of à Kempis, instead of hearing Mass, "listened to the Eucharistic office" (i. 266); Thomas himself does not allude to the Papal Court "in any enthusiastic terms," while he was remarkable "in a dark and superstitious age" for becoming "an ardent student of Holy Scripture when it was much neglected" (i. 28, 30). Besides these minor indications of Protestantism, Mr. Kettlewell opines (i. 339) that Thomas "and other of his more enlightened brethren began to doubt the value and rectitude of some of the superstitious usages which had sprung up in the dark ages, and were still upheld, since they had no warrant in the sacred volume which they diligently studied and tried to follow," and lastly, "he never went to the excess which Romanists in these days do" (ii. 328). Now, insinuations and assertions of this kind, backed up by no manner of proof, and now heard of almost for the first time, need not alarm the devout Catholic who has hitherto held the name of à Kempis in respect, for the long esteem in which his writings, genuine and doubtful, historical and ascetical, have been held by true children of the Church is sufficient guarantee of the orthodoxy and safeness of Thomas à Kempis, who in his lifetime suffered exile rather than disobey the Papal interdict which his country had incurred.

We have had so much to find fault with that we have left ourselves little space to speak of what is good in Mr. Kettlewell's volumes. His account of Gerard Groote, the founder of the Brothers of the Common Life—(the Brothers of SS. Jerome and Gregory, as Baduis and Albertus Miræus call them)—of the devout and learned men which that body produced, of their development into a Congregation of Canons Regular (the Congregation of Windesheim), which came at last to number eighty houses, will probably be new to most English readers. But, edifying as the numerous biographies introduced may be, they are in general wanting in interest. Our knowledge of the inner life, if there be any, of Protestantism is happily very limited, and so we cannot see what special benefit the Establishment is likely to derive from the lives of the pious bootmakers, devoted gardeners, and simple-minded millers of whom we are told so much. Perhaps the interests of "vital Christianity" may be promoted by the knowledge that Nicholas Bodiken, an oblate, "left the monastery to take charge of his mother and grandmother," and that Godefrid Hyselham "is recorded to have been faithful and modest in his behaviour." If these examples fail to produce any fruit, there is

still hope that Protestant England may set to work to imitate the religious family of Gerard Groote, and develop much "vital godliness" from learning that Brother Peter Herbolt, the Deacon, "washed the heads of the brethren when they were shaven, and frequently read for others in the refectory;" and may grow fat in spirit from reading the sad case of poor "Brother Gerard, otherwise Cortbeen, priest," a stalwart canon of Mount St. Agnes, who was fond of "cutting down wood in the marsh, because he was a strong man, and well skilled in ordinary and difficult work," but, in spite of it all, was at length "visited by the Lord with dropsy in the legs."

The Science of Beauty. By AVARY W. HOLMES-FORBES, M.A.
Trübner & Co. 1881.

MR. HOLMES-FORBES says what he has to say so pleasantly that we are quite sorry to be unable to agree with him. His theory is, that Beauty, as to its objective cause, is the suggestion of utility; the more delicate the suggestion, the more perfect the beauty; while ugliness is the suggestion of inutility, the ugliness being intense in the same proportion as the uselessness is manifest. We quite see that, on the one hand, evident utilities are usually not valued for their beauty, and, on the other, things obtrusively useless, are, from that point of view, considered, deformities. But it does not follow that beauty flows from hidden utilities; for then everything would be beautiful in some respect: nor from the suggestion of such utilities; for it is far from proved that, in recognizing beauty, we always perceive a suggested utility. Mr. Holmes-Forbes shows that there is some kind of usefulness in a sunset, but he does not show that the enraptured spectator gives it a moment's thought. Then, granting, for a moment, that suggested utility is the *vera causa* of beauty, is it not contrary to the canons of inductive logic to suppose that their respective intensities could vary inversely, that the beauty should diminish as the suggestion becomes more clear and forcible?

We must remark also that unless philosophical terms are used by English writers with a little more care, our thinkers will find themselves in the same condition as the builders of Babel. Take, as a specimen, the one word "Metaphysics," a polysyllable which seems to rank in the British mind with "that blessed word Mesopotamia." We have in the present work a chapter entitled "The Metaphysics of Æsthetics," which is as if one should say "the Mathematics of Algebra." And the doctrine that we have no immediate knowledge save of self and its modes is presented as "one of the first and most important principles in Metaphysics." Is it necessary to explain that Metaphysics is the Science of Being as such, and of its most general properties and determinations—Unity, Truth, Goodness, Beauty, &c.; that, consequently, Æsthetics, so far forth as it is a science, is but a section of Metaphysics; and that problems concerning the nature and operation of our faculties are Metaphysics in the sense only in which problems concerning railway-construction are Mathematics.

forth based upon their authority. The rule "*id verius quod prius*" does not always hold good in textual criticism; for, to quote Dr. Scrivener:—

The worst corruptions to which the New Testament has ever been subjected originated within a hundred years after it was composed. Irenæus and the African Fathers and the whole Western, with a portion of the Syrian Church, used far inferior manuscripts to those employed by Stunica or Erasmus or Stephens, thirteen centuries later when moulding the *Textus Receptus*.

The new theory of the Cambridge editors is open to the charge of "subjectiveness," and is deficient in historical support. Its cardinal point is a double recension of the Sacred Text at Antioch in the middle of the third and fourth centuries, for which there is no historical evidence. The history of the Syrian version can hardly be reconciled with such a supposition. Again, the editors rely for their proof of the pre-Syrian character of certain readings on what they call "conflate" or combined readings, such as Mark vi. 33; viii. 26. At the best, the evidence is weak and open to another interpretation. It is quite as likely that \aleph B have omitted words as that the later MSS. have added them. Just as Griesbach always suspected the orthodox of tampering with the text in the interests of truth, so these editors seem to think that Syrian and Western MSS. add and change and interpolate, whilst their favourites never leave out anything and never blunder. To such an extent have they been blinded by favouritism that on the sole authority of \aleph B, they have adopted readings which contradict history, geography, and common sense—*e.g.*, Mark vi. 22; vii. 31; Matthew xxvii. 28. Then again it is essential to their view, that \aleph and B should be regarded as independent witnesses. This can hardly be maintained in the face of the fact made good by Tischendorf, that the scribe who wrote the Vatican Codex was the corrector of a portion of the Sinaitic. Judging the new text from the Catholic standpoint of the Vulgate, we must admit that it largely supports Old Latin readings where they diverge from the received Greek text. On the other hand it is clear that the manuscript by which St. Jerome corrected the Old Latin version of the New Testament was akin to those which transmit to us what the editors call the Syrian text, which they admit was the type of text most common in the fourth century. The Codex Alexandrinus in the British Museum is perhaps the best and earliest example of the Syrian text, and it is strongly antagonistic to the Vatican and Sinaitic Codices. Yet the editor tells us that—

by a curious and apparently unnoticed coincidence the text of A (Cod. Alex.) in several books agrees with the Latin Vulgate in so many peculiar readings devoid of Old Latin attestation as to leave little doubt that a Greek MS. largely employed by St. Jerome in his revision of the Latin version must have been to a large extent a common original with A (p. 152).

To those who fear the unsettling effects of Textual Criticism it will be reassuring to learn from the Cambridge editors that, apart from "trivialities, such as changes of order, omission or insertion of the

article with proper names and the like, the words in our opinion still subject to doubt can hardly amount to more than a thousandth part of the whole New Testament" (p. 561).

Institutiones Theologicæ in usum Scholarum. Auctore JOSEPHO KLEUTGEN, S.J. Vol. I. Praeter introductionem continent partem primam, quæ est de ipso Deo. Ratisbonæ: Pustet. 1881.

AS many as thirty years ago Father Kleutgen came forward in defence of the scholastic philosophy and theology. It was a time when the Catholic divines of Germany were more or less influenced by the philosophy of the day, and their works animated by a spirit not very friendly to those eminent doctors of times gone by, whose fame had unfortunately, at the French Revolution or subsequently to it, been lost with the destruction of their ancient schools. It required no little self-denial and courage to overcome the obstacles encompassing Catholic theology and go back to these same scholastic doctors. The glory of having taken this meritorious step belongs to Father Kleutgen. The learned author, now in the evening of his life, presents us with a compact result of his solid science and high accomplishments in this recently published first volume of his "*Institutiones Theologicæ*." It is a work of special interest. It is dedicated to (and the dedication has been accepted by) Leo XIII., an honour not to be underrated, as the present Holy Father ranks foremost amongst divines for his extensive knowledge of the scholastics. And it need not be said that Father Kleutgen accurately follows their system; hence he very often combines moral and dogmatic theology, and generally employs the method and order of St. Thomas. As he himself says:—"Primum cordi mihi erat maxime, ut disputationem omnem ad veterum theologorum atque nominatim ad S. Thomæ immortale opus quod *Summam Theologicam* inscripsit revocarem." The first volume of Father Kleutgen's work corresponds to the first part of the *Summa*; and future volumes will treat of God the Creator, of the Redeemer and his Blessed Mother, of the kingdom of Christ on earth, of Grace and the Sacraments, and, lastly, of Eschatology. What is usually styled "*theologia fundamentalis*" will be inserted in the proper places of the dogmatic theology, and not be commented on in separate treatises. We must not forget to mention—for such as have not yet read any of Father Kleutgen's works—his limpid classical Latin. There is not, according to our thinking, another theologian of our century who handles the Latin idiom in so masterly a manner as Father Kleutgen. This first volume contains the tracts, "*De Deo*" and "*De Trinitate*." And for thoroughness of explanation, comprehensiveness of view, and firm grasp of both doctrine and difficulties in these most profound treatises, the author deserves the highest praise. I should like to draw special attention to the clever article on the "*Pulchritudo Dei*" (pp. 417–426), which is masterly in execution; and also to the rules laid down according to the scholastics for the employment of substantive and adjective nouns of the Divine Essence and Persons (p. 541). In explaining the manner in which Almighty God foresees

"contingent future" things, our author accepts neither the "divine decrees" of the Thomists nor the opinion of Suarez and Franzelin, that God foresees them in their own objective reality. Whether or not Father Kleutgen is too severe on the doctors who hold this second opinion we will not decide. He himself rather agrees with Bellarmin, that the solution is not to be attained in this life. In explaining the doctrine of the mystery of the Trinity (pp. 427-724) Father Kleutgen successfully establishes the Catholic Faith against the manifold errors of our time—errors that attack this prime mystery either directly or indirectly by adulterating the philosophical ideas of "person," "essence," &c.

I hope this brief notice may suffice to bring before the reader's attention a work that will take and keep its place in the front rank of our doctrinal literature. It is earnestly to be desired that the life of the learned author may be spared him for the publication of the five other volumes that will complete the work.

BELLESHEIM.

Erklärung des Propheten Isaias. Von JOSEPH KNABENBAUR, Priester der Gesellschaft Jesu (*Explanation of the Prophet Isaias.* By J. KNABENBAUR, S.J.). Freiburg: Herder. 1880.

CATHOLICS are very often accused of not laying due stress on the study and explanation of the Bible. How undeserved is the rebuke, the galaxy of classical commentators belonging to the Society of Jesus would alone show. And here is another reply to it in a commentary on the "evangelist of the prophets" that will deserve the attention of students everywhere. The Introduction (pp. 1-39) contains a catalogue of not less than sixty-three previous interpreters of Isaias—a strong array of Catholic commentators on this one great prophet. Father Knabenbauer very properly prefers the text of the Vulgate. It is the authorized text of Catholics, and they are familiar with it; and besides, the trustworthiness and excellence of the Vulgate grow more and more conspicuous in our time, even by the testimony of non-Catholic scholars. Wherever the Vulgate text is at variance with the Greek or Hebrew, our author, who is an Oriental scholar, always compares the original with the translation. He deserves special praise for his thorough examination into the "office" of the prophets, and the various means adopted by God for giving them cognizance of the future (p. 1-12), and his solid proofs for the "authenticity" of Isaias (pp. 27-31).

The commentary is divided into two chief parts. Four of the chapters of great excellence in the first part are appropriately headed:—1. The Vision calling Isaias to his sublime office (pp. 100-112). 2. The Time of Achaz (pp. 112-191). 3. Suppression of the Heathen Kingdoms (pp. 191-326). 4. The Preparation for the Calamities coming from Assyria (pp. 326-400). Two historical chapters follow, on the invasion of Assur (pp. 400-427). The explanation of Isaias (ch. vii.) on the mother of Emmanuel, and the seven—the original has "six"—gifts of the Holy Ghost, is very well done. But Father

Knabenbauer is scarcely justified in not applying *Isaias* vii. 15 to the human nature of our Lord. It is true that the words "*butyrum et mel comedet*" hint at the country's calamity in which the boy's lot will be cast; but the "*sensus accommodatus*" occurs in the liturgy of the Church too often to be entirely passed by in so large a commentary as this. In the second part the author examines those marvellous speeches of *Isaias* on the "end of the calamities" (pp. 464-580), on the "atonement of human guilt accomplished by the Messiah" (pp. 588-625), and the "double reward of Jerusalem" (pp. 640-718).

We cordially recommend this excellent explanation of *Isaias*; and must add that the reader will find in these pages a complete treasury of whatever the holy fathers and doctors have written on this prophet. Catholic literature will be still more deeply indebted to Father Knabenbauer if he shall happily find opportunity of publishing similar solid and extensive commentaries on others of the major prophets.

BELLESHEIM.

Kalendarium Manuale utriusque Ecclesiae Orientalis et Occidentalis Academiae Clericorum accommodatum. Auctore NICOLAO NILLES, S.J. Tomus II. Ceniponte: Typis Feliciani Rauch. 1881.

THE first volume of this instructive book, which has been well received in Germany, England, and Italy, was noticed in the July issue of this REVIEW of 1880. That first volume treated of the immovable, this second of the movable feasts. Father Nilles starts with the ecclesiastical year of the Eastern Church, which is divided into three parts—the first, called *Triodion*, extends from the last Sunday after Epiphany to Easter; the second part, *Pentecostarion*, from Easter to the first Sunday after Whitsuntide; the third part from Whitsuntide to the last Sunday after Epiphany. Father Nilles, being a good Oriental scholar, is very successful in his elucidation of those dogmas taught by the Catholic Church in Eastern and Western Christendom, but unwarrantably denied by the Greek—as, for example, the Procession of the Holy Ghost and Purgatory. As to the last-named, it is clear that those who deny that the Greek Church was in her first days familiar with the doctrine of purgatory are quite oblivious of the works of those great fathers such as SS. Chrysostom and Basil, who shed so great lustre on Eastern Christendom.

Widely as the Greek and Latin rites differ one from the other, they agree in the common celebration of a great many festivities, though not on the same day. Thus the commemoration of the departed is kept by the Eastern Church on the day before Sexagesima (p. 20), and the Feast of All Saints on the first Sunday after Whitsuntide; and again the Feast of St. Joseph, on the first Sunday after Christmas. The reader will find worthy of special attention several sublime hymns of the Greek liturgy on Our Lady, and above all the *ὑμνος ἀκάθιστος* so called because it must be recited standing (pp. 154-163). Besides the original Greek hymns, Father Nilles has inserted some hymns of the Western Church, very successfully translated into Greek, as, e.g., the "Lauda Sion" and "Pange Lingua." The praise of these clever

translations is due to the Jesuit Father Mayr, who has also translated into Greek the Office of Corpus Christi, the Imitation of Christ, Canisius's Catechism, and the Offices of Our Lady and the Angel Guardian (pp. 474-478). The Calendars of the Armenians, Copts, Syrians, &c., are considered in an Appendix (pp. 453-670). The concluding part of the volume contains notices about the university erected by Leo XIII. at Beirut in 1881; and a series of papal documents referring to the actual position of the Eastern Church. It is sad enough to notice the excitement to which the Holy Father's encyclical "Grande Munus" on St. Cyril and Methodius has given rise to in certain Greek quarters. The Metropolitan of Nicomedia, Philotheus Vryennius, opposed it in an "ἐλεγχος," in which he only repeats old Protestant errors that have again and again been refuted. A clever reply to the accusations brought forth by this prelate appeared in the "Ἀνατολή," a Greek Catholic paper from which F. Nilles quotes (pp. 692-706). The esteem in which the "Kalendarium" is already held by most competent judges may be gathered from the approbations it has won from many Greek bishops, and principally from the bishops of the Italo-Greeks in Calabria, and the Archbishop of Palermo.

BELLESHEIM.

Thomas à Kempis and the Brothers of Common Life. Two Vols. By the Rev. S. KETTLEWELL. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882.

THE expectations with which we commenced the perusal of these two handsome well-printed and well-indexed volumes have not been realized; on the contrary, the conviction has forced itself upon us that Mr. Kettlewell is as little fitted to be the biographer of Thomas à Kempis as was a better-known Anglican divine to be the editor of the "Imitation." We may as well state that we are not now concerned with the ever-fresh controversy concerning the authorship of that book; and as Mr. Kettlewell, who has been for some time before the public as the champion of à Kempis' claims, here takes for granted the premises maintained in his former work,* and only incidentally touches on the question, we will imitate his reserve and refrain from criticizing the occasional arguments with which he labours to support his favourite theory.

But we cannot allow this life of Thomas à Kempis to pass unnoticed; for not only is it another proof of the inability of non-Catholic writers to treat intelligently of things Catholic, but, as it seems to us, it is besides a deliberate attempt to rob the Church of à Kempis and his brethren, by showing them forth to the English public, if not as genuine Protestants, yet, as at best, half-hearted Catholics and veritable precursors of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century. Our only comfort under it all is the hope that the want of literary power, the monotonous style, and the unexciting nature of the work may prevent its doing much harm to anybody. We hope to justify

* "The Authorship of the 'De Imitatione Christi.'"

our remarks on these several heads by the extracts which we shall presently lay before our readers.

To any one familiar with the various editions of à Kempis' writings, it will be superfluous to say that the career of their author was a very uneventful one; his Jesuit editor Sommalius collected all that was known about him into about twenty short pages. Yet out of this slender material Mr. Kettlewell has produced two large volumes, and this he has succeeded in doing by embodying in his narrative copious extracts from the chronicles of the Congregation of Windesheim and the historical writings of à Kempis, interspersed with never-ending extracts from his ascetical works, which are intended to illustrate the spiritual growth of their author. Such a process, of course, is quite a legitimate one, and has been satisfactorily attempted ever and over again; but to a Catholic reader it is peculiarly trying to have to endure the lengthy digressions on the inner life, the "smug" apology for ascetical practices, the patronising excuse for the mediæval denseness of à Kempis, to which Mr. Kettlewell condemns his readers in consequence of his determination to make a great book. We fret under his exposition of the ascetical views of à Kempis; we revolt at much which we can only characterize as "twaddle." Nor do we care to be told that "infula" means "mitre;" that "Pontifex" is interpreted "chief pastor;" that lay brothers are styled "conversi," and that "Feria Sexta" is the ecclesiastical rendering of Friday (vol. ii. pp. 74-78, &c.). Indeed, Mr. Kettlewell seems fond of airing his ecclesiastical attainments, and more frequently than not takes occasion to narrate the life of some saint whose feast day is mentioned in the chronicles he is quoting, possibly with some idea of thereby bringing out some feature of à Kempis's character which has hitherto escaped the notice of historians. His style, too, is unnecessarily diffuse: witness the following enlargement of the simple statement of an earlier biographer that "Thomas was sent to school:"—

We can better imagine than describe the feelings of both the parents and their son at parting. The lad had now arrived at a most interesting age, and had doubtless been a great comfort and delight to both his father and mother. They had watched over him from his very cradle, they had endeavoured, as far as in them lay, to instil into his mind sound principles of a truly religious life, and they had seen him grow up under their eyes with a youthful ardour for the things of God rarely witnessed. How, then, could they help doubly loving him, and consequently feel the more in parting with him? Nevertheless, it was no doubt cheerfully done. Other parents were willing to part with their children for some hope of worldly advancement. Why should they not freely give up their son Thomas, and even speed his going from them, when in all likelihood it would promote his growth in grace, as well as enable him to gain higher qualifications for a life of devotion in God's service? And who can wonder that, though the youthful Thomas should grieve for awhile at leaving his beloved parents, he should yet, like a young athlete, be eager to try what he could do—what his powers were—eager to see and join his brother, and to prove himself worthy of the hopes his parents entertained for him? (vol. i. 96).

Similarly (ii. 102), the statement of "Tolensis, a brother in the

monastery of St. Agnes, after the death of Thomas à Kempis," that it was a customary thing for him while in bed during the night to compose, and to write books after morning "lauds," is thus amplified by the Rev. Mr. Kettlewell :—

And when we consider how clearly ideas and thoughts spring up in our minds, and present themselves to us in fitting and most forcible words whilst we sometimes lie awake on our beds, how even matters that have perplexed us, and about which we have been anxious and uncertain during the daytime, have been wonderfully solved by us during the night season; and how a plain way, or the right words to say, have been presented to us, we have not much difficulty in picturing to ourselves how it was with à Kempis in the production of his great work—how greatly his soul was possessed with the desire of producing words that might be of real value to the saving health of his beloved brethren, and to all others who earnestly sought to live righteously and godly in this present evil world. We can imagine him waking in the night with this idea pressing upon him, how he would devoutly ponder over solemn subjects that would come up before him—perhaps, at first, some of the words of Holy Scripture or of holy worship, which he had lately listened to, or written out, the precious counsels of his pious brethren, or the fathers of the fraternity from whom he had learnt so much, or some of the sayings of ancient sages, with which his mind was well stored, especially those of Pythagoras and Seneca; and then how the sacred wisdom, distilled into his mind, as it were from on high—for he was ever seeking the presence of the Holy Spirit in all he wrote—would shape itself in terse and epigrammatic sentences, and be conveyed in simple, few, yet weighty words. And then in the early morning, after he had paid his homage to the Most High, how he would at once put down on paper whilst still fresh in his mind the well thought-out passages or counsels of Christian perfection which had been conceived within him.

And so on. The like tendency to dilate on every conceivable opportunity is manifested throughout the work. From the fact that Thomas à Kempis, "the first copyist of his time" (i. 231), frequently copied out and quoted a mediæval "*Speculum Monachorum*," Mr. Kettlewell discovers a wondrous similarity of tone between his writings and the "*Mirror for Monks*" of Abbot Blosius, a work of a century later (i. 251); another instance of the negligence which mars so much of the interest of his work.

Frequent and of divers kinds as are the literary blemishes of which we complain, the historical and dogmatic errors which we have met with are far more reprehensible. Thus, speaking of Kempen, Mr. Kettlewell informs us that although there were "no regular monasteries, but only a few isolated attempts at fraternal bodies" (though the Benedictines, Cistercians, Dominicans, and Carmelites had establishments in the town, as he himself relates), yet the town possessed a truly remarkable parochial system.

The parishes of Oldt, Hüls, and Vorst originally belonged to Kempen; they, however, had chapels of ease, and were possessed of rectors who enjoyed certain distinct privileges. A complete parochial system seems to have been established, only so far restricted that these rectors could not consecrate (!), and were obliged to attend with the candidates for holy orders at the parochial synod at Kempen.

These highly privileged rectors were, apparently, in no great favour; judging by Mr. Kettlewell's researches, the popular ear was rather disposed to listen to the "mendicant monks," the "current coin" of whose preaching was formed of "scholastic subtilties (*sic*), and the vulgar arguments drawn from the fears of hell and the joys of a material paradise" (i. 131). If such were indeed the case, the Franciscan and Dominican missionaries must have sadly deteriorated from the example set them by St. Anthony of Padua or St. Vincent Ferrer. This is on a par with the assertions that Rupert, Abbot of Deutz, "held views at variance with the doctrine of transubstantiation" (ii. 330); that the Jansenist schism took its rise from the cession by the five Elective Chapters of Utrecht of their temporal authority to Charles V. in 1528 (ii. 148); that the Reformation was introduced at Davenport because the intelligent inhabitants of that town "greatly incensed at the irregularities which then prevailed in that Church (of Rome?), and at the want of sympathy and interest exhibited for the welfare of their souls, and feeling that they had a greater right to their own place of worship over and above that of the adherents to a foreign Church, were induced to make the change they desired" (i. 98), and, finally, that the venerable founder and Abbot of Solesmes, the late Dom Guéranger, "was the representative of views more in accordance with the Reformed Church, and had an abhorrence of any pictures for worship, or of the worship of relics" (ii. 455).

Such are some of the many extracts which might be produced to show the extent and accuracy of Mr. Kettlewell's reading, and the bias with which he sat down to write the life of à Kempis. If on such comparatively minor matters as we have just called attention to he is so far untrustworthy, it is needless to say that his views and remarks on Indulgences, Papal Supremacy, Confession, and the like, are indicative of an almost invincible ignorance of Catholic teaching. He does not do justice to the noble efforts of the Popes to withstand the Turks; he defends the Hussites and their rebellion; he errs in supposing that the Bible in the vulgar tongue was a novelty, whilst actually quoting the words of one who mentions at least eleven vernacular translations, and blames the Germans as being singular among "all nations" in not possessing the Word of God in their own language (i. 302); and, lastly, he affords us a supreme proof of his taste and piety by saying (i. 361):—

Alas! the worship of the Virgin is openly inculcated and insisted upon too generally in the Romish Church; and in some places she is more worshipped than God or Christ.

There may be some persons to whom this trash is acceptable, and to them Mr. Kettlewell's work will doubtless be welcome; as for ourselves, we should have had more sympathy for his attempts to set forth a noble example of "Vital Christianity," as he sometimes calls his ideal state of Christian excellence (i. 59, 163), or "Vital Godliness," as he elsewhere prefers to style it (i. 27, 28, 60), had he displayed more of that charity for his neighbour without which no

Christian excellence can exist. Besides desiring to make the practice of "vital godliness" more familiar by the example of the Brothers of Common Life, Mr. Kettlewell seems to have been impelled to write by an idea that the one thing needed for the renovation of "the dear old Church of England" is an organization like that of the said Brethren (i. 309, 426-7, &c.); and to make their practices appear more suitable for his "co-religionists," he adapts their language and the language of their annalists to the tone which prevails in the highly respectable circles of the Evangelical school. Thus (i. 350), Father Henry Brune "celebrated the sacrament" among the lepers; Arnold of Schoonhoven, a schoolfellow of à Kempis, instead of hearing Mass, "listened to the Eucharistic office" (i. 266); Thomas himself does not allude to the Papal Court "in any enthusiastic terms," while he was remarkable "in a dark and superstitious age" for becoming "an ardent student of Holy Scripture when it was much neglected" (i. 28, 30). Besides these minor indications of Protestantism, Mr. Kettlewell opines (i. 339) that Thomas "and other of his more enlightened brethren began to doubt the value and rectitude of some of the superstitious usages which had sprung up in the dark ages, and were still upheld, since they had no warrant in the sacred volume which they diligently studied and tried to follow," and lastly, "he never went to the excess which Romanists in these days do" (ii. 328). Now, insinuations and assertions of this kind, backed up by no manner of proof, and now heard of almost for the first time, need not alarm the devout Catholic who has hitherto held the name of à Kempis in respect, for the long esteem in which his writings, genuine and doubtful, historical and ascetical, have been held by true children of the Church is sufficient guarantee of the orthodoxy and safeness of Thomas à Kempis, who in his lifetime suffered exile rather than disobey the Papal interdict which his country had incurred.

We have had so much to find fault with that we have left ourselves little space to speak of what is good in Mr. Kettlewell's volumes. His account of Gerard Groote, the founder of the Brothers of the Common Life—(the Brothers of SS. Jerome and Gregory, as Baduis and Albertus Miræus call them)—of the devout and learned men which that body produced, of their development into a Congregation of Canons Regular (the Congregation of Windesheim), which came at last to number eighty houses, will probably be new to most English readers. But, edifying as the numerous biographies introduced may be, they are in general wanting in interest. Our knowledge of the inner life, if there be any, of Protestantism is happily very limited, and so we cannot see what special benefit the Establishment is likely to derive from the lives of the pious bootmakers, devoted gardeners, and simple-minded millers of whom we are told so much. Perhaps the interests of "vital Christianity" may be promoted by the knowledge that Nicholas Bodiken, an oblate, "left the monastery to take charge of his mother and grandmother," and that Godefrid Hyselham "is recorded to have been faithful and modest in his behaviour." If these examples fail to produce any fruit, there is

still hope that Protestant England may set to work to imitate the religious family of Gerard Groote, and develop much "vital godliness" from learning that Brother Peter Herbolt, the Deacon, "washed the heads of the brethren when they were shaven, and frequently read for others in the refectory;" and may grow fat in spirit from reading the sad case of poor "Brother Gerard, otherwise Cortbeen, priest," a stalwart canon of Mount St. Agnes, who was fond of "cutting down wood in the marsh, because he was a strong man, and well skilled in ordinary and difficult work," but, in spite of it all, was at length "visited by the Lord with dropsy in the legs."

The Science of Beauty. By AVARY W. HOLMES-FORBES, M.A.
Trübner & Co. 1881.

MR. HOLMES-FORBES says what he has to say so pleasantly that we are quite sorry to be unable to agree with him. His theory is, that Beauty, as to its objective cause, is the suggestion of utility; the more delicate the suggestion, the more perfect the beauty; while ugliness is the suggestion of inutility, the ugliness being intense in the same proportion as the uselessness is manifest. We quite see that, on the one hand, evident utilities are usually not valued for their beauty, and, on the other, things obtrusively useless, are, from that point of view, considered, deformities. But it does not follow that beauty flows from hidden utilities; for then everything would be beautiful in some respect: nor from the suggestion of such utilities; for it is far from proved that, in recognizing beauty, we always perceive a suggested utility. Mr. Holmes-Forbes shows that there is some kind of usefulness in a sunset, but he does not show that the enraptured spectator gives it a moment's thought. Then, granting, for a moment, that suggested utility is the *vera causa* of beauty, is it not contrary to the canons of inductive logic to suppose that their respective intensities could vary inversely, that the beauty should diminish as the suggestion becomes more clear and forcible?

We must remark also that unless philosophical terms are used by English writers with a little more care, our thinkers will find themselves in the same condition as the builders of Babel. Take, as a specimen, the one word "Metaphysics," a polysyllable which seems to rank in the British mind with "that blessed word Mesopotamia." We have in the present work a chapter entitled "The Metaphysics of Æsthetics," which is as if one should say "the Mathematics of Algebra." And the doctrine that we have no immediate knowledge save of self and its modes is presented as "one of the first and most important principles in Metaphysics." Is it necessary to explain that Metaphysics is the Science of Being as such, and of its most general properties and determinations—Unity, Truth, Goodness, Beauty, &c.; that, consequently, Æsthetics, so far forth as it is a science, is but a section of Metaphysics; and that problems concerning the nature and operation of our faculties are Metaphysics in the sense only in which problems concerning railway-construction are Mathematics.

Science et Vérité. Par le Doct. J. B. L. DECÈS. Paris: Plon. 1881.

A SERIES of dialogues between a physician, a scientific professor, and a priest, tending to show how physical science leads up to religious truth. The greater part of the book is easy reading; but one or two dialogues between the doctor and the professor are rather trying for the unscientific; and the more so, on account of the peculiar spelling of certain words of Greek origin. The familiar amœba, for instance, appears as "amibe," on what principle of transcription, we cannot guess.

The Church Systems of England in the Nineteenth Century. The Sixth Congregational Union Lecture. By J. GUINNESS ROGERS, B.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1881.

IN a necessarily brief mention of this volume we may well notice Mr. Guinness Rogers's remarks on the Catholic Church. Looking over the table of contents, we were struck by the fact that, although there are lectures on "Religious Liberalism" and "Evangelical Revival," although "The Broad Church" and "The Ritualists," nay, "The Plymouth Brethren," among others, come in for separate treatment, there is no lecture on either Popery or Roman Catholicism! We turned to the Preface, where, after claiming for himself (and deserving credit for it we doubt not) that he has been just to all opponents, at least not consciously unfair, he says that a lecture on "Ultramontaniam" had formed part of his original plan, and that "from the impossibility of treating it with any adequacy" within his present limits, he purposes discussing it separately as soon as may be. Our holy faith—or "system," as it is styled—"wears so alarming an aspect to numbers, at all events has made such aggressions of late years, as to render it incumbent on all Protestants to try and understand the nature of its power and resources, so as to be prepared to offer it an intelligent as well as strenuous resistance. In the meantime," he continues, "let me say, it is so distinctly a foreign system that I do not feel that its omission interferes with the completeness of the present survey." The last sentence we would fain have thought was turned off, rather to complete a nice apology than with serious reflection on its disregard of the past history of now Protestant England, had we not found the author saying, later in his work, that Ultramontaniam has "wrought a complete revolution in the Romish Church." Still, both his omission of us and apology for it are only another repetition of that flattering recognition of our peculiarity which constantly comes to us from every quarter of the world of religious thought. We differ, *toto cælo*, in the nature of our claims to be heard, and even our most strenuous opponents recognize the difference: their recognition is one proof of the claim, and we may thank Mr. Guinness Rogers for helping to continue it.

We need not, for any service it would render our Catholic readers, go into the details of these lectures. The various "Churches" and their systems are "treated from the standpoint of a Congregationalist,

and one who is committed to the struggle for complete religious equality"—the last clause referring apparently to proposed dis-establishment. Besides the lectures we have already named, there are others on "The Age and the Churches," "The Oxford School," on "Methodism," "Presbyterianism," and "Congregationalism." The last is most interesting, but we do not see much in it that is new or deserving of special note here. One sentence therefrom—"Congregationalism is distasteful to all who have any reactionary leanings or cravings after the support of authority"—would alarm us, did we not also read the comfortable assurance that "those who are familiar with the inner life of Congregational Churches, and who have *sufficient* wisdom and *largeness of heart*," may understand, if they will, "the unity of faith which exists under great varieties of expression." If agreeing to differ be "unity of faith," it is not difficult to reprehend any craving for the support of authority.

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1. *La Question Agraire en Irlande.* Par PAUL FOURNIER. Paris: E. Plon et Cie. 1882.
 2. *Histoire d'Irlande à vol d'oiseau.* Par Sir CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY. Traduit de l'Anglais par MARIE WILSON-COWLEY. Paris: Blériot et Gautier 1882.

IT is a striking proof of the interest taken by the French people in the Irish Crisis that a special commissioner should have been appointed to inquire into the agrarian system of Ireland, and to furnish a report upon the measures recently introduced for the purpose of relieving the state of tension in that country.

M. Fournier was the person selected for this arduous task, and the volume cited above embodies the results of his studies and observations. He may be congratulated on the thoroughness and accuracy with which he has accomplished the trust confided to him. No material element of the difficult social problem seems to have escaped his keen scrutiny; and he is equally at home in the remote history of the country, the recent legislation, and—what is still more difficult for a foreigner to appreciate—the sentiments of the Irish people towards the land and the landlords.

To the authors of the confiscations and penal laws he rightly ascribes the responsibility of Ireland's present condition; and, in order to show how little in harmony with the feelings of the people has been the government of the country, he furnishes an interesting *résumé* of the history of Ireland from the Conquest down to the present day. With this part of his work it will be useful for the reader to compare Madame Wilson-Cowley's excellent translation of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's "Bird's-eye View of Irish History," which constitutes the fourth chapter of "Young Ireland."

M. Fournier writes in full sympathy with the poor Irish farmers; but he does not allow his judgment to be warped by the hardships of their position. He brands the confiscations as iniquitous. But he recognizes the impossibility of undoing them; the present owners having, after the lapse of more than two centuries acquired an un-

assailable, and it may be added an irreproachable, title. To disturb such title is to confiscate anew; and the conclusion forced upon the mind of this learned French jurist is that the landlords, having by the Acts of 1870 and 1881 been partially expropriated, have an unanswerable claim to an indemnity from the State.

Tibetan Tales. Derived from Indian Sources. Translated from the Tibetan of the Kah-Gyur by F. ANTON VON SCHIEFNER. Done into English from the German, with an Introduction, by W. R. S. RALSTON, M.A. (In Trübner's Oriental Series.) London: Trübner & Co.

THESE tales, as Mr. Ralston warns us, have little that is specially Tibetan, except the language. They are merely Tibetan versions of Sanscrit originals. They are chiefly interesting as ancient specimens of folk-lore, although some few of them—the ninth and tenth, for example—must be referred to another category. One of the most interesting of these, the story of Visvantara, the princely Bodisart, who not only gives away all his property and retires into the forest for penance, but even surrenders his two children to a cruel slave-owner, and finally hands over his wife to a stranger who demands her, in order that he may loyally carry out to the end his boundless generosity, is, as Mr. Ralston observes, one of the most touching of the class of legends to which it belongs: very poetical and pathetic it is in parts. The Introduction, in which among other interesting matter, we have brief accounts of Cosmo Körösi, the self-devoted Hungarian investigator of Tibetan literature, and of Professor Schiefner, the Russian scholar, who did so much for the same branch of learning, will well repay perusal.

The Sarva—Darsana—Sangraha; or, Review of the Different Systems of Hindu Philosophy. By MADHAVA ACHARYA. Translated by E. B. COWELL, M.A., and A. E. GOUGH, M.A. (In Trübner's Oriental Series.) London: Trübner & Co.

THIS book is an extremely interesting specimen of mediæval Indian philosophical thought. The author of it, Madhava Acharya, was elected in A.D. 1331 head of the Smarta order, in the Math of Sringeri, in the Mysore territory, founded by Samkara Achyrya, the great Vedantist teacher of the eighth century, through whose efforts, as Mr. Cowell tells us, the Vedanta became what it is—the acknowledged view of Hindu orthodoxy. The middle ages in India, as in Europe, were a period of great philosophical activity, and in this volume we have an extremely able and impartial estimate of the sixteen principal systems of metaphysics then current among the Hindus. "I can hardly imagine a better guide," Professor Cowell tells us, "for the European reader who wishes to study any one of these Darsanas in its native authorities." Such European readers are not very frequent, although they are becoming more numerous; and to them this volume ought to be, and will be, extremely acceptable.

The Gallican Church and the Revolution: a Sequel to the History of the Church of France from the Concordat of Bologna to the Revolution. By the Rev. W. HENLEY JERVIS, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882.

IT is a vast subject that Mr. Jervis has undertaken in this volume for the period over which it extends—the twenty-five years between the meeting of the States-General in 1789 and the second Restoration in 1815—witnessed the destruction and the resurrection of a Church. It is a subject, too, for dealing with which our author, whose merits we fully recognize—we shall speak more fully of them presently—labours under one great fundamental disqualification. We much question whether he has formed for himself any very clear or definite notion as to what a Church is; still less as to what *the* Church is. This was the conclusion forced upon our mind by the introductory pages of his former work upon the Gallican Church—pages full of learning and in some other respects admirable but marred by that unwillingness to look facts in the face which is the besetting sin of Anglican writers, and which, indeed, appears to be an almost necessary condition of their being where they are. So much may serve to indicate what we judge to be the great underlying defect of this new volume of Mr. Jervis. And allowance being made for it, he may be truly said to have performed his work very well. He appears to have consulted diligently, and to have done his best to estimate fairly—we do not always assent to his estimates—the original authorities for the period with which he is concerned. Nor has he confined himself to published documents. He has made researches among the MSS. of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, and has profited by examining the very curious and significant records of the Comité Ecclesiastique, which have been placed among the National Archives. He has used his materials with a considerable amount of skill. He has marshalled his facts with much judgment, according to their relative importance. He everywhere displays an honest desire to tell the whole truth so far as he knows it; and although he does not affect to have no opinions of his own, no personal predilections, no fixed principles, he is certainly singularly free from partisan spirit. His style, if not entitled to any very high praise, is at the least clear and forcible. Upon the whole, we may safely pronounce his work to be a very valuable contribution to the study of his subject.

Mr. Jervis begins by a survey of the ecclesiastical and religious condition of France at the outbreak of the Revolution. Substantially he endorses the opinion of Alexis de Tocqueville, that, all things considered, there never was a body of clergy in the world more exemplary than the clergy of France, when they were surprised by the Revolution: “more enlightened, more national, less wrapped up in the mere practice of private virtues, better furnished with public virtues, and at the same time eminent for religious faith.” Scandals there were of course, and scandals which were made the most of. For, as M. Mortimer Ternaux observes, “the virtues of the great majority were unknown to the multitude, while the vices of some few offended the eyes of all.”

The great religious foundations had been deeply degraded by the system of *commendam*. There were in the hierarchy prelates of "equivocal orthodoxy, luxurious lives, and licentious morals:" and even when the Bishops were, as they generally were, outwardly decorous and correct, nay even when they were distinguished for learning, piety, and pastoral efficiency, they were burdened in their character of *ex-officio* territorial magnates with a multiplicity of worldly avocations, inimical to the proper discharge of their sacred office. The parochial clergy—some fifty thousand in number—are on all hands acknowledged to have been "respectable in character, sedulous in their duties, and beloved by their flocks." But they were provided for most insufficiently; a great portion of the tithes, which should have supplied their maintenance, being alienated from their cures, and they were systematically excluded from all prizes of their profession, which were regarded as an *apanage* of the noblesse. "Deux ou trois évêchés de laquais," Père Boteau d'Ambly tells us, "étaient laissés à des prêtres roturiers, pour qu'il y eût dans l'église Catholique un semblant de fraternité Chrétienne, et c'était tout." Hence there was a certain antagonism between the *curés* and the *haut clergé*. It is obvious, then, that in matters ecclesiastical, as in other departments of the public order, France stood in need of reform. But reform by no means contented the *doctrinaires* who swayed the fate of that unhappy country.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo

was their motto. To recreate on brand new *a priori* principles was the task to which they set themselves in Church as in State. And as in the civil order they essayed a return to Rousseau's state of nature, so in the religious did they attempt a revival of what they imagined to be primitive simplicity, and under the guidance of the Jansenists Camus and Treilhard fabricated the "Constitution Civile," whereby the traditional discipline, nay the constitution of the French Church was overthrown, and the ties which bound her to the centre of unity were severed. Upon this subject Mr. Jervis has some extremely judicious observations, which it is a pleasure to us to reproduce:—

The reader will be inclined to smile at the almost puerile *naïvete* of the Assembly in thus attempting to reconstruct the Church after all the vicissitudes, conflicts, and convulsions of seventeen hundred years, according to the precise pattern of its original foundation. Few subjects of inquiry are more obscure than that of the successive laws which have regulated the exercise of ecclesiastical jurisdiction and the mode of appointment to ecclesiastical offices. It is very doubtful, notwithstanding the peremptory assertions of Camus and his friends, whether the choice of pastors was determined, even in the earliest times, solely by the promiscuous vote of the people. But were that fact ever so clearly demonstrated, it would not follow that it is either desirable or practicable to bring back the Church, by one abrupt and precipitate rebound, to the simple usages of its infancy. In an age when Christianity was merely sporadic in the midst of a bitterly hostile world—when its adherents occupied a position of little social importance—when no civil pre-eminence, no large possessions or emoluments, were attached to the pro-

fession of its ministers—it might be expedient that the faithful laity should act collectively in the selection of pastors, and that their personal testimony should be necessary to all appointments. But with altered circumstances some modification of primitive discipline became almost indispensable. No Divine command existed on the subject of perpetual obligation for all ages. The Church had exercised her judgment upon this, as upon other points of administrative policy; and different rules had prevailed in different centuries. The existing practice dated from the beginning of the reign of Francis I., and had consequently a prescription of some two hundred and seventy years in its favour. The compact between that sovereign and Pope Leo X., known as the “Concordat of Bologna,” was indeed an unconstitutional act, and was resisted as such at the time by parliaments, the universities, and the clergy of all ranks. But the system which it replaced—that of election by the cathedral chapters—was itself an innovation and a compromise. The prerogative in question had been long and hotly contested by various claimants, who represented, more or less accurately, two great rival powers or principles—the Regale and the Pontificate, the priesthood and the laity, the “*Ecclesia docens*” and the “*Ecclesia discens*.” And such was the state of scandalous confusion to which this state of protracted strife had reduced the Church, that, in the end, anything in the shape of reasonable accommodation was welcomed as a means of escape from evils still more formidable. Now, by the Concordat, the civil and the spiritual powers were brought, at least theoretically, into concurrent and harmonious action. The sovereign, typifying the lay element, was to nominate to the dignities and chief preferments of the Church, with all secular advantages annexed to them. The Pope, as supreme administrator in things spiritual, was to grant “canonical institution;” an act by which he conferred, not any temporal distinction, but the *cure of souls*—that portion of the jurisdiction of the Church Catholic which qualifies the pastor to execute his office. This arrangement, stubbornly opposed at first, and never synodically accepted, had won in course of time a large share of confidence among the clergy, especially inasmuch as they had found it to act in many a trying crisis as a powerful bond of union between the Gallican Church and the Apostolic See. The agitation raised against it in the National Assembly was a manœuvre of the Jansenists, who, under colour of restoring primitive institutions, purposed in reality to deal a damaging blow to Rome, and to overthrow the received principles of Catholic unity. That provision of the Concordat by which French prelates (and through them inferior pastors) were to receive institution at the hands of the Roman Pontiff was abrogated in set terms by the “*Constitution Civile*” (p. 64).

Upon the issue of the “*Constitution Civile*” we need not dwell. Mr. Jervis is well warranted in seeing in it “a lesson for self-confident theorists in every age and country, who undertake the remodelling of time-honoured institutions in Church or State, and find to their dismay that their schemes fall to the ground upon the first attempt to carry them out in practice!” (p. 179). Nor, in our judgment, is he less warranted in the view which he presents of the merits of the Concordat of 1801. The following are among his remarks upon this subject:—

Such was the issue of this difficult, laborious, and most memorable undertaking. In estimating its merits, we must consider not so much what might have been abstractedly desirable from the ecclesiastical

point of view, as the solid value of what was actually obtained, when taken in connection with the circumstances of the time, and especially as regards the torrent of infidelity and atheism which for so many years had desolated France. On looking back upon the bloodthirsty persecutions of the Terreur, or even upon the cold cynical heathenism of the Directory, it cannot be denied that the act of reunion just described implied a change of immense and marvellous import. In strange contrast with the days when the hierarchy was proscribed and exiled, when the sacraments were ministered by stealth in garrets, forests, and caverns, when the civil power took every opportunity of manifesting its profound hatred and contempt for Christianity and its ordinances, it was now proclaimed by the supreme authority that the "Catholic, Apostolic, Roman religion was that of the great majority of French citizens," and that "its worship should be freely and publicly exercised under the protection of the law." The simple announcement of that fact sufficed to diffuse a thrill of satisfaction and mutual congratulation throughout France. For years past the nation had been in a false position; the minority had tyrannized over the majority; the true friends of the Church had shrunk into silence and obscurity before the hurricane of infidel terrorism. Ever since the professed establishment of religious liberty under the Directory, the state of things, as we have seen, had been confused, inconsistent, and anomalous to the last degree. The law was administered differently in different localities; contradictory decrees were published; one magistrate favoured the "constitutional" intruder; a second supported his "refractory" but orthodox rival; in a third parish, under pretence of carrying out the principle of impartiality, the people were abandoned to a system of utter indifference, and were governed in reality by the reckless enemies of all religion. These vexatious caprices were at once rectified by the great act of policy now accomplished. The Concordat dealt a mortal blow to the Constitutional Schism (p. 355).

So much must suffice by way of specimen of this extremely interesting and carefully written volume, which, with the qualifications and limitations we have indicated, we heartily commend to our readers.

Manual of Universal Church History. By the Rev. JOHN ALZOG, D.D. Translated, with additions, from the ninth and last German Edition, by the Rev. F. J. PABISCH and the Rev. F. S. BYRNE. Vol. IV. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.

IN January of last year we gave a lengthened notice of the first three volumes of this valuable work. Though we were compelled to make a few strictures on Dr. Alzog's treatment of some of the Middle-age Popes, we were enabled, nevertheless, to give high praise to the work as a whole, and to recommend it as a complete and excellent Church History. We are glad that the fourth volume, completing the work, has now appeared. It takes up the course of events at the Peace of Westphalia, and continues it to our own day—that is, to so recent a period as 1878. The most interesting part of this volume to most of us will naturally be the long and, in every sense, remarkable pontificate of Pius IX. Remembering the few strictures we made on Dr. Alzog's manner of speaking of some of the Popes, and fearing that he might possibly be slightly tainted with the disaffected spirit of some German professors, we anxiously turned to the history of the

Vatican Council. And we are glad to find that the author gives the true history of that Council and of the unfortunate Dr. Döllinger and his party. We may here, however, make a remark on a paragraph at page 251. The author tells us that the "foolish task" of holding a counter-council was attempted by the "Society of Freethinkers" of Milan. "This pretentious synod," he adds, after holding three sessions, "came to an inglorious end without having accomplished anything." From the manner in which the historian here speaks of "*this pretentious synod*," the reader is quite prepared, as we think, to understand the following as written ironically:—

It is but proper to remark, in justice to this august body, that the delegates enjoyed and exercised the fullest freedom of debate, and that, unlike the Fathers of the Vatican Council, they had no tyrannical restrictions placed upon their proceedings.

The true Catholic tone of the many pages devoted to the story of the Council and the German defections, of which this short paragraph is the last but one, ought sufficiently to preclude the danger of misunderstanding. Exception has already been taken to the sentence as it stands. And in so serious a matter, it would have been well had the author acted on Quintilian's golden rule of writing "not only so as to be understood," but so, also, "*as not to be misunderstood*." The sentence is, however, immediately followed by this concluding one—unmistakable surely:—

It is to be hoped that the Vatican Council may be reopened at no distant day for the solution of questions still in doubt, and to provide against the dangers that still menace the Church and retard the conversion of souls.

That the author has no sympathy with the pretexts of the discontented, be they "tyrannical restrictions" or what else, is abundantly shown in his narrative. He speaks—though with commendable sorrow and reluctance—with plainness and severity of his countrymen who fell away from Catholic unity. The definitions of the Vatican Council, he says, "may have been the occasion, they were not the cause," of their fall; they appeared a "plausible pretext" for an act that had long been in course of preparation.

As well might it be said that the Council of Nice was responsible for the eighty bishops that then fell away from the unity of the Church under a similar pretext, and for the large following that they brought with them; or the Council of Ephesus for the thirty bishops that still clung to the Nestorian heresy; or the Council of Chalcedon for the schism of the Monophysites; or the Council of Trent for driving whole nations on to the Lutheran heresy.

Compared with the multitudes who thus fell, he says, the defections after the Vatican Council were a mere handful. "Among the apostasies from the clergy," he notes, "there was not a single bishop; and only a few priests."

There is one part of this fourth volume that must not be passed without mention: the most interesting sketch of the present state of the Church over the world. The chapters on Spain, Belgium, Switzer-

land, Austria, Prussia, &c., containing statistics and information down to three or four years ago, are full of very acceptable and rare information. And a sufficiently long and full account of "The Missions of the Catholic Church" deserves to be specially commended to notice.

The work is completed and enriched by an index that is, on the whole, trustworthy; and by some useful chronological tables—one of these, which will be particularly valuable to students, is a list of modern councils held from 1682 to 1869, compiled after the "Collectio Lacensis." Should another edition of this excellent work be called for—and we trust it may—it is to be hoped that the numerous typographical errors, though they be none of them serious, will be corrected. The publishers deserve well of the Catholic student for their enterprise in bringing out this valuable and cheap reprint.

History of England from the Wars of the Roses to the Present Time.

The Granville History Readers, No. III. Edited by THOMAS J. LIVESEY. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

THE task of editing this section of English history in a series of reading lessons suitable for Standard V. was not, we fancy, quite easy. The volume embraces some of the most critical and difficult portions of that history. The Reformation period, covering the reigns of Henry, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, need only be mentioned. The editor, therefore, deserves to be congratulated on his success. And, both as to his portion of the work and as to the publishers' portion, the volume is, on the whole, a worthy companion of its predecessors in the Granville Series, to which we gave deserved praise in our last issue.

It appears to us, however, that this volume is a little too full of mere incidents and names, and is less a collection of pleasing reading lessons than the former volumes. Of course, the modern period is more crowded with incidents of considerable importance; the records and histories are fuller. Still, for the purposes of a reading lesson, one event of a reign graphically treated is more to the purpose than a score of events huddled together, with brief mention, into the same space. We turned, for example, with considerable interest to the lesson headed, "Destruction of the Monasteries (1535-39)"—what an admirable subject for a history reading! To our great disappointment, only seven lines—brief, unpicturesque, unpointed—refer to that destruction, whilst the remaining eighty-three lines of the lesson tell us about Henry's wives (or what not) in succession, and about Henry's cruelty to the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Surrey, and about his own death and burial! Let us be understood—these eighty lines are more interesting than the dull eight on the monasteries; but why not have had a vivid and well-grouped lesson on the monasteries also? Such a lesson as the thirty-ninth, "Life in England under the Stuarts," is quite admirable, and we venture to say will be read with real pleasure, and consequently will live in the child's memory.

That the editor should have allowed Mrs. Hemans's poem, "The

Pilgrim Fathers," to find a place here, does indeed surprise us. Whatever may be thought of the imagery of the verses, they will naturally warm the young reader to quick and lasting sympathy with the ringing sentiment of the close:—

• Ay, call it holy ground, the soil where first they trod !

They have left unstained what there they found—freedom to worship God!—

which may be poetry, but is not history or fact ! We should like to know what could stain "freedom to worship God" that the Puritans were not guilty of in New England ? Persecuted, it is true, here, they, in turn, became persecutors in the land of their adoption. One of their first acts in New Plymouth was to banish from their colony a preacher who held service according to the established form of England—*i.e.*, who wished for "freedom to worship God." The city of Providence came by its existence and its name because it was the refuge of another lover of "freedom to worship," Roger Williams—whom they persecuted as they themselves had been persecuted. The freedom they gave to Quakers was ill-treatment, and even hanging. It need not be added that they showed no kindness to Catholics, either in their code of laws or in practice; the second appearance of a Jesuit in their confines meant his death. Why feed the young imagination with the heroism and "true-hearted"-ness of these seekers after "faith's pure shrine," when, with whatever bravery and sturdy qualities, they were, as far as religion went (it need not be called faith), fanatical and tyrannical ?

It is a sad comment on the character of our English literature, that perhaps the editor would have found it very difficult, if possible, to substitute an English poem on "The Destruction of the Monasteries" of that pathos and sympathetic tone which the subject well deserves, or on any incident of the cruel persecutions and banishments of Catholics—say, on that of the crowds of English ladies who, as exiles, found homes in the cloisters of the Continent, and even established convents there. But this only shows the more clearly that misplaced sentiment in the interest of those who even only now tolerate us is less than uncalled for.

Le Docteur des Nations : ou, La Somme de Saint Paul. Par A. RICHE, de la Congrégation des Prêtres de St. Sulpice. Paris : E. Plon et Cie. 1882.

THE object of the Abbé Riche is not to unfold and explain the doctrine of the "Magister Gentium," as S. Thomas would that of the "Magister Sententiarum." This "Summa," however, is an excellent idea, and one that we recommend to the notice of priests—for whom the author specially designs it—as likely to be of assistance to them in their study of St. Paul. In fourteen chapters the author has gathered together, under various headings, the doctrine of St. Paul scattered through his Epistles, and the passages relating to them in the Acts. A marginal note indicates whence the contents of each para-

graph of the chapters has been taken. The whole text of the book, therefore, is in the *ipsissima verba* of St. Paul. In the first chapter, "De auctoritate divina Beati Pauli," the student will find, in consecutive form, all those bold assertions of his divine mission in which the Apostle is a model to all who assume the office of teachers in the things of God. The next chapter contains the Saint's doctrine "De Deo," similarly gathered together and arranged; and so on through the remaining chapters, "De lapsu originali," "De Redemptione per Christum," "De Eucharistia et Sacerdotio," &c., "De virtutibus supernaturalibus," "De virtutibus socialibus," "De muliere christiana," and "Commendationes B. Apostoli." This last, the concluding chapter, is made up of the passages in which the Apostle speaks so confidently of his doctrine and life, and of the Grace by which he was what he was. The advantage of the Abbé Riche's volume is that, instead of having to read through all the Epistles for St. Paul's words on any given topic, they may here be found arranged together. A French translation of the text is added, and will be very acceptable to those outside the clergy who cannot use the Latin. Further, this French translation is illustrated with occasional and very sound notes. A copious index gives completeness, and helps the usefulness of this excellent little manual—a most valuable "student's aid," as we venture to think.

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1. *Fasting Reception of the Blessed Sacrament a Custom of the Church Catholic.* By FREDERICK HALL, M.A., an Assistant-Curate of St. Augustine, Kilburn. Second edition. London: Rivingtons. 1882.
 2. *Theotokos, the Example for Woman.* By M. A. MEREDITH. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882.

WE have put these two small volumes together, as their chief interest to Catholics will be to learn that they are Protestant books. The writer of the first-named, in the course of some seventy pages, draws out a catena of authorities for the practice of going fasting to Communion. There is nothing in it new to Catholic students, of course—that is to say, whenever the purpose of the author is directly worked out. His use of the term "Catholic Church" is now familiar to us—though still a painful puzzle. What is *interesting* is the advocacy of a practice for which in our memory Catholics were in this country universally laughed at. What is *wonderful* is that descendants and spiritual children of the scoffers should be able to write with placid and earnest complacency of the usage of fasting reception, thus:—

May we not—with such abundant evidence as to Catholic usage, to which the Church of England at the Reformation so uniformly appealed as her standard in matters of doctrine, discipline, and ritual—entrench ourselves, as we deprecate the recent and modern, and therefore uncatholic, innovation of late non-fasting Communion, in the position once maintained by St. Paul:—"If any man seem to be *contentious*, we have no such custom, neither the Churches of God" (1 Cor. xi. 16).

We have italicized a word that puzzles us. We do not pretend to have fathomed the mystery of Ritualists being faithful children of the Church of England; but we thought it clear that judges, bishops,

and a large majority of Anglicans generally consider, and have more than hinted, that they are, if anything, "contentious." Mr. Hall (p. 38) "greatly deploras" that two bishops of the English Church "have inaugurated their episcopacy by departing from" the "unbroken custom of condemning late Communion," and have actually advocated these last "to the grief of thousands of devout Churchpeople."

Of "Theotokos" little need be said. In it the Blessed Virgin is held up as an example to the "daughters of the Church of England." But she is apparently not to be prayed to, which is somewhat hard, as these "daughters" must learn "the lesson of self-renunciation (surely not easy) as *the* great lesson taught by St. Mary," as we read in one place, and obedience, as we read in another, and other difficult virtues as we read elsewhere; and these form "a lesson given which each must answer for not learning." Though this particular book is weak in style and of a tone little calculated to win any whose sentiments are not previously in harmony with the authoress, it may still have a beneficial influence with such "high" Protestants. It is a book that no Catholic can read without a feeling akin to pain. It is, however, a gain that the daughters of Anglicanism are to honour her for the future; we hope they will eventually proceed to pray to her. At present prayer to her would seem to be one of the excesses into which Rome has run. There must be some justification invented for not being too Roman in your tendencies!

The Flying Dutchman, and other Poems. By E. M. CLERKE. London: W. Satchell & Co. 1881.

COLLECTIONS of "verses" or "hymns" or "poems" by *soi-disant* poets are numerous enough, and but rarely worth a word of praise or encouragement. It is a pleasure to meet a small volume that well deserves both. "The Ballads of the Sea" that make up the first division of the book are perhaps the best; the writer is happy in the treatment of ship, sea, sailor, or storm. These three stanzas from "Eastward Ho!" show how she can write of those most unpoetical of creations—iron-clads:—

Though gone the cloud of sail that sped
The line of battle on,
The taper spars, the shapely head,
The chequered broadside gone.

Though armoured Titans grimly hurl
Strange missiles o'er the brine,
And giant engines pant and whirl
To urge the frowning line.

Not steam or sail shall most prevail,
But men who do and dare.
What though our hulls are sheathed in mail?
The hearts of oak are there.

The piece which gives the volume its title is a legend of the South Seas, and is both well told and full of poetic description. As we could

not quote a sufficient number of lines to give any idea of the story, we shall select a short quotation from the last division of the volume, "Translations." Not a few of these translations show dexterous and happy power of composition. The following will be novel and interesting :—

SONNET ON MAJORITIES.

I piu tirano i meno. GIUSEPPE GIUSTI.

The few are by the many led, 'tis true,
If moral force with numbers coincide :
But if dull apathy be on their side,
The many, my friend, are guided by the few.
If a whole people, of one mind with you,
Come to your aid with words and nought beside,
It little helps you, who meantime are plied
With knock-down blows by an audacious crew.
Say four stout knaves are soundly threshing me,
And yonder stand two hundred shouting, "Fie!"
But move not hand or foot to set me free;
I prithee tell me in what case am I,
With four bold "Ayes" whose words and acts agree,
While ten score passive "Noes" do nought but cry.

The Sun. By C. A. YOUNG, Ph.D., LL.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882.

THIS small volume, of some three hundred pages, written in a simple unpretending style, would hardly lead us to infer that its author is one of the foremost workers of our times in solar physics. We have in the treatise before us a most admirable exposition of the progress of recent solar research wherein our author has played a conspicuous part. Yet, with a modesty which is deserving of all praise, Professor Young most sparingly allows his name to figure in his pages.

Those who wish to be accurately posted up in the present state of our knowledge concerning the sun cannot do better than take this work for their guide. It makes no pretence at literary form or style, but for clearness of exposition, for exhaustive treatment of the subject, we do not fear to say that the treatise is unrivalled. It would be an impertinence on our part to attempt to pass its pages under review, but we can at least register and indicate the many excellences in which the work abounds. In the first place, it will be no small relief to his readers to find no longer those old woodcuts that have done duty in most astronomical works for some years past. In their place we have a number of beautiful and original illustrations, among which we may mention the frontispiece, which is a wonderfully fine delineation of a typical sun-spot from the pencil of Professor Langley.

In the Introduction to the work we have a concise summary of the principal facts concerning the sun; we remark here that Professor Young adopts 92,885,000 miles as the sun's distance. Then follow the telescopic and spectroscopic methods of studying the sun's surface,

and we believe that these accounts are the most concise and complete hitherto published. Equally admirable is the discussion of the faculæ and sun's spots; the different theories of the origin of these mysterious chasms in the photosphere are summed up with masterly skill. But it is useless to continue in this eulogistic strain; suffice it to say that chapter vi., on the Chromosphere and the Prominences, chapter viii., on the Sun's Light and Heat, are all treated in the same admirable manner. We cannot, however, pass by chapter vii., on the Corona, without drawing attention to the striking illustrations of the different shapes and aspects of the corona during the late solar eclipses. The most cursory glance at this chapter will convince the reader how hopelessly untenable is that meteoric theory of the corona which at one time found such favour. For the rest we must refer the student of science to the work itself, promising him a rare intellectual treat from its perusal.

Since the author is so unwilling to put forward any claim for his own astronomical discoveries, it is only right that others should take the first opportunity of urging his claims to recognition on the part of science. Many of the observations, by the method of artificial eclipses, described from page 188 to 200, were made by the author. Nearly all the lines in the spectrum of the chromosphere mentioned on page 194 were discovered by him. The slitless spectroscope just casually referred to on page 235 was invented by him, but applied and utilized by Lockyer and others. To Professor Young, too, we are indebted for the conclusive proofs (p. 235 *et seq.*) which established the solar origin of the corona. Numberless other little observations and discoveries are scattered up and down the book which the author has been content, so to speak, to throw into the general fund of solar knowledge, without claiming for himself any share in their authorship. "Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus" and Professor Young's work is not absolutely perfect. The arrangement of the matter is defective. There are no marginal notes, no page headings, to give some indication of the various topics treated under each chapter. His use of the paragraph, too, is very tantalizing; sometimes the paragraph indicates a change of topic, sometimes a subsidiary proof; and the reader is often in perplexity to decide, as he is reading on, whether a change of subject is at hand, or whether he is but meeting with another proof starting from more general principles. We join with all students of science in offering our best thanks to Professor Young for a work which will be a lasting monument to his genius and to his disinterested study of science.

Debrett's Peerage, and Titles of Courtesy, &c. Edited by ROBERT H. MAIR, LL.D. London: Dean & Son. 1882.

IT has been stated by Lord Cairns, that he never opens "Debrett" "without amazement or admiration:" and whoever has to consult this new and again enlarged edition of the "Peerage" will surely find it impossible not to share the first feeling, and difficult to be radical enough quite to forbid the latter. An immense multitude of

nobility and aristocracy are here set forth, with their arms, titles, and precedence; the human side of them being "*b*" that they were born, "*m*" married, and not a few already "*d*" dead and their honours taken up by a successor. In 1881 nineteen peers, ten peeresses, twenty-one baronets, and twenty-six knights died. And if new titles have been created plentifully of late years, on the other hand, since 1868 thirty-five peerages and fifty-eight baronetcies have become extinct or are dormant. "The upper ten-thousand" has evidently become an expression—to speak with the logicians—of much too restricted "extension." The editor sent out 25,000 proofs to be corrected by ladies and gentlemen whose names appear in his pages, and he has received more than 18,000 replies from them! Hence he announces his work as "personally revised by the nobility." What more can be done to make a peerage either correct or worthy of admiration? We have, therefore, done all we need regarding the well-known "*Debrett*" when we have announced this new edition, which is corrected to January 20th last, and therefore "contains nearly two months' later information than any kindred volume."

1. *The Ancient Liturgy of the Church of England, according to the Use of Sarum, York, Hereford, and Bangor, and the Roman Liturgy.* Arranged in Parallel Columns; with Preface and Notes. By WILLIAM MASKELL, M.A. Third edition. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1882.
2. *Monumenta Ritualia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ.* The Occasional Offices of the Church of England, according to the old Use of Salisbury, the Prymer in English, and other Prayers and Forms. With Dissertations and Notes, by WILLIAM MASKELL, M.A. In three vols. Second edition. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1882.

THE sight of these volumes takes us back in memory more than thirty years to the stirring times in which they were first given to the world. They were, as we need hardly say, among the most notable results in the field of scholarship of that great movement in the Church of England which their learned author followed so faithfully, and were originally intended—primarily intended that is—to furnish matter for the elucidation of the Anglican Book of Common Prayer. "I enter upon this subject," Mr. Maskell wrote, in his Introductory Dissertation to the Ancient Service Books, "trusting that I may make some addition to the amount of information already at hand." "The amount of information already at hand" was not very considerable. As a specimen of it, let us cite Mr. Maskell's account of what Staveley had to tell his readers:—

Staveley, in his "*History of Churches*," has a short notice about the Service Books, but it is a mere translation, abridged, of Lynwood's gloss upon the famous Constitution of Archbishop Winchelsea, which I shall speak of at some length. But he goes on to say:—"Legenda: A book containing the lessons to be read at the morning service.—Antiphonarium: A book containing invitatories, hymns, responsories, verses, collects, &c., to be said or sung by priest and people alternately.—Gradale, or Graduale:

A book containing several offices, as that of the sprinkling of holy water, the proceeds of the Mass; the holy offices, Kyrie, &c., Gloria in Excelsis, gradalia, hallelujah, the symbols to be sung at the offertory, and the Mass.—*Psalterium*: The Book of Psalms.—*Troperium*, or *Troparium*: The service in which the people answer the priest, called also sometimes *Liber Sequentiarum*.—*Ordinale*: A book of rules and orders, to direct the right manner of saying and performing holy service.—*Missale*: A book containing all things belonging to the service of the Mass.—*Manuale*: A book always at hand, containing all things belonging to the sacraments and sacramentals, the hallowing of holy water, and all other things to be hallowed, and the ordering of processions." Now this is nearly all wrong, and certainly half guess-work; and not a bad example of the loose and inaccurate way in which authors who are called "commentators on the Common Prayer Book" were not ashamed to write. Ignorant themselves, they were at least not mistaken in relying upon the belief that they were supposed to be teaching people who, still more ignorant, would innocently be satisfied to accept their explanations. What Staveley could mean by "the proceeds of the Mass" is quite unintelligible—*Intro. Dissertation*, p. v.

As a pendant to this take the following :—

A very pretentious volume was published in 1846, called "Ecclesiastical Records of England, from the Fifth Century to the Reformation," by the Rev. R. Hart. I had occasion to take notice of the book at the time, and will quote the following remarks which I then made on Mr. Hart's explanation of the Service Books :—"Bibliotheca, a summary of the Old and New Testaments, compiled by Jerome."—The *Bibliotheca* was the Bible itself.—'Consuetudinarium, the ritual, or portifory.' It was neither the one nor the other.—'The Directorium was the ritual,' which it was not.—'Emortuale, the book containing the office for the visitation of the sick, the service of the viaticum Mass [P], extreme unction, commendation of a soul departing, and the burial office.' Egregious nonsense.—'Enchridion, the ritual,' which it was not.—'Horæ, something like the breviary, but without the lessons.' The *Horæ* always included the lessons of their proper offices.—'Neurologium often contained a catalogue of church furniture.' So do family Bibles, as they are called, often contain lists of baptisms and deaths.—'Obituarium contained the burial office,' which it did not, 'and the names of the deceased were often registered at the end.' This happens to be the exact object of the *Obituarium*.—'Ordinale the same as the *Portiforium*.' It was a totally different book.—'Portiforium, a book of rubrical directions,' which it was not, 'and sometimes the word is used to signify a breviary,' which it always means." The rest of these "Ecclesiastical Records" was of the same worthless character.

It will be seen then that there was an ample field for Mr. Maskell's labours; and the untiring industry, the scrupulous conscientiousness, the self-sacrificing devotion with which he pursued them have been so fully recognized by all competent critics that any words of eulogy from us upon their merits are superfluous. We may, however, point out that the difficulties which he had to encounter from the heartrending destruction brought on the archives of the monasteries, by "the fury of fanatics and the knavery of royal commissioners" at the time of the so-called Reformation, were of the greatest magnitude. But here let us allow Mr. Maskell again to speak :—

Once more, consider the amazing number of the books. Not only every one of the ten thousand parishes of England was fully furnished, but in single parishes there were often more churches than one, and in single churches there were chantries and chapels, also supplied; add to these, the monasteries and cathedrals, with their hundreds (it may be said) of service books; the private chapels of the nobility; the copies in the possession of the laity; and will it be beyond the mark to conclude that at the date above-mentioned there were not less than two hundred and fifty thousand volumes in actual use, besides those which might have been laid up and treasured in the archives? There is no difficulty, however, in accounting for the loss of them. The same spirit which prompted the reformers to drive religious men into the world who had forsaken it, as they had hoped for ever, by dismantling their houses and tearing the roofs off over their heads, and by "pulling down the rooks' nests" as one advised who in after years died disgracefully upon the scaffold—the same spirit suggested a sure plan to prevent men worshipping any longer after the manner of their forefathers. This was to destroy the books in which that ancient way of worship was contained. . . . When men spared not sacred and solemn buildings, and altars dedicated to the most high God, and the bodies of the dead, it is not to be supposed (though we had no evidence) that books should have been more fortunate. But we have ample proof. I wish much that I had space to give more than the following one or two examples. Thus a letter of Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, referring his proceedings in spiritual matters to the approbation of Cromwell, a layman:—"My singular good Lord, . . . About a twelve months past, I lodged at my house in Croydon; where certain of my chaplains by chance went into the church there, and as they looked in certain books they found the names of Bishops of Rome not put out according to the king's commandment; wherefore I sent for all the priests of the church, and their books also, . . . and commanded them that they should amend their said books, and I discharged the parish priest of his service at the same time." The letter goes on to say, that Cranmer for the same offence put a chantry priest in bail to appear before the council; and it proves most clearly the difficulty which was met with in enforcing the king's commands. Again, a long list of articles against one Mr. Don, of Jesus College, Cambridge, chiefly runs upon the same matter, that he would not deface the service books. John Baker wrote to Cromwell, that he had put the parson of Dimchurch in gaol, because he "had not expelled the name of the Bishop of Rome out of dyverse and sundrie books in his keeping." Again, a most remarkable letter and blasphemous, written by a monk of the monastery of Pershore, desiring to be dismissed, to Cromwell "second person yn thys rem of Englonde." I say blasphemous, containing such a passage as this to a man like Cromwell, or to any man:—"Most gracyus lord and most worthyst vycytar that ever cam amoncks us, macke me your servant, hande maid, and beydman, and save my sowlle wych sholdbe lost yf re helpe yt not, the wych you may save with one word speekyng, and mayk me, wych am now nawtt, to cum unto grace and goodness." But this worthy member of that house goes on to instruct the second person of the realm "how the kyng's grace commandyment ys kepp yn puttyng forth of bocks the beyschatt of roms vserpt powor,"—which is "abbots, moncks, prests don lyttyl or nothing to put owtt of bocks the beyschatt of romes name for y my selfe do know in dyuers bocks wher ys name and hys vserpt powor upon vs ys." Once more: the testimony of an eyewitness to the completeness of the destruction when at last it could be escaped no longer. "If there had bene" (says John Bale) "in every shyre but one solemyne lybrary, to the preseruacyon of those noble

workes it had bene yet sumwhat. But to destroy all without consydration, is and wyll be vnto Englande for euee a moste horryble infamy amonge the graue senyours of other nacyons. A greate nombre of them whych purchased those superstycouse mansyons, reserued of those bokes, some to serue theyr iakes, some to scoure theyr candelstyckes, and some to rubbe their bootes. Some they solde to the grossers and sope sellers, and some they sent ouer see to the bokebynders, not in small nombre, but at tymes whole shyppes full, to the wonderynge of the foren nacyons. I know a merchaunt man which shall at thys tyme be namelesse, that boughte the contentes of two noble lybraryes for .xl. shyllinges pryce, a shame it is to be spoken. This stuffe hath he occupied in the stede of graye paper by the space of more than these .x. yeares, and yet he hath store ynough for as many yeares to come." True, that Bishop Bale is here speaking of the general contents of the monastic and cathedral libraries; he was not one who would have lamented the loss of any book, except perhaps some obscene jest book, or an old chronicle. But from his facts we learn how extensive was the destruction. The indiscriminating passion of the days of Edward VI., knowing only that the greater part of the collections consisted of service books, involved all in one common ruin; and secular historians have to lament the furious bigotry which demolished the annals of our country, no less than they who, with an earnest and sober reverence inquiring into the old religious observances of their church, can find but few records left to guide them through the mists of error, in which the ignorance and misrepresentations of after-ages have obscured their path. —*Dis. on the Service Books*, pp. cci—ccxx."

Long as this extract is, we must yet supplement it by another which will show that the hatred against the old service books was no passing ebullition of heretical fury, confined to the first phase of the so-called Reformation. Half a century afterwards we find it raging with unabated violence. "In the year 1571," Mr. Maskell tells us, quoting from the "History and Antiquities of St. David's,"

we read about one Ellis ap Howel, "because he being sextene in the cathedral church of St. David's, of long time did conceall certain ungodly popish books: as masse books, hympnalls, grailes, antiphoners, and such like (as it were looking for a day); master chauntor deprived hym of the sextenship and the fees thereunto belonging. And the said mr. chauntor on the . . . day of this instant July, caused the said ungodly books to be canceld and torne in pieces in the vestrie before his face, in the presens of mr. chancellor and others."—*Dis. on the Service Books*, p. ccxx. note.

Mr. Maskell, in his Preface to this new edition, tells us that "these books are intended now, as they were forty years ago, chiefly for the use of the clergy and laity of the Anglican Church." And he adds very justly, "The rituals observed in England for nearly a thousand years before the reign of Edward the Sixth, and on which the rites and ceremonies of the Common Prayer Book are said to be founded, and from which they claim to be derived, ought always to be a subject about which the clergy, at least, of the Anglican Church should not be ignorant." These cautious and doubtless well-weighed words can hardly, we think, give offence to even the most sensitive adherents of the Established Church. And yet it cannot be denied that in this matter, for them, ignorance is bliss, in a sense; for the comparison of the sacred offices presented to them in Mr. Maskell's volumes with the maimed, lifeless, and

jejune formularies of the Protestant service book cannot fail to raise the most serious and uncomfortable questionings in any thoughtful Anglican mind. Cranmer and his crew of destroying ruffians were doubtless guided by a sound instinct in their determination to obliterate even the memory of the holy rites which had fed the spiritual life of England during the thousand years that England was Catholic; but for those of their spiritual children who are religiously minded, who have Catholic instinct, what a penance to look back upon their proceedings, and to behold in things ritual and liturgical, as in other things, the fair form of Truth, moral and material, hacked piecemeal, and every limb and organ carried off and burned in the fire, or cast into the deep!

"Si fuisset in diebus patrum nostrorum non essemus socii eorum" is in substance the disclaimer put forth by many an Anglican as he contemplates the deeds of the "glorious Reformers." We know what answer was returned to this plea: "Itaque testimonio estis vobismetipsis, quia filii estis ipsorum. Et vos implete mensuram patrum vestrorum." It is, indeed, a stern reply. But for that reason, proceeding as it did from Him who is full of peace and truth, it is especially worthy of being deeply pondered by those whom it concerns.

Religion and Philosophy in Germany: a Fragment. By HEINRICH HEINE. Translated by JOHN SNODGRASS. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

MR. SNODGRASS, favourably known as the translator of a little volume of selected passages from Heine, entitled "Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos," has in his present book essayed to present in English the account of German philosophy and religion put by his author before the French public some fifty years ago in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and subsequently republished in the work entitled "De l'Allemagne." Mr. Snodgrass has, however, executed his translation mainly from the German version, which, though published after the French, was, as he conjectures, written first. We doubt much whether this conjecture is well founded. Heine knew French quite well enough to *think* in French, and it seems to us that the cast of thought of his two volumes "De l'Allemagne" is essentially French, while the former version strikes one here and there as being an adaptation from another language. However this may be, Mr. Snodgrass has executed his task very well, and has laid under obligation the English reader who desires to peruse in his own language the account given by this bitter mocker, but great genius, of Teutonic philosophy and religion.

The Speaker's Commentary. New Testament. Vol. IV. Hebrews—Revelation of St. John. London: J. Murray. 1881.

THIS is the tenth and last volume of a work suggested more than eighteen years ago by Lord Ossington, taken up by the Archbishop of York, and edited by Canon Cook. The difficult Epistle to the Hebrews is very fairly explained by Dr. Kay, rector of Great Leghs. He strongly defends the traditional opinion that St. Paul was the writer. The place which the Epistle occupies in the oldest uncials, where it follows the Epistle to the Thessalonians and precedes the Pastoral Epistles, shows clearly enough what was the opinion in the fourth century. Dr. Kay considers that it was St. Paul's atonement to the Christian Church at Jerusalem, which he had once "devastated," and that he wrote it at the close of his first imprisonment in Rome. The last conjecture seems to us inconsistent with Heb. xiii. 23, which implies that the writer was then at liberty. We may observe that Dr. Kay in his treatment of the ninth chapter adopts the meaning "covenant" instead of "testament" throughout, even in the seventeenth verse. In this he has at least the merit of consistency which the New Testament Revisers cannot claim. In the well-known definition of faith (Heb. xi. 1), Dr. Kay takes *ὑπόστασις* in an active sense, and explains it as a "substantiating," or "giving present reality to" what is hoped for. Of Dean Scott's comment on St. James's Epistle we have not much to say, except that he holds sounder opinions about the author than are current among most Protestant writers. We cannot think much of the critical ability of a writer who thinks he can explain away St. James v. 15 by saying—

Very few words are necessary on the subject of the authority supposed to be derived from this verse for the so-called Sacrament of Extreme Unction in the Romish Church. To quote the title "extreme unction" (*sacramentum exuentium*) is enough. For the unction of St. James is primarily and distinctively for the *healing* of the sick (p. 148).

What does Dean Scott suppose the unction of the sick in the Catholic Church is meant for? Does he think it is meant to kill people off? We should suggest to him to read the prayers in the Ritual for the administration of Extreme Unction.

St. Peter's First Epistle is explained by Canon Cook; and, like all the learned editor's work, is well done. He brings forward the strongest evidence for believing that St. Peter was in Rome, and that by Babylon he meant Rome. He calls this "the old unvarying testimony of the Fathers," and says that Calvin was the first to maintain the opposite view, and for no better reason than that he thought the old interpretation "a stronghold of Popery." "a statement," Canon Cook says, "which is at once controversially dangerous in reference to Romanists, who could *justly* claim the support of all Christian antiquity, not to speak of internal evidence in their favour, and subversive of his own position" (p. 163). We are afraid that the learned editor will leave his Protestant friends no resource but to adopt the

opinion of that eminent critic Garibaldi, who denied that there ever was such a person as St. Peter!

We cannot but regret that the Second Epistle, with the difficult question of authorship, was not left to Canon Cook. Professor Lumby, of Cambridge, who deals with the Epistle and the closely-connected Epistle of St. Jude, is a little disappointing. It is true he defends the authenticity of St. Peter's Second Epistle; but we think he hardly does justice to the difficulties brought against the most disputed of all the New Testament writings. No notice is taken of the latest attack upon the Epistle by Dr. Abbott, who asserts that the author had clearly read Josephus, and therefore could not be St. Peter. In regard to St. Jude's Epistle, Dr. Lumby defends the commonly received opinion that it was written after St. Peter's, and that it describes in fact what St. Peter had foretold in prophecy. He instances out of the prophets some analogous cases of the adaptation of language, or of "copying," as some prefer to call it. St. John has found a very enthusiastic and even devotional exponent of his letters in Dr. Alexander, the Protestant Bishop of Derry. The first Epistle he considers to be a sort of postscript to the Gospel. In regard to the second, departing from the traditional view, he thinks it was addressed to an individual lady of the name of Kyria. As regards 1 John v. 7, 8, Dr. Alexander virtually gives up the Heavenly Witnesses, and appends to the Earthly a very curious medical dissertation on the physical causes of Christ's death. It is a summary of an article by Dr. Haughton in the *Church Quarterly* (Jan. 1880), who states, as the result of his special studies and experiments, that "there is no supposition possible to explain the recorded phenomenon (the water and the blood) except the combination of the crucifixion and the rupture of the heart" (p. 350).

We now come to the Apocalypse, as expounded by Dr. Lee, Archdeacon of Dublin, which occupies nearly half the volume. The editor thinks it necessary to apologize for the favour he has shown to Dr. Lee in the matter of space. But even four hundred pages is not too much for such an encyclopædia of Apocalyptic literature as Dr. Lee has compiled. He seems anxious to please all classes of readers by setting forth every mode of interpretation. The result is both bewildering and saddening. Certainly the ravings of the anti-papal school of commentators served up in a cut-and-dried fashion are a melancholy exhibition of human imbecility and religious mania. Dr. Lee is, of course, too sensible to give any approval to such rubbish; but it would have been kindness to the authors living and dead to have suppressed it. Still, there is much that is of real value in Dr. Lee's learned Introduction and laborious annotations. He is at great pains to refute the modern rationalistic school, who commonly accept the Apocalypse in order to use it against St. John's authorship of the fourth Gospel. This school prides itself on its "preterist" interpretation of the Apocalypse and its much-boasted solution of the number of the beast as Neron Cæsar, read according to the numerical value of the Hebrew letters. Their system presupposes the early date of the Apocalypse, shortly after Nero's death. This Dr. Lee proves to be quite untenable. Another valuable feature in Dr. Lee is the prominence he gives to the

older commentators such as Andreas, Victorinus, and St. Hippolytus. A very interesting account is given of Ewald's discovery of an Arabic MS. of St. Hippolytus on the Apocalypse in the Royal Library in Paris in 1829. Students of prophecy will certainly be thankful to Dr. Lee for his treatise upon the Apocalyptic arithmetic or the mystical significance of numbers.

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1. *Agnes Wilmott's History and the Lessons it Taught.* By MARY AGATHA PENNELL. London: R. Washbourne. 1882.
 2. *My Lady at Last.* A Story. By MARGARET T. TAUNTON. London: R. Washbourne. 1882.

AGNES WILMOTT'S History is a simple and pathetic Catholic story. It will be very valuable in parochial lending libraries for the young. Agnes is a young widow, respectable but poor, who, with her little boy—a brave little boy—takes no “arms against a sea of troubles” that overwhelm her after her husband's death, but a courageous heart, strong faith in God's providence, and fidelity to her religious practices. There is neither sensation nor romance in the little volume. Agnes's struggle, trial, and affliction were only such as in various measure overtake the majority of the poorer class. We have only one fault to find with the History, and that is with the authoress's constant and prosy interruptions to point out (needlessly) “the lessons it taught.”

We go somewhat out of our ordinary practice to notice such a book as “My Lady at Last,” because it is more a novel than a story, as those words are now generally accepted. But it is so interesting a story, and the moral of it so excellent, and anything objectionable is so entirely absent that we are glad to recommend it. It is a strange story—a true one, we are told, and certainly stranger than much fiction, and told with great artlessness and simplicity. Its lesson is most pointedly for those who are entering on womanhood, and thinking of marriage—being, as we read it, chiefly the lesson of love for parents who are themselves not lovable, even to the length of consulting their wishes as to the choice of a partner for life. But all girls will like to read about the three sisters in their parentless home, with old selfish nurse “Smythy;” gentle flower-loving Flo; cold, solitary, tree-climbing Trif, and the wiser Clem, chronicler of their doings. The girlhood portion of their life, uncivilized and odd—dress, food, and general bringing-up being *à la Smythy*, and decidedly peculiar—is the most original, or at least, the most curious portion of a most curious and thrilling story. The manner of the writer is immensely inferior to her matter. Had her style come even near to being equal to the occasion, “My Lady at Last” might have taken a place among the classics of fiction.

Reginald Barentyne, or Liberty without Limit. A Tale of the Times.
By the Rev. FREDERICK GEORGE LEE. London: W. H. Allen &
Co. 1881.

WE shall not treat Mr. Lee's book as Mr. MacCaddis, editor of the *Roaring Lion*, in this tale, used to treat the books sent him to be reviewed. This worthy *littérateur* used to dash off a loud-sounding notice without even cutting the leaves of the works he was reviewing, or indeed, sometimes, without as much as looking at the contents. The tone of Mr. MacCaddis's notices was altogether determined by personal considerations or mercenary motives. We must claim for ourselves the credit of having read Dr. Lee's book from beginning to end with the keenest interest and great pleasure. The title of the book gives the reader a good idea of its scope and aim. The author paints, with much graphic power, the fearful advance which unbridled license is making in its various phases in England. Much of the interest of the story turns on the working of the secret societies, and their daring unscrupulous policy is shown up with telling effect. There are several characters in the book which stand out in life-like colours. It is not difficult to see where the author is at his best—strangely enough in his portraiture of those of his own cloth, for whom he must have a curious feeling. We may mention such humorous sketches as those of the Right Rev. Dr. Brampott, the Protestant Bishop of Camford, and of the Rev. Sandys Milkensop, the Ritualist parson. Some passages show us certain notables whom we think we know, very thinly veiled; for instance, the following has the piquancy of personality:—

Another minister of the same establishment, Dr. O'Frothie, was during the same time chiefly engaged in his great work of criticizing destructively everybody and everything—a work which he did scathingly, with cynicism and severity. He was nothing if not destructive. His celebrated treatise "Four Thousand and Four Reasons," &c. which he himself had reviewed with such personal tenderness and affection in the *Penny Whistle*, had, on a most extensive scale, been recently bound up with Tate and Brady's Psalms by the "Society for Promoting Useless Information," so that the desperate dogmatism of the one treatise should, in a practical *Vademecum*, be conjoined by roan or calf binding with the melody and music of the other. The Doctor was perfectly satisfied with the result of his extensive literary scrapings, while the shallow and thoughtless regarded them as absolute perfection. These persons may be left in the perfect enjoyment of what they call their "views" concerning this worthless kind of polemical literature—worthless, because it trades exclusively on the lower features of human nature, and appeals always to man's ignoblest side (pp. 378, 379).

The book has a marked religious interest; and we closed it, after reading it through, wondering very much how the writer is where he is, and does not throw himself on to the bosom of the mother whom he knows and loves.

We regret that notices of two important books—"The Life of St. Philip Neri," translated from the Italian of Capeceletro by the Rev. Father T. A. Pope, in 2 vols. (Burns & Oates); and "Church and State as seen in the Formation of Christendom," by T. W. Allies, M.A. (Burns & Oates)—have unavoidably to be held over until our next issue: as also notices of the following among other books received:—

"An Etymological Dictionary of the English Language," by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. (Oxford: Clarendon Press); "Reminiscences of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement," by the Rev. T. Mozley, 2 vols. (Longmans); Aristotle's "Psychology," by Edwin Wallace, M.A. (Cambridge: University Press); "The Science of Ethics," by Leslie Stephens (Smith, Elder & Co.); "The Life of S. Lewis Bertrand," by Father B. Wilberforce (Burns & Oates); "The Future of Islam," by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt (Kegan Paul & Co.); "Commercial Restraints of Ireland," by J. Hely Hutchinson (Gill & Son); Bellecius's "Solid Virtue," translated, second thousand (Washbourne); "Lacordaire," by H. L. Sidney Lear (Rivingtons); "The Faiths of the World" (Blackwood & Sons); Rev. G. Bede Cox's "Matriculation English" (W. Stewart & Co.); &c. &c.

THE
DUBLIN REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1882.

ART. I.—WILLIAM GEORGE WARD.

THE October Number of the DUBLIN REVIEW cannot go forth without bearing on its foremost page a record of the lamented death of Mr. William George Ward.

The loss we have sustained by this event has been sensibly and widely shared, not by Catholics only, but by a multitude of personal friends, and by men of the most various minds to whom as a man of letters he was intimately known. The discerning and generous articles of the *Times*, and other journals, of the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, and other similar critics, prove how his genial and attractive character, his spotless integrity of life, and his great intellectual powers had impressed his literary contemporaries with a sense of eminent worth.

If such was the recognition of the general loss which we have all sustained, what must be our consciousness of privation and of diminished resource which has fallen on the DUBLIN REVIEW? What it owed to him during the sixteen years in which he was not only Editor but chief contributor, and what aid even after he had ceased to conduct it, he still gave by a constant series of philosophical writings, is well known. And yet the importance of his work is perhaps fully known only to a few who were in immediate contact with him and with the DUBLIN REVIEW. The great success of the first series of the DUBLIN REVIEW, when it was sustained by the contributions of the illustrious group of men who surrounded the late Cardinal Wiseman in his early career, had by the same order of time and nature by which we also are now deprived begun to decline. In the year 1862 Cardinal Wiseman gave to me the legal proprietorship of the DUBLIN REVIEW on the condition that I would ensure its con-

tinuation. After certain preliminary endeavours, Mr. Ward accepted in full the responsibility of editor. He has stated that all articles passed under the judgment of three censors, who were charged to examine the bearing of them on faith, morals, and ecclesiastical prudence. From the time he undertook the office of Editor, he threw himself into it as the work and way in which as a layman he was to serve the Church. He devoted to it not only all his powers and studies, but large means for its support. It governed his time and his movements. He was wont to leave his home and to reside in London at the quarterly periods of publication. Everything gave way to the DUBLIN REVIEW. His whole mind, ever active and watchful to note the intellectual needs and vicissitudes of Catholic Opinion, found expression in its pages. Four times in every year, and in a wide field, he was able to speak. The fulness and energy of his mind and an un-resting zeal for truth impelled him to be always on the alert in defending what is true, and in assailing what is at variance with the truth. This made it a necessity for him to have a ready outlet of his thoughts. Such during sixteen years was the second series of the DUBLIN REVIEW. Perhaps the only other contemporaneous example of the all but identity of an Editor with his periodical is *Brownson's Review*. In both cases the power of mind in the editor impressed a dominant character upon the work. This fact may have made the REVIEW less interesting to general readers, but it greatly increased its intrinsic value. If the articles were wanting in the play, and lightness, and variety required by ordinary readers, they were solid, grave, and of enduring importance. The second series of the DUBLIN REVIEW did not rank among literary magazines, but it fairly won and kept its place among the weightier and more serious quarterly periodicals.

Since Mr. Ward laid down the office of Editor, he published two volumes of articles selected from his contributions to the REVIEW. To the second of these, which is entitled, "Essays on the Church's Doctrinal Authority," he prefixed a preliminary Essay which may be described as an intellectual history and analysis of the sixteen years of his Editorship. He has traced very accurately the condition of opinion and the tendency of thought among Catholics before the year 1862, and the successive controversies in which he was involved down to the year 1873. The whole Essay is a summing up of his own words and acts, and a calm and candid justification of the whole polemical attitude in which he habitually lived. It is happily no longer necessary to specify the subjects of the successive conflicts. But the cause of his anxiety may be better given in his own words than in any words of mine. At the close of his essay he thus writes:—

I just now said, that I do not think there exists at this moment among English Catholics any such organized intellectual agitation as there was some sixteen years ago, in favour of anti-Catholic doctrine. Yet they must always be exposed to considerable dangers of unconsciously imbibing such doctrine while they are circumstanced as at present. Such danger, I say, must always exist, so long as—instead of their living (as in olden time) under the Church's magisterial shelter—there exists that unreserved intercourse between them and non-Catholics which is an unhappy necessity of the time; and so long as they indulge the habit of freely and unsuspectingly familiarizing themselves with non-Catholic literature, periodical or other. As the *Month* once happily expressed the matter, the "surges are sometimes considerable, which rock the vessels riding in security within the shelter of a land-locked harbour"—i.e., the Catholic Church—"while a violent storm rages without, fraught with danger to the rash and unfortunate mariners who are exposed to its fury on the open sea." And very far more especially, more calamitously, will this be the case in regard to those vessels which do not avail themselves of the full shelter afforded by the innermost part of the harbour but approach the extreme limit dividing it from the ocean itself. I think that, under the circumstances of modern society, it must always be important for Catholics to be familiar with much of the ground covered by the following Essays: and this is one of my various reasons for republishing them. No doubt I must have incidentally made many serious mistakes in them, both as regards theory, and, still more, the practical application of theory; though my conviction is certainly strong, that the general principles which I have maintained are quite indubitably sound and Catholic. On all this, however, I unreservedly submit my own judgment to that of more learned and competent theologians. Even if there were far more of error in what I have written than I believe there to have been,—still, I hope I may say without presumption, that I am confident I have done a really important service, were it only by pressing these questions on the attention of my co-religionists.

I must again express an apology to the reader, for troubling him with so much reference to my own personal history. I can promise him, however, that nothing of the kind will be found in the Essays which here follow, and which I once more submit to the judgment of Catholics.*

These words were indeed the last he ever wrote of himself. They seem to be a summing up of his work and a bequest entrusted to us. They give a clear survey of the intellectual condition and dangers of Catholics in England. If, as he says, the condition has been changed in some things by the Vatican Council, the dangers are still around us, and are ever rising again in the midst of us. But this passage is especially valuable for another reason. No truer portrait of the man can be given than in this

* "Preliminary Essay," pp. 41, 42, 43.

unconscious description of himself. He was supposed to be full of self-assertion and intolerance; exaggerated and extreme both in thought and language. Perhaps few men have ever been more docile to the Church, to traditionary judgments, and to the authority of theologians; few more fearful of novelties, of his own want of various learning, and of his liability to err.

It was with these dangers before him that Mr. Ward incessantly laboured in three distinct fields. First in Philosophy, without which the intellectual conception of Theology can have no sound and precise foundation; secondly, in the relation between Religion and Politics, including the office of the Civil Power and the Civil Princedom of the Sovereign Pontiff; thirdly, on Catholic Education, especially in its higher form. It would be impossible to give any adequate idea of these incessant labours without a history which would fill volumes, and an analysis which would require a full statement of every thesis, together with the objections of opponents and the detailed answers to each. All that I can do is to give a Catalogue of Mr. Ward's writings with the titles and dates. This list will be enough to show the minute and tenacious grasp of his mind. I omit the titles of works written before he submitted to the Catholic Church. They showed great power at an early age, but they belong to the history of his life. I give only those written by him in exposition or defence of the Catholic Faith; and especially his contributions to the DUBLIN REVIEW, for it is to this I must confine what I say.

PUBLISHED WORKS BY DR. WARD.

(Excluding all the Theological Lectures at St. Edmund's on Nature and Grace, Attrition, &c. &c.)

WORKS PUBLISHED SEPARATELY.

- "Philosophical Introduction to Nature and Grace." Burns, 1860.
- "Authority of Doctrinal Decisions." Burns, 1866.
- "Essays, Devotional and Scriptural" (from DUBLIN REVIEW) Burns & Oates, 1879.
- "Essays on the Church's Doctrinal Authority." Burns & Oates, 1880.

PAMPHLETS.

- "Letters on the Anglican Establishment." Burns, 1852.
- "Relation of Intellectual Power to Man's True Perfection" (Two Pamphlets). Burns, 1862.
- "Condemnation of Pope Honorius." Burns & Oates, 1879 or 1880.
- "Science, Prayer, Free Will, and Miracles." Burns, 1881. Also Pamphlets on Attrition, "The Obdurate Sinner," "The Extent of Free Will," &c. (for private circulation).

ESSAYS IN "DUBLIN REVIEW."

Philosophical.

- July 1869 "Philosophical Axioms."
- Oct. 1869 "Explicit and Implicit Thought."
- April 1871 "Certitude in Religious Assent."
- Oct. 1871 "Mill's Denial of Necessary Truth."
- Jan. 1872 "Mill on the Foundation of Morality."
- July 1873 "Mill's Reply to DUBLIN REVIEW."
- Jan. 1874 "Mill's Philosophical Position."
- April 1874 "Mill's Denial of Free Will."
- July 1874 "A Reply on Necessary Truth" (to Sir James Stephen).
- July 1874 "Appendix on Free Will."
- July 1875 "A Reply on Necessary Truth."
- July 1876 "Mill on Causation."
- Oct. 1878 "The Reasonable Basis of Certitude."
- April 1879 "Free Will."
- Oct. 1879 "Supplementary Remarks on Free Will."
- Oct. 1880 "Mr. Shadworth Hodgson on Free Will."
- July 1881 "Extent of Free Will."
- Jan. 1882 "Philosophy of the Theistic Controversy."

On the Relations between Religion and Politics.

- July 1863 "Intrinsic End of Civil Government."
- April 1867 "Catholics and Party Politics."
- July 1872 "Priesthood at Irish Elections."
- Oct. 1872 "The Priesthood in Irish Politics."
- Jan. 1873 "Irish Priests and Landlords."
- Oct. 1874 "Sovereignty in Modern States" (the Comte de Chambord).
- Jan. 1875 "Mr. Gladstone's Expostulation."
- April 1875 "Mr. Gladstone and his Catholic Critics."
- July 1875 "A Reply on Civil Sovereignty."
- Jan. 1876 "Fr. O'Reilly on Society and the Church."
- April 1876 "Church and State."
- July 1876 "Professor Mivart on Liberty of Conscience."
- Jan. 1877 "Civil Intolerance of Religious Error."

Educational.

- Oct. 1864 "University Education of Catholics."
- July 1866 "Irish Writers on University Education."
- Jan. 1869 "Principles of Catholic Higher Education."
- July 1869 "Misunderstandings on Higher Education."
- Oct. 1873 "Fr. Newman on the Idea of a University."
- Oct. 1874 "Infidelity of the Day, and Higher Education."
- April 1878 "Catholic College Education in England."
- July 1878 "Catholic College Education."
- Oct. 1879 "Catholic Colleges and Protestant Schools."

The Essays on the Council, the Extent of Infallibility, Dr. Pusey's Eirenicon, the Case of Galileo the Project of Corporate Union, &c., as well as all the Devotional and Scriptural Essays, are contained in the three volumes of republished essays already mentioned and referred to, together with the circumstances under which they were written in the respective prefaces to those volumes. There are, however, a few not included in his republications, among them are the following, which he intended to publish under a slightly altered form, divested (in some cases) of the allusions to the special circumstances under which they were written.

- Oct. 1863 "The Dogmatic Principle."
- Jan. 1864 "Theological Errors of the Day."
- Oct. 1865 "Mr. Oxenham and the DUBLIN REVIEW."
- April 1867 "Mr. Ffoulkes on Divisions of Christendom."
- July 1867 "Fr. Ryder and Dr. Ward" (and others on the same controversy in later numbers).
- Jan. 1868 "Doctrinal Apostolic Letters."
- Jan. 1868 "Archbishop Manning on the Centenary."
- April 1868 "St. Leo's Dogmatic Letter."
- July 1868 "Mr. Renouf on Pope Honorius."
- Oct. 1868 "F. Botalla on Papal Supremacy."
- Oct. 1868 "The Coming Council."
- April 1869 "Catholic Controversies" (also Ffoulkes' Letter to Archbishop Manning).
- April 1870 "Janus and False Brethren."
- Jan. 1871 "Definition of Papal Infallibility."
- April 1875 "Fessler on Papal Infallibility."
- April 1876 "Tradition and Papal Infallibility."
- July 1876 "A few more Words on Fessler."
- April 1872 "F. Liberatore, F. Harper, and Lord R. Montague."
- Oct. 1875 "F. Newman on Ecclesiastical Prudence."

Also several Philosophical Papers in the *Contemporary Review* and *Nineteenth Century*, on Necessary Truth, the Reasonable Basis of Certitude, the Relation of Religious Belief to Morality, the Soul and a Future Life.

The passage quoted by Mr. Ward from the *Month* is an apt illustration of the intellectual position and the perils of Catholics in England. They are sheltered in the harbour, but the storm out at sea sends a swell within the port. It is impossible that Catholics should not be profoundly affected, and I may say infected, by the public opinion of our times. Another illustration may be given. The emancipation of Catholics in 1829 was the opening of the gates through which the Catholics of England entered upon the rapids of what men call Modern Thought. For three hundred years the Catholic remnant of England with a rare and

heroic constancy had preserved not only the unity of the faith, but the unity of the intellectual system on which the faith reposes. The theology of the Catholic Church has its precise intellectual system of philosophy in all the truths cognizable by the light of Nature. Both unite in one intellectual system, coherent and in perfect harmony with itself. In the three centuries of depression in England, Catholics were robbed of colleges and schools. The higher education of the laity and the education of the priesthood were obtained abroad. If the isolation of Catholics and their exile from the political and social life of the country narrowed their range of thought, it guarded with singular accuracy the unity of religious faith and the axioms and principles of Catholic life. No more beautiful Catholic homes ever existed; no more chivalrous Catholic laymen, no more devoted Catholic Priests could be found than those who shone here and there in the gloom of our times of depression. The succession of centuries deepened and intensified the intelligent fidelity and the heroic perseverance of the men of those dark days. Not that there were wanting even then some of another spirit infected by the world and by the social atmosphere, which they breathed too gladly. Witness the Cisalpine Club, the history of the Veto, and the period described in the life of Bishop Milner. Nevertheless the Catholics of England were compact and firm as a phalanx in their faith and in the principles which spring from faith and guard its integrity and its instincts.

In these same centuries how fared it with the public mind or opinion of England? For three hundred years it has been hurrying down the rapids of "modern thought." The religious compromises of the sixteenth century and the dogmatism of the seventeenth were swept over the bar by the Revolution of 1688, and have disappeared in the latitudinarianism which reigns absolute at this day. Upon this wide waste of unlimited laxity in thought and practice the Catholics of England have been launched for half a century. It would be blindness not to see the danger. It would be self-deception to believe that we can resist this strong tide without the counter effort and the resolute attitude of our forefathers. The special dangers that are upon us are worldliness, social ambition, impatience of restraint, a seeking of secular advantages at the known risk of Catholic faith, and of fidelity to Catholic instincts; a belief, or a practice which implies the belief, that we can be Catholics and yet act as non-Catholics do; and finally that we may breathe the atmosphere of "modern thought" in society, literature, colleges, and schools without tainting the life-blood of faith. We do not indeed now find men calling themselves, or willing to be called, Liberal Catholics. The claim to be Catholic and to give away

Catholic truth and principle is hardly now to be found. Till the Italian Revolution usurped Rome, and till the Vatican Council condemned Gallicanism, men freely uttered opinions and laid down principles of which they did not as yet see the end. They are at least silent now; and our danger is rather in the temptation to profess what is right, and to yield to what is wrong; to condemn Liberal Catholicism in words, but to be lax in practice. So long as the Catholics of England are a handful in the millions of our country there must ever be the danger of being acclimatized. The assimilating power of public opinion of English life and of nationalism which is strong in our race will long be a subtil and powerful influence dangerous to the firmness and fidelity of English Catholics. So long as this danger is around us the writings of William George Ward will stand as a witness and a guide. We cannot hope to see raised up again in our time an intellect of such power and clearness, disciplined with such mathematical exactness, with such logical completeness, so firm in its grasp of truth, and so extensive in its range of thought and perception. But we may all strive to be like him in his childlike piety, his zeal for truth, his impatience of all paltering with principle, his docility to the Catholic Church, and his fearlessness in the declaration and the defence of all that the Supreme Pontiff, the Doctor of all Christians, has taught for our guidance.

These few and inadequate words are a poor tribute to the memory of a friend for whom I have cherished an affection of more than forty years, and of a man to whom the Church in England owes so large debt of gratitude and of veneration for services which no one has surpassed. Nevertheless, to write them has been to me both a duty and a consolation.

HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal Archbishop.



ART. II.—ALESSANDRO MANZONI AND HIS WORKS.

1. *Alessandro Manzoni, Reminiscenze.* CESARE CANTÙ. Milano (Trèves). 1882.
2. *Alessandro Manzoni. Studio Biografico.* A. DE GUBERNATIS. Firenze. 1879.
3. *Alessandro Manzoni.* FELICE VENOSTA. Milano. 1873.
4. *Lettere del Manzoni.* Raccolte e Commentate da GIOVANNI SFORZA. Milano. 1873.
5. *Commento Storico su I Promessi Sposi.* CESARE CANTÙ. Milano. 1874.
6. *I Primi Anni di Alessandro Manzoni. Spigolature.* ANTONIO STOPPANI. Milano. 1874.
7. *Manzoni. Eine Studie.* C. M. SAUER. Prag. 1871.
8. *Portraits Contemporains.* C. A. DE SAINTE BEUVE. Paris. 1872.

WHEN Alessandro Manzoni died in Milan on May 22, 1873, full of years and honours, the world was momentarily thrilled with the consciousness of having lost the greatest literary figure that had been still a living presence to the existing generation. The last survivor of that race of giants, whose task was to bring literature into harmony with the change in modern thought effected by the French Revolution, he belonged in truth to an era long past ere the close of his life of eighty-eight years, and was the property of that generation which had seen the Romantic movement inaugurated in Germany by its twin luminaries, Goethe and Schiller, and carried to its culminating point of perfection in English letters by the genius of Walter Scott. But unlike these great leaders, each of whom was but the precursor of a whole army of followers, Manzoni, the founder of Romanticism in Italy, may be said to have epitomized in himself the movement which he headed; and to have created a school comprised in one man, as that man is summed up in one work. The story of that work, as we shall later try to show, throws some light on this phenomenon in the history of letters.

While it would be a task of no little nicety to assign Manzoni his place in the universal republic of genius, that which he occupies in the imaginative literature of his own country is at least easily discernible. Here he is *facile princeps* of all who have appeared, since the great cycle opened by Dante was appropriately closed by Ariosto with that other Comedy, which is no

longer Divine, but Human. And between the humanity of Ariosto, represented, or rather travestied, in the aristocracy of knights and ladies, and that of Manzoni, incarnated in the idealized peasant type of Lombardy, is a gulf, representing the whole interval between mediæval and modern thought, the step from feudalism to democracy. This gap is bridged in Italian letters by two strong individualities which loom across it, the one in the guise of an antique Tragic Mask, the other in that of Venetian Harlequin, inspired by the Muse of Comedy. But while Alfieri was the latest avatar of the genius of Classicalism, Goldoni, who stripped the conventional mask from the stereotyped quartet of the popular stage, to give free play to the undisguised human features of his actors, symbolized and heralded the era of Romantic literature. In "*Le Baruffe Chiozzote*," and his other Venetian comedies, we find, for the first time, that full sympathy with the lower classes which is the predominant feeling in "*I Promessi Sposi*." But Italian Romanticism, which thus appealed straight to the hearts of the people, soon languished and drooped, because it commanded no truly national idiom in which to address them.

In any view of Manzoni as a novelist, the comparison with Scott is naturally the first to suggest itself, and he owned himself, to having followed in the footsteps of his Scotch prototype. "Then '*I Promessi Sposi*' is my best work," said Scott, on receiving this admission from its author, whom he once visited at his home in Milan. Up to a certain point, indeed, the analogy between the two great novelists is very close, and the conditions under which they wrote agree in many particulars. Both spoke as their vernacular a rude though forcible provincial idiom, yet attained such mastery over the literary languages of their respective countries as to produce in them works which are their chiefest glories. Both excelled alike in poetry and prose, yet attained their highest level in the latter. Both were keen students of history, and brought minute antiquarian research to furnish the raw material for their creative genius to work upon. But if we pursue the parallel further, we shall find these, and other traits of resemblance, balanced by even greater dissimilarities. Alike in their keen sense of humour, in their sympathy with Nature, in their wide comprehension of humanity, the two authors were diametrically opposite in the attitude of mind accompanying these gifts. Both excel in their historical pictures of manners; but while the Scotchman creates a visionary past, disguised in the glow of his own vivid imagination, the Italian calls it up as it really existed, and unmasks its harsh and unlovely features. The one presents his actors in full gala dress, performing a stately pageant for the benefit of posterity; the other takes us behind

the scenes of history, and shows its characters off the stage, and stripped of all scenic illusion.

Both Scott and Manzoni were descended from a race of rude chieftains, lording it over a mountainous border country; but while the one idealized the feudal system in which his ancestors had borne sway, viewing it from its heroic side alone, the other, looking at it from beneath, in its relation to the lower classes, stigmatized it as an instrument of social oppression. Both loved rural pursuits, and were accustomed from infancy to open-air life and picturesque scenery; but the childish eyes of the one were trained to the wild beauty of heath and glen, to the shifting skies of Scotland, with their fleeting mists and ragged glimpses of tearful blue, to brawling streams and grey silhouettes of hills undulating against the horizon; the earliest vision of the other showed the ordered luxuriance of the wide Lombard levels, the terraced flights of vineyards sloping to the azure floor of Como, domed by the steadfast serenity of Italian blue, and fenced with solemn snows by the silver battlements of Switzerland. Thus, while Scott's landscape is shown in all the varying moods of Northern nature, Manzoni's is always calm and solemn, breathing the spirit of those broad skies and level flakes of foliage which the Lombard and Venetian masters love for their backgrounds. Nor was the contrast less between the private character and doings of the two men, though both alike were loveable and genial; for while Scott carried into the conduct of his affairs the prodigality of his exuberant imagination, and died a victim to the pecuniary embarrassments in which his splendid dreams ended; Manzoni regulated his life with that strong common sense of which he himself declared poetry to be but the supreme exaltation.

Alessandro Manzoni was born in Milan, on the 7th of March, 1785, the only child of an ill-assorted marriage. His father, Don Pietro, was then about fifty; the poet's mother, Giulia, daughter of the well-known social economist and author, Cesare Beccaria, considerably younger. This disparity of years was not counterbalanced by any sympathy in tastes. The elder Manzoni, who seems to have been a man of a dull and colourless type, failed to gain the affections of his gifted and self-willed young wife, and the domestic dissensions of the pair ended in a virtual separation, Donna Giulia taking up her usual abode at Auteuil, near Paris, and resuming her maiden name.

Though the house of Manzoni was not technically noble, the negotiations for its insertion in the roll of the Milanese patriciate having been broken off and never renewed, it was of old standing, and inherited traditions of territorial power. The poet's ancestors had been originally lords of Barzio in the Valsassina, where popular legend credits them with having played the part of petty

tyrants in the spirit of those whom their descendant holds up to execration. A local proverb* compares their turbulence to that of the mountain torrent, and Massimo D'Azeglio, when travelling in the district, learned a trait that might have been added to the portrait of *Don Rodrigo* himself. It seems that the code of Barzio required that the chieftain's dog should share in the homage paid to the family, and that the peasants in passing should take off their hats to him with the formula, *Reverissciòr ca*, "Your servant Mister dog."

At the time of Alessandro Manzoni's birth the family had however long been settled near Lecco, where his father owned a good deal of property, including the beautiful villa *Il Caleotto*, his usual summer residence. The peasant type of Lecco was so completely reproduced in the poet's features, that his friends in walking through the streets in later years, were often disposed to stop and exclaim at the likenesses of him they met.

Manzoni received his earliest impressions of life in the house of a peasant, where he was, in accordance with the custom of the time, put out to nurse. Here, in the farmhouse of *La Costa*, one of those rambling buildings with tiled roofs and small windows that stud the maize fields of Lombardy, the poet, amid the hills round Como, so familiar to his readers, doubtless imbibed that sympathy with rustic character and out-door nature which is the dominant motive of his romance. His foster mother, Caterina, wife of Carlo Spreafico, a lively little brunette, is generally supposed to have been the original model of *Lucia*, but many separate impressions probably converged in that ideal type of simple womanhood. Caterina was a good story-teller, and in the dusk of winter evenings would often entertain her small audience, including her baby-charge, "*Lisandrino*," with many a tale of peasant lore.

The next picture of our poet is as a very small boy, sobbing and crying inconsolably in the corridor of a monastery, where by the unexpected disappearance of his mother, he found himself left alone among strangers. Thus, at six years old, in sore tribulation of heart, he began his school-life at the College of the Somaschi Fathers at Merate. His impressions of this, and of other schools where he was sent later, were none of the pleasantest; he had little appetite for books, and much for food, and the provision was much more ample for satisfying the former than the

* Cuzzi, Pioverna e Manzoni
Minga intendon de rason.

(Cuzzi, Pioverna and Manzoni
To hear reason ne'er are prone.)

Cuzzi, another family. Pioverna, the torrent.

latter. The cravings of an organism destined to last in working order for close on ninety years, were doubtless exorbitant; for even in his father's house, "Lisandro" often found the fare insufficient, and the good-natured cook, Antonio, would sometimes supplement the regular meals to which Don Pietro restricted his son's appetite, with contraband bread and cheese supplied at odd moments. His vacations at *Il Caleotto* were bright spots in his school-life, and his days passed pleasantly in quail-netting among the hills, or setting miniature water-wheels in the stream. One memorable walk in company with a servant deserves to be recorded, for the man took him to the Capuchin Convent at Pescarènico, the same which his readers know so well as the residence of Fra Cristoforo. The place and scene sunk deep into the boy's imagination, for the convent chapel was full of music and lights for the afternoon service, and one of the friars singled out their young visitor to take part in their devotions by giving him a taper to hold, little dreaming how long that trifling incident would be remembered.

Meantime the future poet gave little indication at school of exceptional intelligence, and was often in disgrace with his teachers for idleness or stupidity. On one occasion, when doing public penance in the middle of the room, he saw a companion taking advantage of his misfortune to rifle his desk; and agonized by his enforced quiescence during the invasion of his property, was detected in a series of contortions and grimaces, intended as a mute remonstrance to the transgressor. A sharp box on the ear from the attendant master recalled him to a sense of his position, and taught him a truth illustrated later in his novel, that the law, while often remiss in defending the rights of the unfortunate, is never behindhand in repressing their attempts at self-redress. Some of *Renzo's* experiences of the constituted authorities may have had their germ in this boyish incident.

We find Manzoni at fifteen, enlarged from the restraints of school, and exposed to the temptations of city life. From falling a victim to these in one of their most alluring forms, he was saved by the intervention of the elder poet, Vincenzo Monti, whose friendship his growing taste for poetry had procured for him. He was in the habit of frequenting the *Ridotto*, or public gaming table of Milan, and here Monti came upon him one evening absorbed in play. He merely touched him on the shoulder, and said, "Pretty verses we shall make if we go on in this way." We can see the boy as he turned round, startled in the midst of his excitement, with feverish eyes, and cheeks hot with the gamester's passion.

He promised his friend to abandon the perilous pleasure, and went home to his mother to tell her the incident and his

resolution. She applauded it, and proposed a trip to Paris to facilitate it. "No," said the young Manzoni, "I should deserve no credit in that case, for I should not have conquered myself. On the contrary, I will go to the *Ridotto* every evening and look on without playing." He did so for a whole month, and came out of the self-imposed ordeal triumphantly, cured for ever of the fatal passion, which had so nearly drawn him into its vortex.

Manzoni had already begun to try his powers in verse, and the following sonnet, written about this time, is interesting, as a portrait of the poet painted by himself.

Dark hair and lofty forehead—speaking eye—
 Nose neither large nor lowly to excess,
 Cheek round and smooth, with colour fresh and high,
 Lips keen and mobile, mouth of subtle stress,
 Tongue, which now quick now slow, doth ne'er express
 Vile thought, and frank or silent, ne'er doth lie;
 Though young of years and mind, to venture shy;
 Of manners rude, but heart all gentleness.
 Fame, the free woods, and the blond god of art
 I love—can scorn—not hate—to grief am prone;
 Swift pardons quench swift angers in my heart;
 Unknown to others—to myself scarce known—
 Time and mankind shall tell my future part.

These lines are curious, as showing how early the introspective phase of mind, usually a mature form of thought, was here developed. The other sonnet, of about the same date, addressed to Francesco Lomonaco, a Neapolitan exile, was prefixed by him to his life of Dante in a biographical series. The lines are interesting as the first published writing of Manzoni's—

How, thankless Florence, red with civil feud,
 Cast forth in exile god-like Alighier,
 To roam that soil where Nature flowers hath strewed
 Rich in good seed, which may not ripen there;
 Illustrious exile tell! in whom renewed
 Seems his hard case—thou who of fate dost bear
 That bitt'rest phase, prolonged incertitude,
 In this stepmother-land of spirits rare.
 So, Italy, dost thou reward thy best
 And greatest—vainly then their dust adore,
 And divine honours on dead memories pour?
 Thine own oppressing, while by foes oppress.
 Too late thy fault and loss dost thou deplore,
 Repentant and unchanged for evermore.

A great historical pageant—Napoleon's triumphal entry into

Milan—was witnessed by the boy-poet in 1800. He was also present at the State performance at La Scala in honour of the victor, and as it happened, in the box of a lady—the Countess Cicognara—who had made herself conspicuous by her denunciations of the French. The First Consul, well aware of this, focussed the lightnings of his eyes on her through the evening, as though he wished to fulminate her by his wrath. The unnoted schoolboy in the back of the box, watched, wondered, remembered; till when, after the lapse of twenty years, the victor of Marengo died a solitary exile at St. Helena, he concentrated the impressions of that evening into one line of immortal verse. “What eyes that man had!” he exclaimed once, as he recalled the incident towards the close of his life; and when asked by his friend if that occasion had inspired the line *Chinati i rai fulminei*. “Just so,” he answered, “just so.”

At the susceptible age of eighteen, our hero, during a visit to Venice, was seized with a brief but ardent passion for a lady some twelve years his senior, and made her a serious offer of marriage. The fair Venetian, witty and high-spirited, treated his declaration as a joke, and told him that it would better befit his years to think of going to school than of making love. The wound to his vanity seems to have effectually cured that to his heart; and we find no trace of the despair due to blighted affection.

The next scene of Manzoni's life is laid at Auteuil, where he went to reside with his mother on the death of his father in 1805. Strangely enough he now adopted her name, and, during this period, signed himself M., or more rarely, Manzoni-Beccaria. Mother and son moved in the small but select literary clique of philosophers modelled on those of the eighteenth century, contemptuously styled by Napoleon “idealogues.” It comprised such men as Volney the sceptic, Cabanis the materialist-doctor, and Claude Fauriel, who, despite his own fame as a philologist and critic, will be best known to posterity from his share in forming the mind of the young Milanese, with whom he contracted a lifelong friendship.

Sainte Beuve devotes a section of his essay on Fauriel to his relations with Manzoni, and thus describes their colloquies on art, which both agreed should be based on Nature, and not on convention.

How often in the summer of 1806 and subsequent years, in the garden of the Maisonnnette (the house of Cabanis) or beyond its limits, amid the hills of Sainte Avoie, on the summit of that ridge whence the eye so plainly discerns the course of the Seine, with its willow and poplar-covered islet, and roves with such delight over the fresh and peaceful valley; how often the two friends strolled here, while con-

versing on the supreme end of all poetry, on the false imagery of which it would have to be stripped, and on the beauteous and simple art that had yet to be recalled to life. Assuredly Descartes was not more emphatic in urging his philosopher to cast aside the ideas of the school-room and prejudices of education, than Fauriel in advising the poet to free himself from the false imagery commonly called poetic. "Poetry must spring from the inmost depths of the heart, must feel, and have the power of expressing its feelings with sincerity." This was the primary article of the poetical reform meditated by Fauriel and Manzoni.

Yet Manzoni's first poetical work of importance, a piece styled "*Urania*," and produced at this very time, 1806, was founded on that conventional classical machinery, which he was later instrumental in consigning to the lumber-room of exploded systems. The elegy in blank verse on the death of Count Carlo Imbonati, though of the same date, resembles more his later manner, and is remarkable for the loftiness of thought and strength of diction displayed in some passages. He published this piece, which he afterwards much regretted having done, little imagining the interpretation which would be put on it by the ill-natured tongues of his fellow-townsmen. They saw in it nothing but a venal tribute purchased by the inheritance left by Count Imbonati to Manzoni's mother, which included the villa of Brusuglio, his principal residence in later years.

Manzoni's courtship of Henriette Blondel, the fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter of a Genevese banker, is the next phase in his career. Come to stay with relations in the district of Bergamo, when he had returned to his home early in 1808, the blonde maiden of sixteen met and captivated the young poet of two-and-twenty, and their marriage, in all respects a happy one, took place in the following February. Henriette Manzoni, though silent and reserved to the outer world, made up in goodness of heart for her deficiency in more brilliant qualities, and retained her husband's affection to the end of her life.

The one mystery of Alessandro Manzoni's career, and an event which deeply influenced his character and writings, was his reconversion to Catholicity, which he had abandoned for the sceptical philosophy of Voltaire. This change of views was the unexpected consequence of a marriage, hailed by his mother, who held the same advanced opinions, as a fatal obstacle to his reverting to the creed of his infancy, from the bride's profession of the Reformed Evangelical faith. But in Paris, where the young couple had gone after their marriage, Henriette Manzoni made the acquaintance of Count Tomis of Turin, and other pious and fervent Catholics, and under their influence adopted their faith. All her efforts were then directed to winning her husband from

infidelity, and some biographers assert that she even threatened to leave him if he remained unconvinced. A painful struggle then arose in his mind, which, after months of anxious perplexity, resulted in his full and entire adoption of the Catholic faith. The story told is that on going into the church of St. Roque, attracted by the music, conviction came to him like a sudden inspiration, in answer to a brief ejaculation for enlightenment. This version of the event does not however seem to rest on any good foundation, and Manzoni always maintained a strict reserve on the subject, some allusion to which is indispensable as a key to his mind. A profound sense of humility was the principal moral result on his character of his phase of scepticism, and he was once heard to declare that he believed his life to have been exceptionally prolonged that he might continue to acknowledge and deplore the errors of his youth. It is remarkable that "I Promessi Sposi" contains two instances of sudden conversion, that of "Fra Cristoforo" and of the "Innominato," no doubt in some degree suggested by the author's own experience.

Of the same date as his spiritual was his artistic regeneration, for it was also during his sojourn in Paris that he definitely abandoned the principles of classicalism for those of the Romantic school. With his wife and mother, whose conversion had followed his own, and a little daughter Giulia, born to him in Paris, he returned to his country in 1810, and took up his abode at Brusuglio. Here his life during the next years was a rural and domestic idyl, diversified by family interests and country pursuits. The society of Milan was at this time distasteful to him for many reasons, and he mixed little in it. In the early history of "Fra Cristoforo," despised as a parvenu by his noble companions, some biographers trace an analogy with the author's own youth, when his provincial gentility was perhaps contemned by the proud young patricians of Milan. His writings during this period were entirely religious, and intended as reparation for his apostasy. They consisted of a treatise on Catholic Morality, written in answer to Sismondi, and of the "Inni Sacri," a series of hymns for the various feasts of the year. They cost him much labour, each short lyric being the work of many months, and were received with indifference by the public.

Financial embarrassments came in 1818, to disturb the even tenor of his life, and the property left by his father was found to have been so mismanaged in the hands of a dishonest agent that its sale was unavoidable. The villa of *Il Caleotto*, endeared to the poet by the associations of his boyhood, now passed from his possession, the whole estate being sold for the sum of 105,000 lire, £4,200. A characteristic scene ensued when he went at

Martinmas, to take up, for the last time, the accounts of the peasants, who held on the *mezzeria*, or half-produce system. He found them so hopelessly indebted that he proclaimed a "general pardon," drew his pen through the formidable figures standing to his credit, and renounced even his share of the maize-harvest yet to be gathered. This royal act of grace shows that the sympathy with the lower classes expressed in his writings is no mere rhetorical sentiment, as does also his yearly bounty of some of the finest produce of his vineyards to the hospitals of Milan.

"Il Conte di Carmagnola," his first tragedy, published in the following year, 1819, evoked much admiration, tempered with a good deal of hostile criticism both at home and abroad. Its abandonment of the dramatic unities was defended in a preface, and thus constituted a formal challenge to the upholders of tradition. It found an enthusiastic champion in Goethe, who wrote several articles in defence and praise of Manzoni, in a Stuttgart Review.

The year 1821 was a troubled one in Italy, and Manzoni composed a patriotic ode, inspired by the circumstances of the time, and inscribed to Theodore Körner, him "of the Lyre and Sword." The attempted revolution of that spring having proved abortive, the lines were not even committed to writing until 1848, when they were again withdrawn from circulation on the renewed failure of the popular movement, to be permanently restored to publicity in 1859. Manzoni, though never a conspirator himself, was on intimate terms with the chiefs of the revolutionary party, and their fate weighed heavily on his mind. He saw his friends deported to Austrian dungeons, little knowing that the simple record of that imprisonment by the gentlest and most loveable of their number was destined one day, in the words of a gifted Italian* "to deal a greater blow to Austrian rule in Italy than the loss of ten pitched battles." Manzoni himself narrowly escaped being involved in their fate, through the imprudence of Confalonieri, for whom he had taken a message to the Vicario Sozzi of Bergamo, offering him a place in the future Provisional Government. The fact, however, did not transpire, and he retired unmolested to Brusuglio.

He took with him, to distract and occupy his mind, two historical works, Gioia's "Economia e Statistica," and Ripamonte's "Storia Milanese," memorable as having contained the germ of "I Promessi Sposi." The history of Bernardino Visconti, in the latter, suggested the episode of the "Innominato,"

* "Lectures on Italian Literature." By Professor Dalmazzo. Delivered in London, May and June, 1881.

the original nucleus of the romance; while the former contained documents throwing much light on the social condition of Lombardy in the seventeenth century. The picture evolved from its pages sunk deep into Manzoni's mind, and the tale of the peasant lovers, whose lowly fate is interwoven with such a series of grand historical tableaux, began to take shape and form. Begun on April 24th, 1821, it was not, however, even completed in rough draft until September 23rd, 1823, and some other works of the author's had appeared in the interim.

The news of Napoleon's death at St. Helena on May 5th, 1821, only reached Milan in the following June. Manzoni heard it in his garden at Brusuglio, and retiring into his study, composed the famous ode "*Il Cinque Maggio*," which, thus written on the impulse of the moment, has all the verve of improvisation. It was corrected and completed in forty-eight hours, but its publication under the existing press regulations was only achieved by a subtle ruse on the part of its author. In conformity with a rule which existed, though seldom complied with, he lodged a second copy with the police in applying for the censor's licence, calculating that the temptation to pirate it would be irresistible to some of the officials. The event answered his expectations, the licence was refused, but a contraband copy was circulated; and thus, through the agency of the police themselves, the poem attained the publicity its author desired without exposing him to a criminal prosecution.

His second tragedy "*Adelchi*," published in the following year, had also to undergo some mutilation at the hands of the authorities, and the following passage, referring to the enslaved Latins under the Lombard yoke was struck out as capable of a contemporary application.

This people, which now parcelled into herds,
Bowed to the soil, and numbered with the sword,
Still as at first—three centuries ago—
Remembers, nor despairs, but mutely hopes.

The censor, in returning the MS. with these lines scored out, said, "Whom do you take us for, Signor Manzoni? Do you think we do not know what you are driving at?" Yet he did not perceive that the entire tragedy was a scarcely-veiled protest against foreign domination.

The first volume of "*I Promessi Sposi*," submitted after its composition to revision by the author's friends, lay and ecclesiastical, and re-copied, with alterations embodying their suggestions, did not reach the press till 1825, and a year's interval elapsed between the publication of each of the succeeding volumes. Manzoni's reputation, and the private circulation of the book

in MS., had excited public expectation to the highest pitch; and 600 copies, a large circulation in those days, were sold in Milan in a few days. But though it attained to immediate and universal fame, its reception by Italian critics was by no means unanimously favourable, and the closing episode of the third volume, where Lucia's charms are found to fall so far short of the expectations excited by her romantic story, is an ingenious apologue of the fate of the book. Indeed, this incident may have a second hidden application, and reflect another personal experience of the author, when, on bringing home his foreign bride to his native city, he possibly underwent some petty mortifications like those endured by his hero.

With the production of his great romance, Manzoni's literary career came to a sudden close; and after 1825 he published only a few insignificant writings, of which "*La Storia della Colonna Infame*," a treatise on some forms of judicial persecution prevailing in the seventeenth century, which was included in a subsequent edition of "*I Promessi Sposi*," and some short dissertations on the Italian language, are the principal. Thus, at the age of forty, in the plenitude of his powers of mind and body, when recognized as the greatest living genius of his country, and leader of its literary development, he ceased to write, and remained without artistic utterance for the remainder, or more than half of his long life. There was no apparent cause for this strange silence, nor is he known to have attempted an explanation of it to any one. Perhaps the attitude of his mind towards his principal work might be expressed in the words ascribed by tradition to another great Italian, who, when setting out to construct the gigantic dome which seems to float like a bubble over the mists of the Campagna di Roma, thus apostrophized its fellow which, already completed, was seen towering above the roofs of his native city: "Like thee I will not—better than thee I cannot."

The poet and novelist settled down henceforward into a quiet country gentleman, whose literary interests made up but a small part of his life. Rural pursuits occupied much of his leisure, and the improved breeding of silkworms, and grafting of young olive and mulberry trees, are among the subjects most ardently discussed in his correspondence. The latter half of his life was saddened by a series of domestic misfortunes, beginning with the loss of his wife, after twenty-five years of happy married life, on Christmas Day, 1833. Her last illness had been a long one, and he described his feelings during its progress by this touching phrase: "Every day I offer her up to Heaven, and every day I ask her back again."

In the following year he lost his eldest daughter Giulia, married

to Massimo D'Azeglio, in 1841 his mother, and another daughter. Of nine children born to him, but two survived him, and these repeated blows told heavily on a man whose whole imaginative warmth of nature was centred in his domestic affections. Among his most intimate friends was Tommaso Grossi, his fellow-poet and novelist, who lived under his roof for years, and held the place of a younger brother in his affections. When Grossi's marriage dissolved their close companionship, Manzoni filled the blank in his life by a second union with a lady who proved a devoted and attached wife, Donna Teresa Stampa, *nata* Borri, a widow with a grown-up son. This young man, Count Stefano Stampa, was unremitting in his attentions to his stepfather, who spent much of his time henceforth at the beautiful villa of Lesa on the Lago Maggiore. Here he was brought into close intercourse with the celebrated Christian philosopher Rosmini, living then at Stresa. A profound sympathy and attachment was the result, and Rosmini's death in 1855 was one of the great griefs of Manzoni's life.

The brilliant verses of Giusti, the Tuscan satirist, had early attracted the admiration of the Milanese author, who saw in them "a new glory for Italy;" and the two poets had been in correspondence for some time before they came into personal contact through a romantic chance in 1845. Vittorina Manzoni was then staying at Spezia with her aunt, Massimo D'Azeglio's second wife, when Giusti was persuaded by a friend in Lucca, Professor Giorgini, to accompany him in his little carriage to pay a visit to them. The ladies, as it happened, were on the eve of leaving for home, and the two gentlemen who started with the idea of accompanying them part of the way, were gradually drawn on, until the small vehicle in which they had left Lucca found itself in Milan. There they were hospitably entertained in the Casa Manzoni during a month, memorable to both; for Giorgini left it engaged to Vittorina Manzoni, whom he afterwards married, while Giusti's stay was the beginning of a lifelong friendship with Manzoni and Grossi.

A noteworthy incident of this acquaintance is the grave and tender letter of rebuke addressed by Manzoni to Giusti, for having allowed his pen to touch on personalities and on religion; an admonition taken in the best spirit by the latter, who excused himself on the ground of inadvertence or misapprehension. Thus the authority of Manzoni was always exercised in support of a high standard of literary morality, much lowered in Italy since his death. Some of his letters to Giusti are written in that strain of playful tenderness to which no language lends itself so well as the Italian. The following, in answer to remonstrances on his shortcomings as a correspondent, may serve as a specimen:—

MY DEAR GEPPINO,—If I thought my most unworthy silence would continue to earn me these letters of yours, I fear I should persevere in it. And *apropos* of this I will tell you a little story, which is in itself a laughable one, but has for me a touch of melancholy under the laughter, like too many of my stories now-a-days. Many years ago, when we were in the country, we started to pay a visit, taking my poor little Juliet, who might have been then seven or eight years old. Having lingered a moment behind in the first room we passed through, she was met by a big dog, a goodnatured brute in the main, that only wanted to be petted, but it frightened the poor little thing sadly. On seeing a servant-man appear, she took heart, and implored him to drive away the animal. The man, however, stood stock still, and made as if he did not understand, while she went on saying, "Dear so-and-so, dear such-a-one, help me, drive away the dog." The beseeching voice was heard by some one else; people came, and chased off the dog, asking the servant why he had not liberated the poor child. Whereupon, listen what a quaint answer he made. "She is so pretty, and it gave me such pleasure to hear her calling me dear, dear, that I could not bring myself to stop her."

Your servant, however, is not such a fool as not to reflect, that Geppino's voice would be tired out at last, and that the transgressor would be cast aside as he deserves, for his inexcusable and incredible laziness. And since, to prevent these precious letters from coming to an end, some scrawl of mine is necessary, here is one for you. Pardon your Sandro, and accept his repentance, though it be but an interested one founded solely on attrition. Besides, you have already mortified him sufficiently by that change into Sandra. And can you pretend not to know, that calling a person, cruel, unfriendly, and ungrateful to you, is equivalent to styling him an ass? . . .

Geppino, love me, write on, and I have even the face to add, write to me. Accept the greetings and embraces of all, with the most cordial possible from your

ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

Another of these letters concludes with the touching request,—

And thou, my dear and good Geppino, make haste to love me, for I am old, and there is no time to be lost about it. THY MANZONI.

The tender sweetness of the old man's disposition seems to breathe in every line of his letters, of which, however, he was, as he implies, extremely chary.

The general political upheaving of 1848 produced an abortive insurrection in Milan, and Manzoni's younger son, Filippo, took part in the street-fighting, with his father's blessing and approbation. On the repression of the rising he was conveyed as a hostage to an Austrian fortress, where he endured a short imprisonment.

The poet himself remained then, as always, unmolested by the authorities, and when a policy of conciliation was subsequently

tried, they made some attempts to propitiate him, which he resolutely repelled. Thus in 1857, on the occasion of a serious illness, he declined a visit from the Archduke Maximilian, then Viceroy of Lombardy, and refused at another time, the decoration of the Iron Crown.

In 1859, he became an Italian citizen, and was appointed by the new Government, President of the Royal Lombard Institution of Science and Arts, with a yearly pension of 12,000 francs. Named a Senator, he went to Turin to assist at what he called "the Coronation of Italy," the meeting of the first Italian Parliament in the Palazzo Madama. As he appeared leaning on the arm of Cavour, the pair were greeted by the assembled multitude with applause, which each disclaimed, referring it to the other. At last the aged poet, withdrawing his hand from the statesman's arm, joined in the clapping, when the acclamations redoubled, and turning to Cavour, he said playfully, "Now, Signor Conte, do you see which it is for?"

Manzoni, however, took no active part in public affairs, and his life, divided between his villa and his town-house, was one of routine. He rose early, went to Mass, and then retired to his study, reading modern publications, and keeping himself well informed on all the topics of the day. In the afternoon he went out on foot, and was often to be seen walking in the public gardens of Milan. The evening was devoted to receiving the visits of his friends, after which he sometimes read again for an hour before going to bed.

His old age was rendered lonely by the deaths of friends and relations. Giusti died in 1851, Grossi in 1853, and he was left for the second time a widower in 1861. Yet after surviving so many griefs, it was reserved for him to die of a broken heart at eighty-eight, and taste the crowning sorrow of his life when on the verge of the grave. On the 28th of April, 1873, his eldest son, Pier Luigi, his constant companion, counsellor, and care-taker, who had in some degree filled the place of so many dear ones lost, died at the age of sixty. A sad picture is that presented by the biographers after his death, of the bereaved old man, at once so venerable and so afflicted, wandering through his desolate house, calling vainly for his son, or holding imaginary conversations with him, and unable to realize his loss.

Weakened by a fall coming out of church during the previous winter, he succumbed rapidly under the added strain of mental suffering, and died within a month of his son, of cerebral meningitis, on Ascension Day, May 22, 1873.

The almost regal obsequies in which the national grief and veneration found expression, formed a strange contrast to the simple life of the unpretending poet. Florence would have

claimed his dust, to lay with that of her illustrious dead in Santa Croce, but his family preferred that it should rest in the cemetery of his native city. The remains, after lying in State for two days in the Municipal Palace, visited by thousands of his fellow citizens, were escorted to the grave by a magnificent *cortège*, comprising the princes of the Royal house, the great officers of State, and delegations from the Italian municipalities. But the most fitting tribute to his memory was Verdi's Requiem Mass, composed in his honour, the splendid homage of art to art, of genius to its fellow.

Seldom have intellectual gifts of so high an order as Manzoni's been associated with a nature so loveable and simple; nor do we find in him any trace of that strange moral dualism, those perplexing discords between the poet's life and works that so often startle us in the records of literature. He wrote loftily, because he felt nobly, and there is no note, through the whole gamut of emotion struck in his works, that had not been sounded in his own heart. Manzoni may be called the laureate of Justice, who is the protagonist of his Muse, as Love is of that of other poets. Hatred of injustice was perhaps the strongest moral force in his nature, and in his own person the most pacific of men, he could to the last be roused to something like fury by the sight of oppression. Once, in his old age, when walking through the streets of Milan, he saw a carriage nearly drive over an old woman, covering her with mud as it passed. With flashing eyes he gave vent to his wrath in the unpoetic ejaculation, "*Porci di sciori*," pigs of gentry; *porco* in Italian being a term of vituperation quite unmentionable to ears polite.

Of good stature and proportions, with marked aquiline features, and an all-pervading expression of benevolence, Manzoni's outward aspect was impressive and endearing. His eyes were of intermediate colour, between grey and blue, his hair, in youth dark and abundant; in age a silver fringe to the pale oval of his face and brow. His play of countenance as he spoke was very varied, and when about to deliver one of the playful jests, with which his conversation was seasoned, his features seemed to become sharpened and subtilized, his eyes to focus their light in a keen, electrical sparkle, and his face to wear a universal smile of fine meaning. He had a slight impediment in speech, and used to say that he saw the word before him, though he could not bring it out, but the occasional pause in his utterance rather lent it emphasis, than marred it. His conversation was so weighted with thought, that Tommaseo declared he learned more from it than from all the books he had ever read. At the same time, he was the most encourag-

ing of listeners, his quick sympathy giving those who addressed him the happy impression of speaking well.

But the most characteristic trait of his disposition, was his singular modesty, causing him to listen to his own praises with an air rather of patience than of pleasure, and to turn them aside as soon as possible. He took corrections and suggestions, as Giusti says of him, with the humility of a schoolboy, and willingly conformed to the advice of friends as to his writings. An instance of his retiring disposition occurred during the last months of his life, when going to the theatre to see a new play of Bersezio's he mistook the applause that greeted him for a tribute to its author, and joined in it himself. The redoubled acclamations of the audience showed him his error, at which he was so much discomfited, that he withdrew hastily, and could never be induced again to make any public appearance in the evening.

While Manzoni's character was a rare combination of strength and gentleness, his mind was a no less singular compound of imaginative sympathy and power of philosophical abstraction. It was this double quality of intellect, enabling him to analyse with keen insight the workings of a social system while identifying himself with the emotions of all its component units—of viewing it at once from within and from without, as an actor and a spectator—that produced in "*I Promessi Sposi*" the most vivid reproduction of the manners of a past age contained in the whole range of literature. The clear analytical judgment of his grandfather, the social economist, Cesare Beccaria, was, as it were, grafted on the creative and constructive imagination of a poet, to produce in him a wonderful hybrid of genius.

In each of Manzoni's triad of important works, is a leading idea, referable to a distinct stage of Italian history. "*Il Conte di Carmagnola*" is directed against civil discords, the curse of Italy in the past; "*Adelchi*" against foreign domination, her existing scourge when it was written; while in "*I Promessi Sposi*" looms up more dimly the question of the future, not for Italy alone, but for the world—the aspirations of the masses for enfranchisement and equality. Thus drama is ever with him the vehicle for conveying social speculation. In the two first works the author's protest is spoken by a chorus of the people, while in the third it finds no separate articulate utterance, but is the underlying motive of the plot. In the dramas the sentiment thus conveyed jars with the heroic action of the piece, and conflicts with its main interest, showing a strange duality in the author's sympathy—now identified with his principal personages, now with this collective, impersonal voice of the multitude, expressing feelings hostile to theirs.

Francesco Bussone, the hero of the first piece, is a historical character, who, born at Carmagnola in 1390, in the condition of a shepherd-boy, rose to eminence as a soldier of fortune in the service of Filippo Maria Visconti. This prince, whose power he was mainly instrumental in consolidating, became jealous of him for that very reason, and by a variety of affronts disgusted him with his service, and drove him to enter that of Venice. The tragedy opens with the war in which he is engaged against his former employer, and in which he is at first victorious. His clemency in releasing the prisoners of war, and his slackness in pursuit of the foe, excite suspicions of double dealing on his part, and after a series of intrigues he is inveigled into Venice and executed as a traitor, by orders of the jealous government of the Republic. The drama follows literally the historical facts, save in deciding in favour of its hero the doubtful point of his guilt or innocence. Its subject recalls that of "Wallenstein," which doubtless suggested it. Despite two fine scenes, in one of which Carmagnola orders the release of the prisoners, in defiance of the Venetian commissioners, and in another takes leave of his wife and daughter on the eve of his execution, the drama is deficient in interest as a whole. It wants the organic vitality resulting from a culminating point of action, and resembles too much a narrative in dialogue. The chorus, interpolated at the end of the second act, and spoken by imaginary spectators of the battle, is an invective against civil bloodshed, and thus traverses the general current of the action, whose central figure is a soldier of fortune. Fine as a lyric, it is dramatically irrelevant, and contrasts in this respect with Max Piccolomini's splendid panegyric on peace in Wallenstein, which, springing from his newborn love for Thekla, is artistically justified as connected with the main action of the piece. The writer of an article on "Italian Tragedy," in the *Quarterly Review*, for December, 1820, though generally unfavourable to the author, calls this chorus "the most noble piece of Italian lyric poetry which the present day has produced," and subjoins a translation of it *in extenso*.

The subject of "Adelchi" is likewise taken from Italian history, and is furnished by the invasion of Italy and overthrow of the Lombard kingdom by Charlemagne, in 772-4. Adelchi, or Adalgiso, is a Lombard prince, who performs prodigies of valour in defending the kingdom of his father, Desiderio, holding the invaders at bay at Le Chiuse, a line of impregnable fortifications, stretching across the head of the Val di Susa. The Franks are on the point of abandoning the enterprise in despair, when an emissary from the Pope arrives in their camp, by untrodden paths over the mountains, and leads them, by the same route, to the rear of the Lombard position. The feelings of the enslaved

Latins, on witnessing the subsequent rout of their oppressors, are described in the chorus, which is thus open to the same criticism as that in "*Carmagnola*," of awaking a counter strain of sympathy opposed to that felt for the hero *Adelchi*. Its effect depends very much on the rhythm, difficult to reproduce in English, but which in the original suggests at once weight and swiftness, like the moving thunder of galloping horse.

From moss-covered arches of ruins commanding,
From woods, from loud forges in ashes now standing,
From the furrow bedewed with the sweat of the slave,
A people dispersed doth arouse and awaken,
With senses all straining and pulses all shaken,
At a sound of strange clamour that swells like a wave.

In visages pallid and eyes of dull seeming,
Like sunlight through cloud masses suddenly gleaming,
The might of their fathers a moment is seen;
In eyes and in visages doubtfully blending,
The shame of the present seems struggling, contending,
With pride in the thought of a past that hath been.

'Tis the lost Latin race, that by barbarous numbers
Subdued and defeated, the soil still encumbers
Where triumphed their fathers; and helpless and weak,
As a flock given o'er to each spoiler voracious,
By the pitiless Goth to the Herule rapacious,
To the wandering Lombard is left by the Greek.

Now they gather in hope to disperse panic-stricken,
And by tortuous paths their pace slacken or quicken,
As, 'twixt longing and fear, they advance or stand still,
Gazing once and again where, despairing and scattered,
The host of their tyrants flies broken and shattered,
The wrath of the swords that are drinking their fill.

But, hark ye! those brave ones, their leaguer thus holding,
And from hope of escape your oppressors enfolding,
By paths steep and rugged have come from afar,
Forsaking the scenes of their festive carousing,
From downy repose of soft couches arousing,
In haste to obey the shrill summons of war.

In their castles they left their fair wives broken-hearted,
Who, while striving to part, still refused to be parted,
'Mid repeated farewells choked by tears as they flowed:
With war-dinted helmets on brows closely fitted,
In haste their dark chargers they saddled and bitted,
And rushed o'er the drawbridge that clanged as they rode.

And deem you, oh, fools! that the meed and the guerdon
These warriors hope is to lighten the burden,

The woes of a people to soothe and allay?
 If such the desire with these heroes that pleaded,
 This pompous array and these toils were unneeded—
 Unneeded the perils and pains of the way.

For they too are lords of a people degraded,
 Condemned to the soil by their tyrants invaded,
 Or crowded in dens of the cities they've lost.
 Had the lip of the victor one word only spoken,
 The yoke of these slaves had been riven and broken:
 The lip of the victor that word ne'er hath crost.

Then turn ye again to your ruins so stately,
 To peaceable toil in the workshops quenched lately,
 To the furrow bedewed with the sweat of the slave;
 Draw closer, ye yokefellows, bound in one tether,
 And speak of your hopes in hushed whispers together,
 Sleep happy in error, in dreams fondly rave.

To-morrow ye'll learn, to fresh sorrow awaking,
 That the victors, their rage 'gainst the vanquished forsaking,
 Have granted a peace which your tyrants doth save;
 That both reign in common, the booty dividing,
 Clasp hands and pledge faith, while, unchanged and abiding,
 In name and condition, are master and slave.

The treachery of the Lombard chiefs, during the sieges of Pavia and Verona, occupy the succeeding acts, the tragedy concluding with the captivity of Desiderio, and the death of Adelchi, who in reality escaped to Constantinople. The fate of his sister Ermengarda, divorced by Charlemagne, and dying of a broken heart, interweaves an element of romance amid the story of battles and sieges, but is almost extraneous to the rest of the action. Her delirious ravings on hearing of her husband's marriage with her rival Ildegarde are finely conceived.

A mighty love is mine,
 To thee as yet unknown—not all its depth
 Have I confessed till now—for thou wast mine,
 And safe in joy, I spake not—nor this lip,
 So shame-tied erst, had ever dared to tell
 The rapturous madness of my secret heart.
 Away with her, in mercy! See, I shrink
 From her as from a snake whose glance doth kill.
 Lonely and weak am I. Art thou not here
 Mine only friend? If I have been thine own,
 If aught of joy thou hadst in me, I pray
 Let me not plead before this mocking crowd,
 Who would deride my woe—oh, Heaven! he flies
 To her embrace!—I die!

Oh, were it but a dream, which in the dawn
Should melt in mist—whence, drowned in troublous tears,
I might awake to find my Charles still near,
And hear him ask the cause, and, with a smile,
For lack of faith upbraid me.

But, despite many fine passages, the interest of the drama is marred by want of concentration, the catastrophe being protracted over a battle and two sieges. Manzoni's dramatic power was far inferior to his lyrical gift, but it is his prose that has made him immortal. Here he has perhaps never been surpassed in the graphic power of creating, by a few simple words, pictures which live in the reader's memory for ever, like part of his own actual experience. The pages of "*I Promessi Sposi*," are thus, as it were, strewn with vignettes, a whole scene being suggested by a few touches; now landscapes, like Renzo's overgrown and deserted vineyard, or the village sleeping in the moonlight; now interiors like Don Ferrante's library, or the convent parlour at Monza. Amid these minor gems of genre-painting, great tragic scenes, such as the plague-stricken city, the "*Lazzaretto*" of Milan, the castle of the "*Innominato*," stand out in solemn perspective, like the larger features of a landscape, overshadowing the minute details of the foreground.

In his character-drawing Manzoni has a like equality of touch; and the slight sketches of the minor personages of his tale have the same masterly finish relatively to their scale, as the great historical portraits of Cardinal Borromeo and the "*Innominato*," in right of which he may rank as the Titian of literature. The very supernumeraries of the drama, represented in other works by the merest lay figures, never flit across his pages without leaving some trace of their individuality; and even the garrulous convent porter, who only speaks once as he opens the door for Lucia's mother, has as distinct a personality as the noble figure of Fra Cristoforo himself. Yet Manzoni's detail is never trivial, nor his homeliness vulgar; for we have in him the true artistic discrimination, whose end is always so perfectly attained as to justify its means, however ordinary.

We have seen how he rises to his highest level of eloquence in his tragedies, when interpreting, in lyrical form, the collective feelings of a multitude; and again in his romance, his power is perhaps most fully displayed in the manipulation of masses of men, moving together in obedience to a common impulse, yet formed of incongruous, and often discordant, elements; for he never loses his grasp on the separate units, whilst combining them in single action, putting perfectly before us that multiple personality of a crowd, whose corporate volition is the incalculable sum of many varying individual emotions. The aimless

surging of the human tide, moved by contrary currents of opinion, the power of blind caprices, working on many minds in common, the compound instincts of a multitude, have never been so thoroughly realized as in the description of the bread riots in Milan, and the mob-siege of the Forno delle Grucce. We can better illustrate this form of power by a dramatic than by a literary parallel; for we have recently seen on the stage a similar rendering of tumultuous action. The Forum scene in "*Julius Cæsar*," as represented by the Saxe Meiningen company of tragedians, when the Roman mob seethes and sways in growing and gathering multitudinous passion under the ferment of Mark Antony's eloquence, resembles Manzoni's description of the riots in Milan, in the way in which the heterogeneous constitution of the crowd, and the individuality of each of its component items, is kept in sight, simultaneously with its homogeneity of general impulse.

The literary parallel that immediately suggests itself for this portion of Manzoni's novel, is the description of the Porteous riot in Edinburgh, one of the best known passages in the "*Heart of Midlothian*." But, on analysis of the aims of the authors, we find that no true comparison is possible. What Scott sought to describe was not a miscellaneous chance accumulation of humanity; but a multitude united by a preconcerted purpose, and organized and mustered for its execution like an army. Solid force, dominated by a single impulse too deep and strong to need superficial expression, was the effect here to be produced, requiring the elimination of the ordinary signs of mob-violence. Thus the artistic problem was the reverse of Manzoni's, and had to be solved by opposite means. The following analysis by the latter of the elements of a popular disturbance is a profound study of gregarious humanity.

In popular tumults there are always a certain number of individuals who, either from the excitement of passion, fanatical conviction, deliberate wickedness, or a diabolical love of disturbance, constitute the force for pushing matters to extremes; proposing and promoting the most violent counsels, blowing the flames when they show signs of subsiding; for such as these nothing is too bad, and they would wish to see neither limit or end to tumult. But, by way of counterpoise, there are always an equal number of others, who work, perhaps, with like ardour and perseverance in an opposite direction; urged, some by friendliness or partiality for those in danger, some without other motive than a pious and spontaneous horror of atrocities and bloodshed. May Heaven reward them! Between the members of these two parties, conformity of will, even without previous concert, creates an unpremeditated unanimity in acts. What constitutes then the mass, and, as it were, the raw material of the tumult, is a mis-

cellaneous collection of individuals, attached more or less through indefinite gradations to one or other extreme; part excited, part cunning; inclined for a certain measure of justice, as they understand it, or hankering after the sight of some striking act of wickedness; ready for ferocity or mercy, for adoration or execration, according as the occasion offers for experiencing one or other emotion to the uttermost; craving every moment to hear and believe something wonderful, eager to shout, to cheer, or howl for somebody. "Long life!" and "Speedy death!" are the cries they are most ready to utter, and he who succeeds in persuading them that a man does not deserve to be quartered, need not spend much more breath in order to convince them that he is worthy of being chaired; actors, spectators, instruments, obstacles, according to the prevailing current; ready even to be silent if no one gives them the cue to speak; to desist, when instigators are wanting; to disband, when many unanimous voices have said without contradiction, "let us go;" and then to return home, asking one another what it was all about. As this mass, however, disposes of the greatest force, nay, is that force itself, each of the two active parties uses every effort to win it over, to gain possession of it; they are like two contending souls striving to enter into that great body, and direct its movements. They vie with each other as to which shall disseminate the rumours most likely to stimulate passions, to direct impulses, in favour of one or the other purpose; shall get up the cries which excite or allay indignation, beget hopes or fears; shall invent the watchword, that, repeated by voices growing in number and loudness, shall at once declare, attest, and create the vote of the plurality for one side or the other.

On the tumultuous background of such a crowd as this, Manzoni paints with masterly touches the portrait of the old courtier, Antonio Ferrer, as he shows at his carriage window, "that face of humble, complaisant, obsequious benignity, which he had hitherto reserved for those occasions on which he found himself in presence of his master Don Philip IV., but was now obliged to spend in propitiating the infuriated mob of Milan."

The helpless and uncertain crowd of villagers, roused by the night alarm, the groups in wayside taverns, the gathering knots in the streets of Milan, "like the scattered clouds chasing across the sky after a storm, which make people look up shaking their heads, and say, 'the weather is not settled;'" all such aggregations of human atoms, are described by him with like vivacity and force, while they never impede or confuse the action of the principal characters. We have dwelt principally upon this power of grouping masses of men, because it seems to us Manzoni's typical characteristic among novelists; doubtless derived from that philosophical tendency of his mind which balanced the poetical temperament, and gave him the power of

regarding humanity in its social, as well as in its individual aspects.

Goethe, in his preface to an edition of our author's poetical works, published at Jena in 1827, defines lyrical poetry as the highest form of rhetoric, and says he knew no modern poet so qualified to excel in it as Manzoni. Of the lesser pieces which come under this head, "*Il Cinque Maggio*," is incomparably the finest, ranking as it does as the most popular lyric in Italy. Though translated into German by Goethe and Paul Heyse, and imitated in French by Lamartine, it is not easy to reproduce in another language the effect which in the original depends on the alteration of the three varieties of Italian accents. These form the verses known as *tronchi*, accent on the final syllable, as in *città* ; *piani*, on the penultimate, as in *dolore* ; and *sdrucchioli*, on the ante-penultimate, as in *trémolo*. For these rhythmical effects must be substituted, in English, greater frequency of rhyme, while retaining as nearly as possible the form of the stanza. A German critic, Herr Sauer, compares the opening phrase, *Ei fu*, to the initial bars of a great symphony, preluding the solemnity of its strain.

He was—and is not—without sign,
 Its mortal breathings heaved,
 Lies the once mighty clay, supine,
 Of such a soul bereaved ;
 While earth confounded—stricken dumb—
 The tidings hath received ;
 Still brooding on the latest hour
 Of him, the man of fate,
 Nor knows if, blood-stained 'neath the power
 Of mortal tread as great,
 In all the ages yet to come,
 Her dust shall palpitate.

The Alps and Pyramids alike,
 The Tagus and the Rhine,
 Have seen his bolts of battle strike,
 His lurid lightnings shine ;
 He burst where Don and Scylla roll,
 And blazed from brine to brine.
 Was this true glory?—wherefore ask?—
 To after ages leave
 The arduous sentence—ours the task
 The image to perceive
 Of which the Maker willed his soul
 Should largest stamp receive.

The stormy nature's rapturous thrill,
 In great designs conceived,

The heart's unrest, that nought could still
 Till empire was achieved;
 And grasped the prize, in which before
 But madness had believed.
 All, all he tasted—pride of fame,
 Enhanced as danger's prize,
 The victor's crown, flight's bitter shame,
 The throne, the exile's sighs:
 Twice o'er to dust abased, twice o'er
 Exalted to the skies.

After passing in rapid review the vicissitudes of his life, the poet shows him at St. Helena, and closes with his deathbed.

As o'er some shipwrecked wretch the surge
~~Sweeps~~ sweeps with o'erwhelming might,
 In waves which late from verge to verge
 He scanned with straining sight,
 Still hoping, in the futile quest,
 On distant shores to light;
 So on his soul, with gathered weight,
 Did tides of memory roll,
 And oft he purposed to narrate
 His deeds, and oft the scroll,
 To all futurity addrest,
 From his tired fingers stole.
 And oft, as to still twilight paled
 Day's apathetic rest,
 He stood, his meteor glances veiled,
 Arms folded on his breast,
 By crowding memories assailed
 Of all that life held best:
 Rehearsing how the tents rose fair
 'Mid echoing vales and meads,
 The gleam of arms in serried square,
 The surge of charging steeds,
 And swift commands, to which ne'er failed
 Fulfilment of swift deeds.
 Oh, Faith, immortal, blest, benign,
 Proclaim thy triumphs loud,
 Add to thy record one more line
 For never soul so proud
 Unto the mystic shame divine
 Of Golgotha hath bowed.
 Nor let reproach for earthly fault
 His weary dust offend;
 The God who humbles to exalt,
 Chastises to befriend,
 Did to his dying couch incline,
 To bless his lonely end.

The fame attained by these spirited stanzas astonished no one more than their writer, who declared long afterwards that he was quite unprepared "for the hit made by that ode, full of gallicisms and latinisms." It established him at once in the position of the first lyric poet in Italy, yet was followed by no other effort in the same line.

But Manzoni's influence on Italian literature cannot be measured by the amount of printed matter he produced. The magnitude of his task lay in the fact, that he had to mould the language in which he wrote, by a new creation of Italian prose, in a form adapted to the exigencies of modern literature. For it had been the fate of the idiom of his country to be always written as an artificial coinage, from the fourteenth-century writers, who first forged it as an instrument of culture out of the raw material of the spoken dialect, through all their followers, who aiming at imitating their diction, kept the language in a state of pupillage, cut off from its vital spring in the life of the people. Deprived thus of all power of growth or expansion, it was reduced to a mere literary *argot*, a fit vehicle for the utterances of scholiasts and pedants, but not for the expression of human emotion. The laws by which its bondage was enforced were of a puerility incredible to foreigners, while their violation was punished by literary ostracism. Meantime in Tuscany alone was it spoken in a familiar form, while, through the rest of Italy, varying dialects were the means of oral communication. The literary language was, and is, learned by the cultured classes as matter of education, but remains scarcely less remote from their daily thoughts, than Latin from those of a well-educated Englishman.

Now, down to Manzoni's time, the principal staples of literature, poetry and drama, abstract treatises and historical works, were of a nature to be written with more or less difficulty, out of dictionaries and vocabularies. With a novel, the principal creation of romanticism, the case is different, since dealing with every-day life in its minutest details, it requires the command of familiar expression, such as is learned, in Giusti's phrase, only "from the living dictionary on two legs." How, in Italian, was such a form of utterance to be attained was the problem which occupied Manzoni's thoughts all through his career, and which he sought to solve by grafting the dead branch of literary convention on the growing trunk of the spoken idiom of Tuscany; substituting the *uso fiorentino*, the living custom of Florence, for all the rules of grammars and vocabularies, as the highest standard of philological fitness. This linguistic revolution was the main work of his life, carried out at what cost of pains and thought we shall endeavour to show. And if his followers have

gone to too great lengths in the same direction, adopting into literature all manner of *fiorentinerie*, the very slang of the Florentine hucksters, the Billingsgate of the Mercato Nuovo, it is no more than has befallen all reformers, social, literary, and political alike. How early the problem of language presented itself to Manzoni's mind, may be gathered from the following passage in Sainte Beuve, describing his discussions with Fauriel, when about one-and-twenty:—

But the latter (Manzoni) amid his hopes felt some bitterness of heart. Well aware that poetry can only correspond to its original aim, when rooted in social and popular life, he readily perceived that Italy, from many causes, was here excluded from her natural destiny. Her political subdivisions, the want of a common centre, inertia, ignorance, local pretensions, had created a profound discrepancy between the spoken and written tongue. The latter had, by deliberate choice of those who used it, become a dead language, and could not appeal to the different populations with direct and immediate efficacy. And thus, by a singular contradiction, the first condition of the existence of a pure and simple language of poetry in Italy was that it should found itself on artifice. Manzoni was early alive to the gravity of this difficulty, and even perhaps exaggerated it. He could not see without envy mixed with admiration, the whole population of Paris applauding Molière's comedies. The intelligent and direct contact of an entire people with the masterpieces of genius, while he felt it to be the true touchstone of the vitality of the latter, must, he feared, be denied to a country like Italy, parcelled out between a number of dialects. He who was destined one day to unite all the lofty minds of his country in a common sentiment of admiration, did not then believe such unanimity possible, or grieved that at any rate it could not be based on the comprehension of the public at large. Fauriel encouraged him with his authority, citing to him many illustrious examples, even among Italian writers, and reminding him that all had, more or less, to struggle with difficulties of the same kind.

These difficulties are further aggravated for the poet, by the severity of the code of the Italian Parnassus, where the most severe restrictions prevail as to the use of language. This limitation of the vocabulary must sometimes induce considerable modification of poetical ideas, as the gastronomical deficiencies of a traveller's phrase-book occasionally affect his intentions and compel him, let us say failing a word for roast beef, to content himself with roast mutton. Now, there is probably a good deal of poetical roast mutton in Italian literature.

But the limitation of the ideas treated in poetry renders possible a corresponding limitation of language, while in prose, no such narrowing of the field is possible. Here the literary banquet is of the most miscellaneous character, calling into play all the resources of the *menu*, and requiring that beef,

mutton, and other homely comestibles, shall be duly named and ticketed.

Now Manzoni's position on entering the field of letters was this. He had no full command of any literary language, writing Italian by a *tour de force*, as one does a foreign tongue or dead language, while the natural expression of his thoughts was in Milanese dialect; and having once published a prefatory treatise on the drama, in what passed as very fair French, he declares that he found it far easier to write that language than Italian. In an appendix to his report on the Unity of the Language, he declares the difficulties attendant on the composition of "*I Promessi Sposi*," were such as "would move to pity," giving a vivid picture of his blind groping in his memory, and in books, for the Italian equivalents for phrases, which presenting themselves in dialect, or in Latin, or in a foreign language, had to be "driven away as temptations."

Written under these difficulties, "*I Promessi Sposi*," particularly in its opening chapters, bears evident traces of poverty of language in its author. The style, indeed, is everywhere forcible from the innate vigour of the ideas expressed; but they seem rather to force the language to fit them than to be naturally or easily clothed by it, and the effect produced is like that of one of Michael Angelo's great unfinished statues, in which the original energy of the conception struggles through the rough hewn block, despite its want of finer shaping. Manzoni himself was so keenly alive to this imperfection in his work that he undertook a laborious course of study to enable him to correct it. In this arduous task, which he called "giving his rags a rinse in Arno," he tells us how he sometimes spent days in search of a single word, gleaning chance phrases from those "who possessed them by right of birth." He was assisted by two Tuscan authors, Giambattista Niccolini and Gaetano Cioni, and the identity of their corrections was an argument of the necessity of the changes proposed.

The result of these labours was the revised and Tuscanized edition of "*I Promessi Sposi*," published serially in 1840-42. The critics were by no means agreed at first as to what now seems the evident improvement, and even Giusti, the living vocabulary of racy Tuscan idiom, who boasted that he "wrote by ear," as untutored musicians sing and play, instead of ransacking dictionaries and going on reproducing "the ink of ink," even Giusti was only converted to approval of the change in a scene thus described by Manzoni in a letter to Alfonso della Valle di Casanuova:—

Giusti, in one of those familiar colloquies which are to me now at once a dear remembrance and a sad regret, said to me one day: .

“What notion is this has come into your head of making all these changes in your novel? To please me it did better as it was.” “Giusti though you are,” thought I to myself, “and on your own ground, you are out for once, but only let me have you at my will, and I will make you sing another song.” So I said in reply, “To explain the why and the wherefore of all this would tire out my lungs, to say nothing of your ears; but, if your curiosity holds, I think that by a short experiment among us three (my son-in-law, Bista Giorgini, was present) we shall be able to come to an understanding. Let us take the two editions, open one at random, look out the corresponding place in the other; you two read some passages aloud, and where differences occur, judge for yourselves.” No sooner said than done. Giusti took up his *protégé*, and, as he read, it was obvious that he mouthed some phrases and expressions like a man trying a dish and finding a strange taste in it. Then, as he heard the variations read, the involuntary changes of his face plainly said, “Ah, that is so,” and sometimes he would let fall under his breath a muttered “That’s right.” But lo and behold! after a few sentences, he stumbled upon one long, involved, and intricate, “Nexantem nodis, seque in sua membra plicantem,” like the serpent in Virgil’s, as usual, magnificent simile; and, as he concluded it, with evidently growing disgust, he burst out with “Oh, what a vile mess!” But, before the words were well out of his lips, he stopped, awkward and mortified, I do not know whether for having given me too great a triumph, or for some other cause, but, on hearing me burst out laughing, and seeing on my face a look of great satisfaction, he rallied from his embarrassment, and exclaimed, pointing his finger at me, “See how pleased he is.” “What?” said I, “do you think it nothing to have got you to contradict yourself so flagrantly?” The reformed sentence was read, and it ran so smoothly, and extricated itself so completely from its involutions, that it restored us all three to our literary equilibrium.

It seems not unlikely that in this difficulty of expression we have the clue to the otherwise unexplained mystery of Manzoni’s early cessation from literary activity, as well as of the comparative sterility of Italian Romanticism subsequently, down even to the present time. The language is not yet nationalized, seems indeed, almost as far as ever from being so, and literary productiveness during the transition stage is not to be looked for. “*I Promessi Sposi*” was written by a herculean effort, such as required, perhaps, the first vigour of the author’s mind, and would scarcely be repeated after the initial impulse of his creative genius had spent itself. It thus remains the unapproached masterpiece and monument of a whole epoch of letters.

Manzoni’s difficulty in writing Italian extended even to the most ordinary correspondence, and is a sufficient explanation of the scantiness of his epistolary remains. Even in his old age the simplest letter was a matter of study, undergoing corrections and erasures innumerable, and only appearing in presentable shape

when copied for the third time. The letters thus laboriously produced are often models of simple expression, little suggestive of the pains bestowed on them. One, addressed as a letter of introduction to Grossi, deserves to be quoted as an epigram.

DEAR TOMMASO,—The bearer of this is one of the many who desire to make your acquaintance, but one of the few who deserve it.

ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

Perhaps we cannot better sum up the effect produced by Manzoni's writings as a whole than by narrating an anecdote told by Signor Martini, one of his countrymen. When travelling in the neighbourhood of Heidelberg his attention was caught by the sound of his native language, and he came upon two women of the lower class, mother and daughter, engaged in reading aloud and laboriously spelling out "*I Promessi Sposi*." Entering into conversation with them, he asked them if they admired Manzoni, "*We love him*," was the emphatic reply.

Nowhere, indeed, do we identify the man and the author more completely than in the works of Manzoni, and the impression of a vivid and loveable personality made by them, is one secret of their undying charm. The lover of humanity, he makes himself beloved by it in turn, wins sympathy by sympathy, and makes his way to the intelligence through the affections. A singular combination of intellectual and moral gifts, a mind in complete harmony with itself, a perfect balance of judgment and imagination, of poetic impulse and philosophical self-control, a character disciplined by religion, a heart sound to the core, were no small part of the endowments of the great novelist; giving us as their sum in "*I Promessi Sposi*" a perfect work, the fulfilment and expression of a stainless life.

E. M. CLERKE.

ART. III.—THE RESURRECTION OF IRELAND.

A History of England in the Eighteenth Century. By WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY. Vols. III. and IV. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1882.

I.

THE subject of Mr. Lecky's *magnum opus*—for so, as I suppose, we must account of his "*History of England in the Eighteenth Century*"—is in many respects one of the most important that any writer could choose. The position of our country in Europe from the time of the Revolution of 1688 was

altogether unique. And as years went on, and in Aristotle's phrase, "the nature of things was the guide of men and conducted them from one point to another," the divergence between the English polity and the politics of the Continent became more and more distinctly marked. Montesquieu, on visiting Great Britain in 1739, wrote: "*Je suis ici dans uu pays qui ne ressemble guère au reste de l'Europe.*" And he may well have been struck by the dissimilarity. Certainly to us, who look back upon the eighteenth century from the vantage-ground of the nineteenth, nothing can be more striking. "Europe," as Mr. Lecky well observes, "was strewn with the wrecks of the liberties of the past. The Cortes of Spain, the States-General of France, the republics of Central Italy, the greater part of the free institutions of the towns of Flanders, of Germany, and along the Baltic, had passed away. All the greatest States, all the most rising and vigorous Powers on the Continent, were despotic, and the few remaining sparks of liberty seemed flickering in the socket. In 1776 the French King issued an edict declaring that he held his crown from God alone, and that he was the sole fountain of legislative power; and in 1771 the provincial parliaments, which formed the last feeble barrier to regal power, were abolished. In Sweden, the royal authority was greatly aggrandized by the Revolution of 1772. In Switzerland, if Geneva had made some steps in the direction of democracy, in Berne, Fribourg, Soleure, Zurich, and Lucerne, the Government had degenerated into the narrowest oligarchy. In Holland, where the House of Orange had recovered a quasi-royal position in 1747, the growing corruption of the States-General and of the administration, the scandalous delays of the law, and the rapid decadence of the nation in Europe, were manifest to all. Poland was already struggling in the throes of anarchy, and in 1772 she underwent her first partition. The freedom of Corsica was crushed by a foreign invader; Genoa had sunk into a corrupt oligarchy; Venice, though she still retained her republican government, and though she still enjoyed an unbroken calm since the peace of Passerowitz in 1718 had deprived her of the Morea and Cerigo, had fallen into complete insignificance, and her ancient liberties were ready to fall at the first touch of the invader's hand."* Such was the condition of Continental Europe. England alone offers the example of "a constitution which maintained the union of political liberty with political greatness." The task which Mr. Lecky has set himself is to show the conditions under which that constitution lived, worked, and developed; and to trace the laws which regulated the national life of which it

* Vol. iii. p. 223.

was the organ. He is, therefore, a constitutional historian and something more. The view which he presents of his subject is a broad philosophical view—a scientific view, using the word science in the sense indicated by the dictum, “Savoir c’est connaître par les causes.” Military achievements, party conflicts, popular tumults, legislative enactments, the extension of commerce, the progress of discovery and invention, he has, of course, to narrate. But he is concerned rather to give a broad general estimate of these things than a minutely exhaustive account, his main object being, as he told us in the preface to his first volume, “to disengage from the great mass of facts, those which relate to the permanent forces of the nation, or which indicate the more enduring features of national life; the growth or decline of the monarchy, the aristocracy and the democracy; of the Church and Dissent; of the agricultural, the manufacturing and commercial interests; the increasing power of Parliament and of the people; the history of political ideas, of arts, of manners, and of beliefs; the changes that have taken place in the social and economical condition of the people: the influences which have modified national character.” Thus his work, executed as it is with transparent honesty and sincerity, and with indefatigable labour and unwearied research, has a character of its own. It is in some respects unique in our historical literature. But impartiality and industry are not Mr. Lecky’s only merits. He certainly possesses, in an eminent degree, one other qualification essential to the historian—a judicial mind. Not the kind of mind indicated in the words of Publius Syrus, borne as its motto by the *Edinburgh Review*, “Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur,” but rather that of which Wordsworth speaks:—

He only judges right who weighs, compares,
And in the sternest sentence that his voice
Pronounces, e’er remembers charity.

Even upon Mr. Froude, whose strange and extravagant perversions of historical truth for the purpose of inflaming national and religious antipathies, might well have drawn forth a severer condemnation, he records no heavier censure than that of “intending to blacken to the utmost the character of the Irish people, and especially of the Irish Catholics.” An Irishman himself, and singularly well versed in the history of his country, he knows that the best answer to the lying spirit which has for centuries been abroad, mis-stating and misinterpreting the story of the Irish people, is a careful and dispassionate presentation of facts. And in his two earlier volumes he has given us a more complete and accurate account of the English ascendancy in

Ireland, than had been given by any previous writer. That ascendancy, as he remarks, "dates only from the great wars of Elizabeth, which broke the force of semi-independent chieftains, crushed the native population to the dust, and established the complete authority of English law," and to the consideration of its character and effects, of the perverting and degrading influence which it exercised, of the manner in which the injustice perpetrated under it, affected "every element of national well-being," he devoted more than a quarter of his first two volumes, justifying his appropriation of so large a space to this subject, upon the ground that "it has usually been treated by English historians in a very superficial and perfunctory manner, and . . . has been obscured by many contradictions, by much prejudice and misrepresentation." In the instalment of his work now before us, out of 1,105 pages, 249 are assigned to the same topic, and nowhere are his characteristic excellences more signally illustrated than in these two chapters. The Irish question is the question of the hour, and nothing is more likely to assist in a solution of it which shall bring peace and honour to both nations, than a thorough comprehension of its past phases. I shall, therefore, in this article confine myself entirely to what Mr. Lecky's new volumes tell us upon this subject, and it will be my endeavour to present my author not so much as a skilled and laborious constructor of "the chronicle of wasted time," but rather as the impartor of that political instruction which, according to Thucydides, is the highest end of the historian.

II.

Mr. Lecky's second volume closes with the accession of George III. Let us briefly consider what the position of Ireland then was. The penal laws, whereby the exercise of the religion of the great mass of the Irish people was utterly prohibited, were still in full vigour, and exhibited to the world the most horrible example of legislative wickedness which the world has ever witnessed. As I took occasion to remark twelve months ago in this REVIEW, "there is absolutely no parallel to them in the annals of religious persecution. For the object with which they were devised was not to crush a sect, but to deprive a nation of the most sacred rights of human nature, and to condemn it to spiritual death by a prolonged agony of torture."* It is true that in the later years of the second George, during the Ministry of the Duke of Newcastle and under the viceroyalty of the Duke of Bedford, the severity of their execution was somewhat relaxed,

* DUBLIN REVIEW, Oct. 1881, p. 318.

and that evident improvement took place in the position of Catholics. But so late as 1759 it was formally laid down by an Irish judge—and the correctness of the dictum is unquestionable—that the law did not presume a papist to exist in the kingdom, and that it was only by the connivance of the Government that any adherent of the old religion could breathe; nor were there wanting from time to time menacing symptoms of anti-Catholic fanaticism sufficient to show of how precarious a nature that connivance was. Materially the condition of the peasantry was wretched in the extreme. “In nearly every part of Ireland,” Mr. Lecky writes, “agriculture was still extremely rude. Absenteeism, great ignorance, want of capital, and want of enterprise, all contributed to depress it, and in the more backward parts it was as barbarous as can well be conceived. The head tenant invariably became a middleman and land-jobber, and beneath him lay a hierarchy of wretched cultivators or labourers who were ground to the very dust by extortionate and oppressive exactions. In some parts of the kingdom it was a rare thing to find an occupying tenant who was the possessor of a plough. There were, perhaps, half a dozen ploughs—and those of the most primitive description—in a parish, which were let out by their owners at a high rate, but often the whole cultivation was by spade. Frequently large tenancies were held by co-operation, “knots” of poor men combining to bid for them, and managing them in common, and frequently, too, labour was exacted in addition to a money rent. The purely labouring class were generally cottiers—paid for their labour not by money, but by small potato plots, and by the grazing of one or two cows, and they worked out these things for their employers usually at the rate of 6½*d.* a day. Their homes and clothing were to the last degree degraded; they had no security of tenure, and no possibility of saving, and they depended for their very subsistence on the annual produce of their potato plots; but in the better parts of Ireland, and under favourable circumstances, Arthur Young did not consider that their condition compared altogether unfavourably with that of English labourers. Their food was much more abundant. Their children, unlike those of the Englishmen, were seldom without milk, and the absence of money in their dealings with their employers made it impossible for them to drink, as was common in England, a week’s wages in a single night. But the cottier population, who multiplied recklessly by early marriages over the barren lands of Kerry or the West, were, perhaps, as miserable as any class of men in Europe. To escape starvation was almost their highest aim, and even for this it was often necessary for them to spend a part of every summer in vagrant mendicancy. The months of July and August, when

the old potatoes were exhausted, were generally months of absolute famine. Cabbages, boiled in water and mixed with some milk, were then the sole sustenance of the poor, who died in multitudes from diarrhœa; and a still remembered saying that "Kerry cows know Sunday," recalls the time when the cattle being fattened by the summer grass underwent a weekly bleeding to make a holiday-meal for their half-starving owners."*

There can be no question as to the truth of this appalling picture. And there can be as little that to a very large extent English rule must be held responsible for the terrible state of things which it reveals. A great English orator, not very long ago, compared the treatment of Ireland by England to the treatment of Poland, which has made the name of Russia a by-word among nations. But, in truth, the case of Ireland, at the period of which I am writing, was far worse than the case of Poland has ever been. It had been the settled policy of the English rulers of the country, since the Revolution in 1688, to destroy Irish manufactures, to ruin Irish trade, and to maintain the masses in the most abject state of destitution by restrictions which, as Molyneux and Swift vehemently protested, they "had neither heard nor read of, either in ancient or modern story." I remember hearing of an Anglican dignitary, the prebendary of a wealthy church and the holder of several valuable benefices, who when it was proposed to ameliorate the abject condition of the minor canons of his cathedral, strongly objected. "Keep them poor," argued the astute pluralist, "and you keep them humble." The words accurately represent the spirit by which the dominant Protestantism of the earlier half of the eighteenth century was animated towards Catholic Ireland. And it was by this spirit, as Mr. Froude confesses, that the advisers of the last of the Stuarts were led to reject the entreaty of the Irish Parliament for that legislative union with England which had just been forced upon the unwilling Scotch. "The event," this brilliant writer observes—and I cite his words with the greater pleasure, because it is seldom that I am fortunate enough to find myself in complete accord with him—"The event may teach the inadequacy of the intellect to compass the problems which at times present themselves for solution: the 'event' alone, therefore, will not justify severe historical censure where a ruler has endeavoured seriously to do what, in the light of such knowledge as he possessed, appeared at the moment equitable. But no such excuse can be pleaded for Queen Anne's Ministers, or for the English nation, whose resolution they represented, in rejecting these overtures of the Irish Parliament. Opportunities occur in the affairs of

* Vol. iv. p. 319.

nations which, if allowed to pass, return no more. The offered Union was thrown away, when it would have been accepted as the most precious boon which England could bestow; was thrown away in the meanest and basest spirit of commercial jealousy. No rational fear of possible danger, no anxiety to prevent injustice, no honourable motive of any kind whatever can be imagined as having influenced Lord Nottingham or the persons, whoever they were, who were generally responsible for the decision. In fatal blindness they persuaded themselves that the Union would make Ireland rich, and that England's interest was to keep her poor."* The system which the English Ministry preferred was one which left the Irish legislature in a position of complete dependence upon themselves: a system which, as Mr. Lecky remarks, could not but have appeared intolerable to those Irishmen who derived their notions of freedom from the English Constitution. This is his succinct and accurate description of it:—

The Parliament lasted an entire reign, and that of George II. had sat for thirty-three years. About two-thirds of the revenue of the country, including the quit-rents, the hearth-money, and the greater part of the customs and excise, was included in the hereditary revenue which had been settled in perpetuity, and was therefore beyond the control of the Parliament. Parliament only sat every second year, and could only legislate in combination with two other bodies, deliberating in secret, and appointed by the Crown. Heads of Bills arising in either House first passed to the Irish Privy Council, which might either suppress them altogether, or alter them as it pleased. If this body thought fit to throw them into the form of a Bill, it at once transmitted that Bill to England, where it was submitted to the examination of a committee of the English Privy Council, assisted by the English Attorney-General, and this body, like the Irish Privy Council, had an unlimited power of suppressing or altering it. If the Bill passed through this second ordeal, it was returned with such changes, additions, and diminutions as the two Privy Councils had made, to the House of Parliament in which it took its rise, and it then passed for the first time to the other House. Neither House, however, had now the power of altering it, and they were therefore reduced to the alternative of rejecting it altogether, or accepting it in the exact form in which it had been returned from England. The British Legislature claimed the right of binding Ireland by its acts. The judges only held their seats during pleasure. The right of supreme and final judicature in Irish cases had been taken from the Irish House of Lords and transferred to that of England. There was no Habeas Corpus Act, no national militia, no Irish Mutiny Act, no Act obliging Members of Parliament who accepted places or pensions under the Crown to vacate their seats (vol. iv. p. 351).

* "The English in Ireland," vol. i. p. 338.

It is manifest that under such a system as this nothing deserving the name of constitutional or self-government was really possible. Nor, as Mr. Lecky justly observes, was the grievance by any means a speculative one. "The suppression by law of the most important manufactures of Ireland, the ruinous restrictions imposed on Irish commerce, the systematic appointment of Englishmen to nearly all the highest and most lucrative posts in the ecclesiastical, legal, and political establishments, the employment of the Irish Pension List to reward persons who had done no kind of service to Ireland, were all largely, if not entirely due, to the small power which the Irish gentry had in the government of their country."

III.

So much as to the condition of Ireland at the period when Mr. Lecky takes up in his new volumes the thread of its history, upon the accession of George III. in 1760. In his graphic and thoughtful narrative of 248 pages, he tells us how in twenty-two years, all this was changed. Of course I can do no more here than touch upon the chief topics with which he deals. I must pass over his account of the Whiteboy movement, that "insurrection of despair," as he well names it, among the Catholic peasantry of Munster and part of Leinster. I must not dwell upon his description of the Oakboy and Steelboy disorders among the Protestants of the North. I must leave the reader who would peruse his admirable sketches of Lords Townshend and Carlisle, of Hely Hutchinson and Flood, of Burgh and Grattan, to seek them in his own pages. What I am concerned to do here is to indicate, in such rough outline as is possible within my limits, the growth of the feelings and ideas which in little more than two decades raised Ireland from a dependency held in subjection by Great Britain, and such subjection as we have seen, to the dignity of a nation, "connected" in Grattan's words, with Great Britain, "by freedom as well as allegiance," the two countries forming "a constitutional confederacy as well as one empire." D'Argenson, writing in 1754, noted that a breeze of freedom, blowing from the coast of England, had much effect in fanning general discontent with the despotic Government under which France then groaned. Similarly Mr. Lecky tells us that at the same period the "contagion of English liberty had spread to Ireland," and a notable symptom of it may be found in the wide and deep interest excited by the general election which took place in that country, upon the accession of George III. The long period which had elapsed since a new Parliament had assembled, the great changes that had taken place in the social

and political condition of this country, the new prominence the middle-class had obtained, and the rise of an active political press, conspired to give it an extraordinary significance, and free-trade, the claim of right, the mitigation of the penal laws, and the reform of Parliament, began to be talked about as popular measures. Everywhere in the chief centres of population there were the signs of new political life. It was as when in the prophetic vision the breath came from the four winds and breathed upon the slain in the midst of the valley that was full of bones, and "there was a noise and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, and the breath came into them, and they lived and stood upon their feet." It was the beginning of a National party, and the immediate object of that party in the Irish Parliament was "simply to obtain for the Irish Protestants the laws which were regarded by Englishmen as the most essential guarantees of their liberty," the two measures towards which their efforts were at first mainly directed, being the restriction of pensions and the limitation of the duration of Parliament. The obtaining of these measures was their first success. In 1763 the Government of Lord Northumberland gave a distinct assurance that the King would not grant any more pensions for lives or years upon the Irish Establishment, "except upon extraordinary occasions." It was a somewhat elastic exception, indeed, wide enough to allow ten years later for a provision of £3,000 a year, for the benefit of the Queen of Denmark, who had been banished from that country for her alleged adultery with Count Struensee. Still, it was something to have secured the pledge, involving, as it did, the admission of a sound and important principle. Five years later the Octennial Bill was passed, a measure which, as Mr. Lecky justly observes, "laid the foundation of Parliamentary influence and independence in Ireland," which, as Lord Townshend wrote, "gave the first blow to the dominion of aristocracy in that kingdom," the system of government by Undertakers, that is to say, "by a few great personages who possessed an extraordinary Parliamentary influence, and who 'undertook' to carry the King's business through Parliament, on condition of obtaining a large share of the disposal of patronage." And here let me pause to cite Mr. Lecky's very clear and full account of Irish polity of the time of which I am writing:—

It is not easy to realize the conditions of Irish parliamentary politics at this time, for all analogies drawn from the Irish contingent in the Imperial Parliament are wholly misleading. In the Parliament of the early years of George III. all the members were Protestants and elected by Protestants, and the most liberal regarded the propriety of Pro-

testant ascendancy as an axiom.* The party which now calls itself distinctively national was absolutely unrepresented. The Catholic priesthood, who are now perhaps the strongest element in Irish political life, had not a vestige of power; and although corrupt and factious motives may be often detected, the great tribe of knaves and fanatics who now win political power by stimulating disloyalty, or class hatred, or agrarian crime, had as yet no existence. There was a great and justifiable discontent at the constitutional and commercial restrictions; but there was at bottom no real disloyalty, and in times of danger Parliament was ever ready to bear its full share, and something more than its full share, in defence of the empire. In the counties the ascendancy of the landlords was undisputed. In the large towns there was an active political life and a strong democratic spirit aspiring towards constitutional privileges, but Irish democracy had as yet no leaning towards the Catholics. Some of the numerous small boroughs were held by men who had purchased their seats. Some were attached to the properties of country gentlemen of moderate fortune. Some were under the direct influence of the Government, or were connected with ecclesiastical preferments and filled by the nominees of bishops. Very many belonged to a few rich members of the House of Lords, who had made it an object to accumulate political power. It appears to have been considered a point of honour that a borough member should not on an important question vote against the policy of his patron.

The body which was thus formed was not divided like a modern Parliament into clearly marked party divisions. Lord Shannon, the Duke of Leinster, Lord Ely, Lord Tyrone, Lord Drogheda, and Mr. Ponsonby had each of them a considerable group of personal adherents, but the lines of Whig and Tory, Government and Opposition, were not drawn with any clearness or constancy. Usually the Government in ordinary business carried with it an enormous majority, but there were questions on which the strongest Government nearly always became suddenly powerless. Money bills that took their rise or were materially modified in England were almost always rejected, and on several constitutional questions Parliament had a very decided will of its own. It

* As late as 1792 Henry Grattan, who of all men in the Irish Parliament was the warmest and most unflinching advocate of the Catholics, received an address from some citizens of Dublin, expressing alarm at changes favourable to the Catholics which were spoken of, and urging him to oppose any alteration that may tend to shake the security of property in this kingdom, or subvert the Protestant ascendancy in our happy constitution. Grattan in his answer said, "The Roman Catholics whom I love and the Protestants whom I prefer, are both, I hope, too enlightened to renew religious animosity. I do not hesitate to say I love the Roman Catholic. I am a friend to his liberty, but it is only in as much as his liberty is entirely consistent with your ascendancy and an addition to the strength and freedom of the Protestant community. These being my principles, and the Protestant interest my first object, you may judge that I shall never assent to any measure tending to shake the security of property in this kingdom or to subvert the Protestant ascendancy."—*Grattan's Miscellaneous Works*, p. 289.

was a common thing for paid servants of the Crown, while in general supporting the Government, to go on particular questions into violent opposition, and for men who had on particular questions been the most active opponents of Government, to pass suddenly into its ranks; and there was a rapid fluctuation of politicians between Government and Opposition which is very perplexing to a modern reader. Many corrupt motives no doubt mingled with these changes, but the root of the matter lay in the fact that settled parties had not yet been formed, that all questions were considered mainly in isolation, and that there was little or nothing of that systematic and disciplined concurrence of opinion based upon party lines which prevails in a modern Parliament.

The absence of parties was partly due to the rudimentary character of Irish parliamentary life, and to the nature of the constituencies, which gave a predominating influence to a few personal interests; and a somewhat similar state of things may sometimes be detected in English parliamentary life between the Revolution and the close of the reign of George II. There was, however, another cause which was peculiar to Ireland, and the importance of which has not, I think, been sufficiently noticed. The position which the Privy Council held in the Irish constitution enabled the Government to withdraw from serious parliamentary conflict the capital questions around which party divisions would have been naturally formed. Short Parliaments, a secure tenure for judges' seats, and a Habeas Corpus Act, were during many years among the chief objects of the popular party; but year after year they were carried without opposition and without division through Parliament, and Government ostensibly acquiesced in them, reserving it for the Privy Council in Ireland or England to reject them. One of the effects of this system was to check the normal growth of Parliament and confuse the lines of party division. The Privy Council, on the other hand, became a kind of additional Parliament,* in which, though the Lord Lieutenant had a preponderating power, there were several conflicting and independent influences, and which on many important questions became the chief centre of authority and even of discussion (vol. iv. p. 388).

IV.

The year 1768, which witnessed the concession of Octennial Parliaments to Ireland, was notable for an ominous progress in the troubles which had for some time been growing between England and her American Colonies. I need not here enter upon the history of that trouble, further than to remark that in their determination to place an army in America, and to make the colonists pay for its support, George III. and his Ministers

* As that very experienced official, William Knox, truly said, the Privy Council was in reality the second branch of the Legislature in Ireland.—“Extra Official Papers,” Appendix No. 1.

were largely influenced by the example of Ireland, which, shut out as she was from all direct trade with the British dependencies by the Navigation Act, while her most important manufactures were suppressed by law, reduced as the great majority of her population had been, to extreme degradation by the penal code, burdened by a tithe system supporting an alien Church, disorganized greatly by repeated confiscations, and the emigration of her most energetic classes, drained of her little wealth by absenteeism, by a heavy pension list, and by an exaggerated establishment in Church and State, in which the chief offices were reserved for Englishmen, yet from Irish revenues supported an army of 12,000 men.* But in Ireland the military establishment rested upon a vote of the Irish Parliament. In America there was no central colonial Government, no body competent to tax the several provinces. Hence the resolution of Grenville to raise the necessary funds by Act of the British Parliament, and all that came from the attempt to carry that resolution into effect. It was on the 22nd of March, 1765, that the Stamp Act received the royal assent. Before a year had passed away this measure was repealed under the Ministry of Lord Rockingham, while at the same time an Act declaratory of the right of the Mother Country to make laws in the British Colonies, "in all cases whatever," was carried. Two years afterwards Charles Townshend's Bill for imposing duties on tea, glass, paper, red and white lead and painter's colours was enacted, and on the 1st of July, 1768, the Assembly of Massachusetts was dissolved, for its persistent opposition to this legislation, and troops were sent from England with a view of enforcing it. Shortly before their arrival "the inhabitants of Boston gathered together in an immense meeting, and voted that a standing army could not be kept in the province without its consent. Much was said about Brutus and Cassius, Oliver Cromwell and Paoli; the arms belonging to the town were brought out, and Otis declared that if any attempt were made against the liberties of the people, they would be distributed."† Seven years elapsed before that declaration was carried into effect—seven years, during which the fires of civil discord smouldered under the thinnest crust of treacherous ashes, ever and anon giving ominous warning of their activity and intensity. In vain did the old experience of Chatham and the prescient wisdom of Burke warn the British Parliament of the evil to come. In vain did the more distinguished Americans utter aspirations after "that peace, harmony, and mutual confidence which once happily existed between the parent country and the colonies." At the root of the quarrel

* Lecky, vol. iii. p. 313.

† *Ibid.* p. 360.

lay social and religious* antipathies, jarring interests, discordant aims, not to be reconciled by any skilfully termed legislative formula. At last, on the 19th of April, 1775, the flame of war burst forth, and with the battle of Lexington began the great struggle which was to last six years, and from which England was to emerge with a diminished empire and a vastly augmented debt, and, as her ablest statesmen believed, with a permanent loss of her ancient greatness.†

It has passed into a proverb that England's necessity is Ireland's opportunity. The saying is as true as it is distressing. And the great conflict at which we have just glanced supplies a signal illustration of it. It is worthy of note that no small portion of the revolutionary armies which severed the New World from the British Crown consisted of Protestant emigrants from Ulster;‡ and in the earlier stages of the American dispute the National party in Ireland recognized the cause of the Colonists as substantially identical with their own.§ And so, in fact, it certainly was. As Mr. Lecky well observes:—

Never before had the question of the relations of the mother-country to its dependencies been brought before the world with such a distinctness of emphasis and of definition. The Irish party which followed the traditions of Swift and Molyneux had always contended that, by the ancient constitution of their country, Ireland was inseparably connected with the English crown, but was not dependent upon, or subject to, the English Parliament. By Poynings' law|| a

* It is not easy to overrate the intensity of the Puritan feeling which existed in New England and some other portions of the American colonies, and, as Mr. Lecky justly observes, no sketch of the American Revolution is adequate which does not take this influence into account. It was very significantly illustrated by the indignation aroused by the Quebec Act.

† Lecky, vol. iv. p. 263.

‡ See the authorities cited by Mr. Lecky in his Note, vol. iv. p. 350.

§ Lecky, vol. iv. p. 378.

|| The well-known Act of Henry VII., called Poynings' Law, was enacted by a Parliament summoned at Drogheda in 1495 by the English deputy, Sir Edward Poynings, for the purpose of restraining the Yorkist tendencies of the Anglo-Irish colonists. One portion of this famous Act made those laws, which previous to this date had been enacted in England, binding in Ireland. The other provided that all the "causes and considerations" for calling a Parliament in Ireland, and all the Bills which were to be brought forward during its Session, must be previously certified to the King by the Chief Governor and Council of Ireland, and affirmed by the King and his Council under the Great Seal of England, and that any proceedings of an Irish Parliament which had not been so certified and affirmed before that Parliament was assembled, should be null and void. By an Act of Philip and Mary this arrangement was slightly modified, for the Irish Privy Council was empowered to send over proposed Bills for the approbation of the English Privy Council at a time

great part of the independence of the Irish Parliament had indeed been surrendered ; but even the servile Parliament which passed it, though extending by its own authority to Ireland laws previously enacted in England, never admitted the right of the English Parliament to make laws for Ireland. English lawyers had sometimes asserted and sometimes denied the existence of such a right, but the first explicit text in its favour was the Declaratory Act of George I., by which the English Parliament asserted its own right of legislating for Ireland. It was precisely parallel to the Declaratory Act relating to America, which was passed when the Stamp Act was repealed. In both cases the right was denied, but in both cases the great majority of politicians were practically ready to acquiesce, provided certain restrictions and limitations were secured to them. The Americans did not dispute the power of the English Legislature to bind their commerce and regulate their affairs as members of an extended empire, as long as they were untrammelled in their local concerns, and were not taxed except by their own representatives. The position of most Irish politicians was very similar. The Irish Parliament legislated for the local concerns of Ireland, and it still retained with great jealousy a certain control over the purse, which it justly looked upon as incomparably the most important of its prerogatives. This control was, it is true, much less complete than that which was possessed in England by the English Parliament. The great changes affecting the revenue which had been made in England at the Revolution of 1688 had not extended to Ireland. The hereditary revenue was beyond the control of Parliament, but the other portions of the Irish revenue could not be levied without a parliamentary vote, and the hereditary revenue was not sufficient for the government of the country. Nearly every important concession which had been won had been granted in order to induce the Irish Parliament to raise additional supplies, and the extraordinary efforts and sacrifices the executive was prepared to make to secure this end sufficiently showed that in the eyes of English statesmen the power rested with the Irish Parliament alone. The importance which both sides attached to the question of supply was manifested on the one hand by the tenacity with which the Privy Council clung to its very useless prerogative of originating or altering Money Bills, and on the other hand by the determination with which the most submissive Parliaments rejected the Money Bills which had been thus originated or amended. Sometimes the majority were perfectly prepared to acquiesce in the substance of the amendments of the Privy Council ; but in that case the principle was formally asserted by rejecting the

when the Irish Parliament was actually in Session. In this manner the Irish Parliament was absolutely precluded from originating any legislative measures, and its sole power was that of accepting or rejecting such measures as were laid before it under the sanction of the Great Seal of England. Gradually, however, and rather by custom than by express enactment, the power of legislative initiative was restored to it.—*Lecky*, vol. iv. p. 358.

altered Bill, and it was then introduced afresh as a new Bill and with a new title.

There was, as we have seen, one important difference relating to taxation between Ireland and the Colonies, which was all to the advantage of the former. Ireland possessed a Parliament which was capable of taxing the whole country, and which had very recently levied taxes for imperial purposes much beyond the power of the nation to support. In America no taxes for imperial purposes were raised, and it was only possible to raise them by the concurrence of a great number of provincial legislatures.

This, however, affected only the question of expediency, but not the question of right. It was plain to demonstration that if the English Parliament could establish its right to tax the Colonies without their consent, it must possess a similar power in Ireland. If it be true, as was asserted by the Government, that a power to legislate for a country necessarily implies a power to tax it; if it be true that there is no distinction in principle between a law of commercial regulation, and a law levying a direct tax; if it be true that in the constitution of the British Empire there is no natural and necessary connection between representation and taxation, Ireland could not possibly resist the conclusion. The English Parliament had asserted in the most unqualified terms its right to legislate for Ireland, and it had exercised that right by regulating every portion of Irish commerce. The defeat of America would at once establish the principle that Ireland might be taxed by an Assembly sitting in London, and, if this were done, every power of constitutional resistance, every vestige of constitutional liberty, would be destroyed. . . . In 1775 the Americans issued a special Address to the Irish, urging the identity of their interests; and in the same year Chatham asserted that Ireland on the colonial question was with America "to a man." The Presbyterians of the North were fiercely American, and few classes were so largely represented in the American army as Irish emigrants" (vol. iv. pp. 430-435).

The Irish Parliament, however, was very imperfectly representative even of Irish Protestantism—and Irish Protestantism alone must be taken to have been in Lord Chatham's mind when he made the declaration just cited: the Catholics did not count politically—and when in 1775 Lord Harcourt, the Viceroy, in his speech from the throne, noticed the rebellion then existing in America, and called upon the two Houses to assist in its suppression, an Address in reply was carried, expressing "abhorrence and indignation" at the disturbances in America, and "devoted and inviolable attachment to his Majesty's sacred person and government," an amendment urging the necessity of "conciliatory and healing measures," having been thrown out by a large majority. Moreover, "in accordance with an urgent message from Harcourt, the House agreed, in consideration of the great dangers which menaced the Empire, to permit 4,000 of the troops, who

were appointed by statute to remain in Ireland for its defence, to be withdrawn from the kingdom. In this manner, to the bitter indignation of a small group of independent members and in defiance of a strong Protestant opinion in the country, Ireland was committed to the American struggle.* But the Viceroy, who was under no illusion as to the existence of that feeling, in writing to the Government to complain of the violent opposition to its measures, made by the Presbyterians, described them as "talking in all companies in such a way that if they are not rebels, it is hard to find a name for them."

Meanwhile Ireland was on the verge of bankruptcy, for "while the establishments were steadily mounting"—in the space of twenty years the Civil and Pensions Lists had both nearly doubled—"the few sources of wealth which the commercial restrictions had left were now cut off. The rupture with the Colonies closed one of the chief markets of Irish linens, while the provision trade, on which the landed interest chiefly depended, was annihilated by an embargo which was laid by proclamation, and without consultation with the Irish Parliament, on the export of provisions from Ireland, and which was continued during three years. It was ostensibly to prevent Irish provisions passing to the colonists or to the French; but it was very positively stated that it was imposed by an unconstitutional stretch of the prerogative at the instigation of private individuals, in order to favour a few private contractors in England. The rupture with France [which in 1778 espoused the cause of the American colonists] was in no part of the empire felt so severely as in Ireland; for one of the effects of the laws restraining Irish commerce with England and her colonies had been to establish a close commercial connection between Ireland and France. It was said by a very able writer on the economical condition of Ireland, that 'two of her provinces may at this very day be called provinces of France as much as of Great Britain.' All this commercial intercourse was now cut off. French and American privateers swarmed round the coast and universal distress set in. The price of black cattle, of wool, rents, credit, private business, and public revenue in all their branches rapidly sunk, and thousands of manufacturers lived on charity or abandoned the country. . . . It was plain that without some alteration in her economical condition, Ireland could no longer contribute her share to the military expenditure of the empire. It was plain that a large part of the discontent which was rapidly severing the American colonies from the Empire had been due to the commercial policy of the mother-country, and it was only too probable that

* Lecky, vol. iv. p. 438.

in Ireland similar causes would ultimately produce similar effects. . . . Besides this the wisdom of the code was becoming widely questioned. . . . Nor could English statesmen afford to look with indifference upon the ruin of Ireland. It was computed that at least £600,000 was annually remitted from Ireland to England for absentees, pensioners, mortgagees, and holders of Government annuities. The value of the exports of Great Britain to Ireland in four years was about two millions, and exceeded the value of her exports to any other country except America, and in every war regiments recruited in Ireland and paid from the Irish Treasury formed a considerable part of the English Army. Unless some change were made in the commercial system all this must cease. Taxation had reached its limits."* Considerations such as these convinced the Ministry of Lord North of the absolute necessity of abandoning some, at all events, of the restraints upon Irish trade; and in 1778 amid a storm of opposition from the principal English towns, a commercial Bill was carried through the British Parliament, which, if plainly insufficient for Irish necessities, is, at all events, notable as marking the first step towards the subversion of the old policy of restriction.

V.

Sympathy with the American cause appears to have been confined to Irish Protestants, and, as was natural, it was among the Presbyterians whose spiritual affinities with New England Puritanism were greatest, that it was most vivid and operative. The Irish Catholics, as Mr. Lecky notes, do not seem to have at all displayed it; but, on the contrary, offered themselves in large numbers for enlistment in the King's army, and were gladly accepted. Nor is their apathy regarding the great issue, which had so manifest a bearing upon the position of their own country, matter for surprise. "Constitutional questions about the respective limits of Imperial and Provincial legislatures, and about the relations which should exist between taxation and representation, can have had very little interest or meaning to men who were excluded from every form of political liberty and power." Still, abject as their position in the public order yet was, the Catholics of Ireland had felt the influence of the new life which for the last eighteen years had been working in their country. So early as 1759, three men of considerable ability, Carey, a physician, O'Connor, an antiquary, and Wyse, a merchant, had appeared in their ranks, and had founded a committee in Dublin, which they called the Catholic Association, and the object of which was to

* Lecky, vol. iv. pp. 442-448.

watch over Catholic interests. In literature, too, a beginning was made of the exposure and refutation of the monstrous falsehoods wherewith "the silly things called histories" (to use Burke's phrase), had overlaid the annals of Ireland; O'Connor himself deserves particular mention for the good service he did in collecting evidence from Protestant sources to overthrow the popular tradition about the rebellion of 1641. Moreover the spirit of the times was favourable to theological toleration. From the later years of George II., the British Government had displayed no systematic hostility to Catholics, and Mr. Lecky is probably well warranted in his opinion that on religious as on commercial questions, "the English Ministers would have done more if they had not feared embarrassments at home." It should be carefully noted and ever remembered that it is not so much the statesmen and legislators of Great Britain, as the British people at large, who have been, as they still are, the bitter opponents of justice to Ireland. It is the middle classes, and especially "the lower middles," of this country, who in the zeal and earnestness of their Protestantism have been the tyrannical oppressors of the Catholic Irish, since Protestantism has existed. But at the period of which I am writing, that zeal and earnestness had grown cold. So early as 1726, Voltaire, when visiting England, was struck by the religious tepidity of the country. "Tout le monde," he writes, "est rassasié de disputes et de sectes. On est tiède, à présent, sur tout cela." And so John Wesley, in his preface to his sermons, witnesses that when he began his work, "formality, mere outside religion" had "almost driven heart-religion out of the world." The great Methodist movement no doubt did much to bring back to the English people that "heart-religion," and with it the strong anti-Catholic feeling which is an essential part of Protestantism, when real and vivid. But the influence of Methodism, during the lifetime of its founder, was confined to classes of small account politically. It was only by slow degrees that it leavened the national life. As the century wore on that indifference to religious disputes, that tepidity regarding theological problems which Voltaire observed, when its first quarter was just over, became more and more distinctly marked. The dominant sentiment was that to which Pope has given expression in the famous lines :—

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity.

There can be no doubt that this sentiment largely contributed to the spirit of toleration which gathered strength during the

first two decades of the reign of George III.: that, as Lord Charlemont correctly judged, the main source of that spirit must be sought "rather in fashionable Deism than in Christianity, which was now unfortunately much out of fashion." But, besides this, the abject condition to which the Catholic Church was everywhere reduced in the political order unquestionably served to allay that dread of her which had so largely influenced Protestant statesmen of earlier times. Mr. Lecky tells us: "The general aspect of Catholicism, both in Europe and America, greatly strengthened the case [of the advocates of toleration]. Probably at no period, since the days of Constantine, was Catholicism so free from domineering and aggressive tendencies, as during the Pontificates of Benedict XIV., and his three successors."* It is, I suppose, natural that Mr. Lecky, from his point of view, should thus regard this matter. To me, surveying from another standpoint, Continental Europe of the last century, as it groaned under the tyrannical yoke of absolutist monarchs, cynically indifferent to every consideration which did not touch their lust of pleasure, or their lust of sway, the almost total effacement from the public order of the one power in the world, whose very *raison d'être* it is to bear witness to the reign of law and the supremacy of conscience, seems the saddest and most terrible element in the situation. "Le Pape," writes Frederick of Prussia to Voltaire,† "vu la situation où il se trouve est obligé de donner de brefs et de bulles tels que ses chers fils exigent de lui. Ce pouvoir fondé sur l'idéal de foi perd à mesure que celle-ci diminue."

So much as to the causes which led to the abatement of the old horror and terror of Popery. "There was a general feeling spreading in Ireland as in England, that penal laws against religion belonged to another age; but it is a very memorable and well-attested fact that the Irish Catholics for a long time before 1778 looked upon the Government, not as their oppressor, but as their protector, and sympathized much more strongly with their English rulers than with their native Parliament."‡ On the other hand, the Irish Protestants who formed the National Party had begun to realize the truth emphatically expressed by Grattan, that "the Irish Protestant could never be free until the Irish Catholic had ceased to be a slave." They had, however, no wish that political privileges should be bestowed upon adherents to the ancient faith, or that more should be conceded to them than—to use the words of Hervey, the Protestant Bishop of Derry—"a legal exercise of that silly but harmless religion which they exercised illegally." The example

* Lecky, vol. iv. p. 469.

† The letter is dated 13 Aug. 1775.

‡ Lecky, vol. iv. p. 462.

of the British Parliament, in which, in 1778, measures were carried, whereby Catholics were allowed to inherit or purchase land and to say or hear mass without a penalty, was a great encouragement to the advocates of Catholic Relief in Ireland, and we find Lord Buckingham, the Viceroy, acquainting the English Government that in his opinion and that of the Protestant Primate, "Catholics should be put, as far as circumstances would admit, upon a par in both kingdoms." Accordingly, when in June, 1778, an independent member introduced into the Irish Parliament a bill in favour of Catholics, the Government warmly supported it. After undergoing some modification this measure became law, much to the delight of Burke. "The Irish House of Commons," he wrote to Pery, their Speaker, "has done itself infinite honour. You are now beginning to have a country." "The Act gave much and promised more," Mr. Lecky remarks. "It enabled the Catholics, on taking the oath of allegiance and a prescribed form of declaration to hold leases of land for 999 years, though they might not purchase the freehold, and also to inherit land in exactly the same way as Protestants. The eldest son was no longer to be tempted to conform in order to secure the heritage; the properties of those who refused to conform were no longer to be broken up by compulsory division; and the great temptations which the old law had held out to profligacy and undutiful conduct in Catholic families were abolished. Any child could no longer, by conformity, secure a maintenance from his father's estate, and the eldest son could no longer make his father a mere tenant for life and mortgage his property without his consent. Converts to Popery, however, and converts to Protestantism who had relapsed, were exempted from the benefit of the law. The preamble* emphatically acknowledged 'the uniformly peaceable behaviour of the Catholics for a long series of years,' and expressed the desire of the Legislature 'that all denominations should enjoy the blessings of our free constitution.'"[†]

VI.

But the year 1778 is memorable in Irish history, for something more than the amelioration of the Commercial Code and of the civil position of Catholics. It is the date of the beginning of that Volunteer movement which, more than anything else, contributed to the resurrection of the Irish nation. From the breaking out of the American war France had ardently sympathized with the revolted colonists. Mr. Lecky well remarks upon the strangeness of the fact that the public opinion of a

* 17 & 18 Geo. III. cap. 49.

† Lecky, vol. iv. p. 479.

purely despotic country should thrill with indignation because England had violated the constitutional liberties of her colonies. But on the one hand the old traditional enmity to England, aggravated by the recollection of the recent disastrous war and humiliating peace with her, and on the other the embodiment in the American Declaration of Independence—that “*réclame de circonstance à l’adresse des philosophes Européens*,” as M. Taine happily calls it—of some of the sophisms most cherished by the popular school of French publicists, sufficiently account for the enthusiasm so largely manifested by the subjects of Louis XVI. in favour of the new Republic. From the first, large numbers of Frenchmen—Lafayette conspicuous among them—had volunteered for service in the Republican armies, and, as the struggle progressed and the English chances of success in it grew fainter, the French Government more and more openly favoured the cause of the Colonists. At last a formal alliance between the United States and the French king was concluded. “On May 4th, 1778, the treaties of alliance and commerce were unanimously ratified by Congress. On the 13th of the preceding March the former treaty had been formally communicated by the French ambassador at London, and immediately after the ambassadors on both sides were recalled, and England and France were at war. The moment,” Mr. Lecky continues, “was one of the most terrible in English history. England had not an ally in the world. One army was a prisoner in America; and the Congress, on very futile pretexts, had resolved not to execute the convention of Saratoga, which obliged them to send it back to England. The great bulk of the English troops were confined in Philadelphia and New York. The growing hostility of the German powers had made it impossible to raise or subsidize additional German soldiers; and in these circumstances, England, already exhausted by a war which its distance made peculiarly terrible, had to confront the whole force of France, and was certain in a few months to have to encounter the whole force of Spain. Her navy was but half prepared; her troops were barely sufficient to protect her shores from invasion; her Ministers and her generals were utterly discredited; her Prime Minister had just admitted that the taxation of America, which was the original object of the war, was an impossibility. At the same time, the country believed, as most men believed both on the Continent and in America, that the severance of the Colonies would be the beginning of the complete decadence of England; and the Imperial feeling, which was resolved to make any sacrifice rather than submit to the dismemberment of the Empire, was fully aroused. It is a feeling which is rarely absent from any large section of the English race, and however much the Americans, during the

War of Independence, may have reprobated it, it was never displayed more conspicuously or more passionately than by their own descendants when the great question arose within their border.”*

The outbreak of the war with France found Ireland almost entirely unprotected. Of the 12,000 troops upon her military establishment, only some 4,000 were in the country, and the English fleet being occupied elsewhere, her coasts were without naval defence. The treasury was empty. The Government could do nothing. It was manifest that the only help for the Irish people was such as could come from themselves. The gentry, as they had done on former occasions of national emergency, founded associations for self-defence, and “the strong feudal attachment which, in spite of many faults on both sides, and many causes of discord and antagonism, still subsisted over the greater part of Ireland between landlords and tenants, enabled them, with very little difficulty, to summon a large force.” But the movement was not confined to the large proprietors and their retainers. “Official news having come about this time that a French invasion of Belfast was imminent, the mayor asked for troops for its protection; but it was answered that only half a troop of dismounted horsemen, and half a company of invalids could be spared to defend the capital of Ulster. The people at once flew to arms. A sudden enthusiasm, such as occurs two or three times in the history of a nation, seems to have passed through all classes. All along the coast, associations for self-defence were formed under the direction of the leading gentry. They elected their officers, purchased their arms and accoutrements, assembled regularly under the direction of old soldiers to acquire military discipline, and without any legal obligation, submitted themselves to the rules of a strict discipline. The chief persons in Ireland nearly everywhere placed themselves at the head of the movement. The Duke of Leinster commanded the Dublin corps; Lord Altamont that of the county Mayo; Lord Claremont that of the county of Armagh; and in most counties the principal landlords appeared at the head of bodies of their tenants. Large private subscriptions were raised to purchase accoutrements, and great sacrifices were made. The Catholics were not yet enrolled, but they subscribed liberally towards the expense. Those of the county of Limerick alone, raised £800, and those of Drogheda, Dingle, and other parts, exhibited a similar spirit.”†

Such was the beginning of the Volunteer movement, which, watched at first with disquietude and alarm by the English rulers of Ireland—“impotent dismay” Mr. Lecky reckons to

* Lecky, vol. iv. p. 80.

† *Ibid.* p. 485.

have been the prominent sentiment of the Viceroy, Lord Buckingham—received from them at last aid and encouragement. Indeed necessity was laid upon them. They could not help themselves. In 1779, a declaration of war by Spain aggravated their difficulties, and the French and Spanish Ministers looked confidently for an insurrection in Ireland. But they had mistaken the temper of the Irish people, who were ardently loyal. All classes were looking forward to the necessity of defending their country against invasion. Even the Catholics, although disabled by statutes from bearing arms without licence, “exhibited on this occasion a spirit of warm gratitude for the favour that had last year been shown them, and seem to have done all in their power to assist the Government. In some places they subscribed largely in aid of the Volunteer movement, and O’Conor published an Address to the common people, exhorting them to loyalty, and intimating his hope that they might be allowed to share with Protestants in the defence of their country.” But though there was no disloyalty, there was much discontent. There was “a resolute determination to maintain a distinctively Irish policy,” a determination, “while defending their country as a member of the British Empire, to insist upon the abolition of the trade restrictions which had destroyed its prosperity.” “Agreements to use only domestic manufactures and to abstain from purchasing English goods till the commercial restrictions were removed, were now entered into by the grand juries of many counties, and by numerous county meetings, and were signed in most of the great towns. Ladies of high social position set the example. The scarlet, green, blue, and orange uniforms of the volunteers were all manufactured at home. It was proposed, in imitation of the Americans, to publish in the newspapers the names of those traders who had infringed the agreement, but this proposal, which would probably have led to much crime, was generally reprobated, and soon abandoned. Many of the counties sent up urgent instructions to their representatives, enjoining them not to vote any Money Bill for more than six months, till the commercial grievances were redressed.”* But more than this; another and a higher object was strengthening among the Irish people. “The doctrine that self-government is the characteristic feature of English liberty, that Ireland, though subject to the King of England, was not subject to the English Government, that no laws were valid in Ireland which had not been made exclusively by the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland—this doctrine was now rapidly becoming the dominant creed of the country. The

* Lecky, vol. iv. p. 496.

American discussions had done much to convince all classes of Protestants that it was essential to their liberty, essential if they were to be permanently secured from taxation by a body in which they were wholly unrepresented, essential if they were to maintain any commercial liberty in the face of the great commercial jealousy of English industries. It had been the doctrine of a long series of Irish antiquaries, that the English settlers in Ireland had originally possessed a constitution in all respects similar to that of England, and that Poynings' law was the first of a series of encroachments which had been ratified and consummated by the Declaratory Act of George I. The right of Ireland to parliamentary independence had been unanimously asserted by the Irish Parliament of 1641; it had been a leading topic in the remonstrance presented by the Irish Catholics to the Commissioners of Charles I. in 1642, and in the negotiations of the Catholic Confederates for peace in 1645, and it was reiterated in emphatic terms by the Parliament of James II., convened at Dublin in 1689. On the ruin of the Catholics, the banner which dropped from their hands was caught up by Protestants. The doctrine of the legitimate independence of the Irish Parliament passed from Molyneux to Swift, from Swift to Lucas, from Lucas to Flood. It was strongly asserted in the writings of Henry Brooke. It was clearly, though less strongly, intimated by Sir James Caldwell. It was the first principle of the policy of Charlemont; and the eloquence of Grattan, assisted by the example of America, and by the spirit of independence which the sense of power naturally gives, was rapidly preparing its triumph. It had become a leading topic in the press, and made daily converts among all classes."*

So things went on for two years, during which a strong feeling of the necessity for concession to the popular demands was maturing in the minds of English statesmen, a feeling which the law-abiding character of the national movement, unmarred as it was by violence or disorder, did much to strengthen. At last the English Premier, Lord North, determined to sacrifice that great system of commercial restriction which for a century had paralyzed Irish prosperity. "The fear of bankruptcy in Ireland, the non-importation agreements which were beginning to tell upon English industries, the threatening aspect of an armed body which already counted more than 40,000 men, the determined and unanimous attitude of the Irish Parliament, the prediction of the Lord Lieutenant that all future military grants by Ireland depended upon his course, the danger that England, in the midst of a great and disastrous war, should be left abso-

* Lecky, vol. iv. p. 439.

lutely without a friend—all weighed upon his mind; and, at the close of 1779, and in the beginning of 1780, a series of measures were carried in England, which exceeded the utmost that a few years before the most sanguine Irishman could have either expected or demanded. The Acts which prohibited the Irish from exporting their woollen manufactures and their glass were wholly repealed, and the great trade of the colonies was freely thrown open to them. It was enacted that all goods that might be legally imported from the British settlements in America and Africa to Great Britain may be in like manner imported directly from those settlements into Ireland, and that all goods which may be legally exported from Great Britain into those settlements, may in like manner be exported from Ireland, on the sole condition that duties equal to those paid in British ports be imposed by the Irish Parliament on the imports and exports of Ireland. The Acts which prohibited carrying gold and silver coin into Ireland were repealed. The Irish were allowed to import foreign hops, and to receive a drawback on the duty on British hops. The Irish were allowed to become members of the Turkey Company, and to carry on a direct trade between Ireland and the Levant Sea.”*

The next emancipatory measure was the Act which, in March, 1780, relieved Irish Protestant Dissenters from the Sacramental Test. Two years more elapsed before further concessions were made; two years during which a great cry for legislative independence went out in every county, “from the volunteers, from the grand juries, from the freeholders, and the yeomen of every denomination. Those who were leading the movement were not rebels and were not demagogues. They had made—they were making—they were prepared to make, every effort in their power for the defence of the empire and of the connection. They were the gentry of Ireland, and they were asking nothing more than the restoration of their ancient rights—nothing more than that political liberty which Englishmen themselves maintained to be the first of blessings. The utter paralysis of Government, and the great force which had in consequence arisen, at once demonstrated the necessity of a radical change in the conditions of Irish government, and made it possible to effect it. Loyal men, devotedly attached to the Crown and the connection, who had strained the resources of the country to the utmost for the support of the empire, who had borne with signal patience misgovernment of the most varied and most crushing character, who were themselves discharging by an admirable voluntary effort the neglected duties of the Government, might surely afford to bear

* Lecky, vol. iv. p. 501.

the imputation of ingratitude if they availed themselves of the one opportunity which had arisen since the Revolution of recovering their birthright of freedom.”* At last, in December, 1781, one great security for that birthright was obtained by the passing of the Habeas Corpus Act. On the 15th of February in the following year, the delegates of the 25,000 armed men who constituted the 143 corps of Ulster Volunteers, assembled in the great church of Dungannon and passed the following among other Resolutions, in vindication of the rights of Irishmen:—

“That the claim of any body of men other than the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind this kingdom, is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance.

“That the power exercised by the Privy Council of both kingdoms, under, or under colour or pretence of, the law of Poynings, is unconstitutional and a grievance.

“That we hold the right of private judgment in matters of religion to be equally sacred in others as ourselves; that as men and as Irishmen, as Christians and as Protestants, we rejoice in the relaxation of the penal laws against our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, and that we conceive the measure to be fraught with the happiest consequences to the union and prosperity of the inhabitants of Ireland.”

A few days after the passing of these Resolutions, which were soon communicated far and wide and which exercised a momentous influence, Grattan moved his celebrated Declaration of Independence,† which was unanimously adopted by the Irish Parliament. It took the form of an Address to the King, asserting, “That, while the crown of Ireland was inseparably united to that of England, Ireland was by right a distinct kingdom, that her King, Lords, and Commons, and these alone, had a right to bind her, and that the discontents and jealousies of the nation were chiefly due to three great infringements of her freedom. These were the claims advanced by the British Parliament in the Act of George I. to legislate for Ireland and exercise a right of final judicature, the power exercised under Poynings’ law by the Privy Council to suppress or alter Irish Bills, and the perpetual Mutiny Act, which placed the Irish army beyond the control of the Irish Parliament. The Address concluded with reminding his Majesty that, “the people of this kingdom have never

* Lecky, vol. iv. p. 507.

† It was on the 19th of April, 1780, that Grattan first introduced into the Irish House of Commons a Declaration of Independence in a speech which is generally considered, and which he himself considered, the finest of his oratorical efforts. Upon that occasion the question was indefinitely adjourned.

expressed a desire to share the freedom of England without declaring a determination to share her fate likewise, standing or falling with the British nation.”*

Such were the main demands of the National Party, and the Viceroy, the Duke of Portland, strongly recommended compliance with them. “If you delay or refuse to be liberal,” he wrote to the English Ministry, “Government cannot exist here in its present form, and the sooner you recall your Lieutenant and renounce all claim to this country the better. But, on the contrary, if you can bring your minds to concede liberally and handsomely, I am persuaded that you may make any use of this people and of everything they are worth that you can wish.” The English Ministry took this advice. “In the Commons, Fox enumerated the different demands of the Irish, and announced the resolution of the Government to concede them absolutely and unconditionally. They were determined to repeal the Declaratory Act of George I., to abandon the appellate jurisdiction of the English House of Lords, to consent to such a modification of Poynings’ law as would annihilate the exceptional powers of the two Privy Councils, and to limit the Mutiny Act. He would ‘meet Ireland on her own terms, and give her everything she wanted in the way she herself seemed to wish for it.’ At the same time he intimated that a formal treaty should be made between England and Ireland ‘establishing on a firm and solid basis the future connection of the two kingdoms.’ At present, however, he proposed no such treaty, and contented himself with suggesting that Commissioners might at some future time be appointed to negotiate it. Of the volunteers he spoke with warm eulogy. ‘They had acted with temper and moderation, notwithstanding their steadiness and . . . had not done a single act for which they had not his veneration and respect. The intestine divisions of Ireland,’ he added, ‘are no more; the religious prejudices of the age are forgotten, and the Roman Catholics, being restored to the rights of men and citizens, would become an accession of strength and wealth to the empire at large, instead of being a burthen to the land that bore them.’†

The promises of Fox were immediately followed by the legislation necessary to give effect to them. It remained for the Irish Parliament to deal with the religious disabilities of Irishmen. Three Bills were introduced by Mr. Gardiner for the modification of the penal laws. “The first, which was called ‘An Act for the further relief of his Majesty’s subjects professing the Popish religion,’ applied to all Catholics who had taken the

* Grattan’s Speeches, i. 123–130. Commons’ Journals, xx. 352, 353.

† Lecky, vol. iv. p. 553.

oath of allegiance and declaration enacted under Lord Harcourt. It enabled them to purchase and bequeath land like Protestants, provided it was not in a parliamentary borough. It abolished a number of obsolete laws, making it penal for Catholic bishops or regulars to subsist in the country, subjecting priests to the necessity of registration, enabling any two justices of the peace to oblige Catholics to declare on oath where they last heard Mass, and forbidding Catholics to live in Limerick or Galway. These concessions, however, were encumbered with some slight restrictions, and the Act expressly reaffirmed the provisions against proselytism, against perversion to Catholicism, against Catholics assuming ecclesiastical titles or rank, or wearing vestments outside the precincts of their chapels, against chapels having steeples or bells, and against priests officiating anywhere except in their accustomed places of worship. Some grossly oppressive enactments which were still in force were at the same time repealed. A Protestant could no longer appropriate the horse of his Catholic neighbour if he tendered him £5. Horses of Catholics could no longer be seized at every alarm of invasion. Catholics were no longer obliged to provide Protestant watchmen at their own expense, or to reimburse the damage done by the privateers of an enemy. By a second Bill they were allowed to become schoolmasters, ushers, and private tutors, provided they took the oath of allegiance and subscribed the declaration, received a licence from the ordinary, and took no Protestant pupils. A Popish university or college, or endowed school, was still forbidden in Ireland, but Catholic laymen were now permitted to be guardians to Catholic children. These two measures became law, but a third, intended to legalize intermarriages between Protestants and Catholics, was ultimately defeated. . . . There was a general feeling that the repeal of the penal laws should be effected by degrees, and the Relief Bills of 1778 and of 1782 did undoubtedly mark two great stages in the direction both of religious toleration and of national unity. In the same session the last serious grievance of the Protestant Dissenters was removed. They had already been freed from the vexatious prosecutions and penalties to which they had been liable on account of the marriages celebrated in their meeting-houses by their ministers, but the legal validity of those marriages was very doubtful. A short Act was now passed to set these doubts at rest, and to give Protestant dissenting ministers, as far as their co-religionists were concerned, the same right of celebrating valid marriages as Anglican clergymen. It is worthy of notice that it was only in 1836 that the Imperial Parliament, under the influence of Lord John Russell, granted a similar boon to the Dissenters in England. Acts were at the same time passed repealing the

greater part of Poynings' law, confirming a large number of British statutes relating to Ireland, limiting the Mutiny Act, and establishing the right of final judicature in Ireland, and the independence of the Irish judges."*

VII.

Such, in the words of Grattan, was the progress of the Irish nation "from injuries to arms and from arms to liberty; a progress to which the volunteers contributed largely." "It was not," as this great orator went on to say, "the sword of the volunteer, nor his muster, nor his spirit, nor his promptitude to put down accidental disturbance or public disorder, nor his own unblamed and distinguished deportment. This was much, but there was more than this. The upper orders, the property, and the abilities of the country formed with the volunteer, and the volunteer had sense enough to obey them. This united the Protestant with the Catholic, and the landed proprietor with the people. There was still more than this. There was a continence which confined the corps to limited and legitimate objects. . . . No vulgar rant against England, no mysterious admiration of France. . . . They were what they professed to be, nothing less than the society, asserting her liberty according to the frame of the British constitution, her inheritance to be enjoyed in perpetual connection with the British Empire." I have ventured to call this great change "the Resurrection of Ireland"—surely not too strong a phrase to describe her recovery of national independence, of civil freedom, after she had lain for centuries in darkness and the shadow of death, "*sine adjutorio, sicut vulnerati dormientes in sepulchris.*" I leave it to my readers to draw from the tale which I have unfolded, using for the most part Mr. Lecky's words, the moral as to the legitimacy both of her aspirations and of the means by which they were accomplished. And I may well thus leave it. So obvious is it, that only wilful ignorance can be blind to it, only inveterate prejudice can misinterpret it. And, with wilful ignorance or inveterate prejudice, no words, whether of Mr. Lecky's or of mine, are likely to avail.

W. S. LILLY.

* Lecky, vol. iv. p. 556.



ART. IV.—THE CHILDHOOD OF RELIGIONS.

1. *The Childhood of the World, a Simple Account of Man in Early Times.* By EDWARD CLODD, F.R.A.S. Special Edition for Schools. Sixteenth Thousand. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1878.
2. *The Childhood of Religions, embracing a Simple Account of the Birth and Growth of Myths and Legends.* By EDWARD CLODD, F.R.A.S. London: King & Co. 1875.

A POPULAR work, provided always that it is written by a man who has a sufficient knowledge of his subject and the capacity to deal with it from whatever standpoint he may have taken up, often gives us better means of judging of a subject as a whole and of marking the tendency of a theory, than a purely technical one can afford. This is why we have selected these two little books by Mr. Clodd as the text of our remarks upon some recent theories regarding the religions of the world. Mr. Clodd's works, unpretentious as they are in form, are certainly very able; they show much reading and much thought. He has a remarkably wide grasp of his subject and a rare power of writing in clear and simple language on very abstruse and complex themes. He has a charming style, which, without being affected, is markedly English, using for the most part good Saxon words, without falling into the worse than classic pedantry of the school which has produced the "Book of English Speechlore." Indeed, whatever may be said of the soundness or unsoundness of his theories and deductions, we have nothing but praise for the manner and form of Mr. Clodd's books. But the charms of a beautiful style, of wide and varied information, and of the pleasing habit of citing, for the purpose of illustration, not some trite fable, but some gem from the yet half-explored folk-lore of distant lands—all this only makes the two little books before us the more mischievous. Their purpose is really a mischievous one. Mr. Clodd has, of course, no idea of this. He has, we do not doubt, written them under a strong conviction that the views of the school to which he belongs are true, and that he is serving the cause of truth and warring against error by promulgating them. He regards the Bible narrative of man's origin as a fiction; he believes in the evolution of civilization from a state of primitive barbarism. To him the first man created in Eden in a state of original innocence and enjoying close intercourse with his God, is as much a fable as the birth of Apollo in Delos. He does not believe in any revelation or in the Divine origin of any religion. They are all, like modern

civilization, developed, worked out from first to last in the words and thoughts of men, all groping in the dark; they establish apparently, by a general consensus, the four articles of Mr. Clodd's creed—that there is a God, that He is good and kind, that He wishes us to do good, and that it will probably be the better for us hereafter if we do so, though it does not appear that we shall fare very badly if we do not. The books are distinctly stated to be chiefly intended for young people. They have been published in cheap editions for schools, and in this form have certainly met with a ready sale, though as to how far they have been adopted as class-books we have no means of judging.* Dealing as they do with the highest subjects in which man or child can be interested—our origin, our religious belief, our hopes for the future—their avowed object is to give children the non-Christian theory, so that from their early years they may believe the Gospel according to Professors Huxley and Max Müller. Thus, after relating what he calls the Bible legend of the Creation, and asking in how far it is to be believed, Mr. Clodd says: "The answer which I try to give to the question before we pass on to the other legends"—the Babylonian, Persian, Hindoo, and Norse stories of the Creation—"may save you the irksome work of unlearning much in after years, which is often taught upon these matters."† The same idea appears in a letter from Professor Max Müller to the author. The professor is naturally very much pleased with the book. "I have no doubt," he says, "that it will do good, and I hope that you will continue your work. Nothing spoils our temper so much as to have to unlearn in youth, manhood, and even old age, so many things which we were taught as children. A book like yours will prepare a far better soil in the child's mind, and I was delighted to have it to read to my children." To put it quite plainly, Mr. Clodd's clever little books are simply manuals of Theistic infidelity for boys and girls. It is something in our day that he expresses a belief in God and in His providence; but where he has led the way teaching young people that God has never revealed Himself to His creatures, and that they have no certain means of bridging the abyss that divides them from Him, others will follow teaching the young what is so widely taught to older heads—that there is only an abyss with no God beyond it.

Briefly, the question which Mr. Clodd has set himself to answer for his young readers is this—What do men of science say of the origin of the world and of religion, and what are we to

* "The Childhood of the World" has also been published in raised type by the Society for providing Cheap Literature for the Blind.

† "Childhood of Religions," p. 16.

hold if we wish at once to keep some belief in God and to accept the teachings of those who boldly assert themselves to be the leaders of the intellectual world of to-day? This leads him into an exposition of the theory of the development of man's social and religious life out of a primitive chaos by man's own exertions, as opposed to the orthodox theory of a primitive state of innocence, light, and peace. From the battle that is being fought around these theories, one important result has been obtained, one fact has been set in the clearest light by the very attempts made to impugn it, and that is, that man, wherever he is to be found, has a religion of one kind or another; that nowhere is he the mere brute whose vision is bounded on all sides by sense; that everywhere he more or less clearly sees that there is something beyond the material world around him; that there is in his own nature that which feels that he will not all die, and that there is above him some power with which he cannot cope; that there is a right and a wrong in his daily conduct; and that somehow or somewhere he will have to atone for wrong done. Again and again it has been asserted that this or that savage race has no religion, no sense of the supernatural, no knowledge of right or wrong; and again and again it has been shown that it was only by reasoning upon insufficient information that those conclusions were arrived at. Few men are really so conversant with the language of an uncivilized people as to be able to speak directly with them of anything beyond the material wants of food, fire, and shelter, of their hunting or fishing, and the most ordinary features of their social life. To go beyond this and get at the inner mind of the savage is given to few. Thus very often we are told that this or that race are nothing but Materialists, whereas the fact is that our informant has only been able to penetrate as far as the outer or material part of their language, while all their inner thoughts remain a sealed book to him. Even if a native interpreter is employed, the difficulty only takes another form; for in two out of three cases the interpreter will have a very limited knowledge of the civilized language which is his means of communication with the traveller, and will hardly understand his questions as to the religious belief of the tribe or people which the white man is visiting. He is either stupid or lazy enough to convey to the traveller the impression that the men of the tribe have no religious beliefs at all, or between his ignorance of a European language and the traveller's ignorance of the native tongue, the few articles which make up the *credo* of his countrymen are made to assume a shape in which their professors would hardly recognize them.

Another source of error arises from the very natural reluctance

of the native to unveil all the secrets of his creed to the stranger. His religion—rude as it may be—is, to his mind, something to be spoken of with bated breath, and to one he can trust; it is not to be rashly blurted out in answer to the prying questions of a man he has never seen, and who, for all he knows, may have some strange power to injure him through the very information he asks. The native, while he seems all simple-minded frankness, is on his guard, often much more upon his guard than the traveller suspects. Prof. Max Müller, in his “Introduction to the Science of Religions,” gives a very striking example of the way in which the belief of a rude race is often misrepresented by the traveller. Captain Gardiner travelled through the Zulu country in 1835, and in his account of his journey he gives in full a dialogue between himself and a Zulu named Tpai, in which he tried to get at the belief of the savage, but could only learn from him that he had no idea of creation, or of any power over Nature, that he thought things came of themselves, “and that they believed the souls of their forefathers looked upon them, and thus in some way aided them when they went to war,* but that they did not think of these things at any other time.” “It would be impossible,” says Professor Max Müller, “to find a deeper shade of religious darkness than is pictured in this dialogue.” He compares with it the account given by Dr. Callaway “of the fundamental religious notions which he, after long residence amongst the various classes of the Zulus, after acquiring an intimate knowledge of their language, and what is still more important, *after gaining their confidence*, was able to extract from their old men and women.” He found they possessed an elaborate religious system, and believed not only in unseen powers and a future life, but recognized the unity of the human race, every clan having its ancestor, and there being moreover an ancestor for the whole race of man. “That ancestor is generally called the Unkulunkulu, which means the great-great-grandfather.” The case of the Zulus is a very instructive one. It shows with what great caution all accounts of the belief of uncivilized peoples is to be received. In this instance the first account represented them, apparently with very good reason, as a race of wretched Materialists; the second account, given by a man who had lived among them, who had won their confidence and really understood them, showed that they possessed a definite religious system. It has yet to be shown that there is any people existing without this great element of human life; and the fact that up to this time it has not been shown, although the large number of able men who

* Even supposing that Tpai was giving a correct account of his belief to Gardiner, we have here an instance of the strong human instinct to look for supernatural succour in times of danger or need.

have adopted the evolution theory of man's origin are most anxious to show it, and most industrious in their examination of all the lower types of the human race, this we believe may be taken as definite proof that man, wherever he is to be found upon the globe, possesses some form of religion. Of course the evolutionist takes refuge in the assertion that this arises from the fact that we live no longer in the young days of the world, that even the lowest savages have advanced beyond that stage in which the highest type was the pithecoïd or the anthropoid, slowly casting off the ape and becoming the man. With this at the moment we have nothing to do. It is enough for our purpose that man is now everywhere possessed of some form of religion. The range of existing forms is very great, the divergence between them of the widest, and even if we except Christianity and deal only with non-Christian religious systems, the distance between the highest and the lowest in the scale is enormous. But throughout this immense range there is no real break of continuity. In every religion there is a common type. The fetich worshipper of Dahomey bowing down before a python or a rude mass of stone, the Roman flamen immolating his victim before some majestic statue of the Thundering Jove, the Hindu dragging himself along his weary road of pilgrimage, the Buddhist longing in rapt meditation for the eternal repose of Nirvâna, and the Muslim at the appointed hour bowing in prayer to the All Merciful, are all obeying one common impulse, seeking to satisfy one common need of mankind—that same need which the Christian at once feels and satisfies when he obeys the will of God. In every religion, too, we meet analogous rites and practices—prayer, sacrifice, atonement—and the question at once arises, whence comes this community of essential type, this similarity of outward form?

There are two current answers to the question—one true, the other false. There is the Christian and the non-Christian, or, perhaps more truly, the anti-Christian theory of the origin of the religions of mankind. According to the first theory, we have preserved in all human religions some portions of the tradition of the original Divine revelation, and this is given outward expression in response to the universal feeling that there exists some higher power on which man depends, and the universal need to find some means of giving to that power a definite type, and in one way or another addressing to it praise, petition, or deprecation of coming misfortune. In the midst of all, and towering above all the varied forms of human belief, stands the religion of Divine revelation, with three great stages in its history—the Patriarchal, the Judaic, and the Christian. The first centuries present the woful sight of the primitive monotheistic worship of

Patriarchal times, the worship of Adam, of Enoch, and of Noah, disappearing from among men. The belief in the great truths of God's all-pervading presence, and unceasing government of the world, and in His various attributes and powers, gave place to pantheistic Nature worship; and then, as the worship of Nature as a whole, gave place to the worship of Nature under its changing aspects and in its several parts, the rising tide of paganism flowed off into polytheistic idolatry on the one hand, and a degraded fetichism on the other. In the call of Abraham, and in the marvellous mission of Moses, we see the Creator setting aside a chosen people, amongst whom, by a special providence, the worship of one God was to be preserved, though, even amongst them, frequent falls into a debased form of idolatry showed what little hope there was, in the ordinary course of events, that the true religion would be preserved upon earth. Judaism did its work in maintaining a protest against polytheism and idolatry, and in witnessing to the coming of a Messiah. Then came Christianity, supplying all man's spiritual needs, appealing to men of every race, and combating every false religion. On this theory every existing form of religion outside Judaism and Christianity is a degradation of the first true religion, and thus the likeness that may be traced in all religions arises—first, from a common origin, and secondly, from a common nature in the men who teach and profess them. In all religions we find belief in a deity or deities, a rule of right and wrong, belief in a future immortality, belief in the dependence of a future state upon our conduct here, and the practice of some form of prayer or some form of sacrifice. Sacrifice is a visible embodiment of the idea of the necessity of atonement for wrong done. He who sacrifices gives up something; usually a victim is slain as a confession of the truth that death is the reward and the consequence of sin. That sacrifice should be found among pagans and savages from the earliest times in no sense disproves or necessarily throws a doubt upon its Divine institution, for human nature is God's handiwork, and what He institutes is given to satisfy yearnings He has Himself implanted in us. Nor was it a rite likely to be soon disused, even by apostates from the primitive truth. On the contrary, it would only vary more or less in form; for the essential idea which it embodies is one to which, wherever any kind of religion existed, men would, in some shape, strive to give outward and typical expression.

This is a very simple explanation of the origin of the religions of the world. It rests on the belief in the unity of the human race and in the fact of a primitive revelation.* It must, and it

* We do not use this phrase in the sense of the so-called traditionalist

will, stand the test of the comparison of the history of Judaism and of Christianity with the history of other religious systems. But the modern school, which pins its faith to the theory of evolution, believing, as it does, in the primitive barbarism of mankind, refuses to believe in a primitive revelation. In the eyes of these men all religions are alike human in their origin. They have their first roots in the questions of the savage as to the nature of anything that startles or impresses him, and they have their highest development in, according to one school, the infidel worship of humanity; according to another, pure deism on the one side, and scientifically organized philanthropy on the other. Mr. Clodd belongs, as we have already said, to the theistic branch of the party. In his "*Childhood of the World*" he traces out in very simple language what he supposes to have been the course of events and the chain of ideas by which religion was developed. His theory on this point is very nearly the same as that of Auguste Comte, the chief difference being that, unlike Comte, he wishes to stop at the monotheistic stage, instead of going on to the Comtist ideal of perfection in which pure philosophy is to rule the world. Like Comte, he sees in fetish worship the beginning of religion on earth, instead of regarding it, as we do, as the lowest point of the degradation of religion, not the starting-point in its upward progress.

He takes us back to the period when man had just risen above the brute—"when the chief wants of his body were supplied, and he would begin to act still more like man by thinking." He tells us of "man's first questions," and the answers which he believes these savages of the primeval world gave to them. He does not tell us, or try to tell us, how man reached the state in which he first "began to think," or to ask any questions. This, the hardest part of the whole "development" to account for, is left all but untouched. But let this pass, man somehow has begun to think, and what are his thoughts?

His ears listened to the different sounds of Nature: the music of the flowing river, the roar of the never-silent sea, the rustle of the leaves as they were swept by the unseen fingers of the breeze, the patter of the rain as it dropped from the great black clouds, the rumble of the thunder as it followed the spear-like flashes of light sent

school. We are merely insisting on the fact that, although undoubtedly God can be known by all men by the light of reason, and men beyond the reach of revelation have so known Him, we do not find whole peoples rising to a monotheistic worship unless where their knowledge of God is directly or indirectly traceable to the revelation of Himself made by God through the patriarchs and the prophets, and lastly by His Son. When therefore we speak of the primitive revelation, we mean God's revelation of Himself to the human race through our first parents, and the patriarchs.

from the rolling clouds; these and a hundred other sounds, now harsh, now sweet, made him ask—What does it all mean? Where and what am I? Whence came I? Whence came all that I see and hear and touch? Man's first feeling was one of simple wonder; his second feeling the wish to find out the *cause* of things, what it was that made them as they were. All around him was Nature—great, mighty, beautiful; was it not all alive, for did it not all move? . . . He knew that he himself moved or stood still as he choose; that his choice was ruled by certain reasons, and that only when he willed to do anything was it done. Something within governed all that he did. Nature was not still; the river flowed, the clouds drifted, the leaves trembled, the earth shook; sun, moon, and stars stayed not; these, then, must be moved by something within them. Thus began a belief in spirits dwelling in everything—in sun, tree, waterfall, flame, beast, bird, and serpent.*

Then taking up a train of ideas, of which Professor Max Müller is the popular exponent, Mr. Clodd tells us that the study of words will show what was man's idea about a spirit.

The difference [he says] between a living and a dead man is this: the living man breathes and moves; the dead man has ceased to breathe and is still. Now the word *spirit* means *breath*, and in the leading languages of the world the word used for *soul* or *spirit* is that which signifies *breath* or *wind*. Frequently the soul of man is thought to be a sort of steam or vapour, or a man's shadow, which, becoming unsettled, causes him to be ill.†

This is very plausible at first sight; but to suppose that because *spirit* and *spiritus* mean ultimately breath, that because *anima* and *ἄνιμος*, and ghost and gust, are words springing from the same roots, the first men would believe and say that

The spirit does but mean the breath,

and that they regarded the soul as a certain amount of air or gas, is a very superficial way of reasoning; and overlooks the fact that even in the simplest minds there is much of what we call philosophy, but what might just as well be called common-sense. All our spiritual ideas are expressed, and always have been expressed, by words and phrases that really have at their bottom a material sense, which, as it were, typifies the spiritual meaning that is attributed to them, and that they convey; and moreover the definition of doctrine and the development of devotion, far from taking away, adds to the number of these words and phrases in which a spiritual sense lies hid under a material one.‡ There

* "Childhood of the World," pp. 60-61.

† P. 72.

‡ Of course, every intellectual idea is in our present state accompanied by its material *phantasma* (e.g., the idea of a *circle* by the phantasm of a *ring*, that contains other notes than those included in our definition of

is a kind of sacramentalism in language; just as the Church uses ritual and outward signs to convey a spiritual teaching and meaning, so in language the mind of man fastens upon a material idea nearly parallel to the spiritual one, which he intends to convey, and once a word is thus marked off as it were for a religious or metaphysical use, the spiritual sense sometimes becomes more marked than the material one which at length underlies rather than typifies it. At other times the two meanings exist side by side, without even a child ever confounding them. One of the popular English ascetical works of the fourteenth century was Dan Michel of Northgate's "Ayenbite of Jorwit"—which means simply the "again-bite," or "re-morse," of conscience. It would be absurd to reason from this that long ago men believed that conscience was a kind of animal that literally kept gnawing at a man's heart and biting him again and again. The language, material as it is in form, is figurative and spiritual in meaning. When St. John, guided by the Holy Spirit, speaks of God the Son as the expression of the Father's perfections, he tells us that Ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ λόγος καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦν πρὸς τὸν θεόν, καὶ θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος, and immediately Λόγος, *verbum*, the Word, have all a new spiritual sense, which no one can confound with the ordinary sense that in other places all these words continue to bear. Here Λόγος is made to shadow forth St. John's meaning, a meaning which the material form of language makes it impossible to convey directly by a single word. Here, too, it would be worse than absurd to talk of the early Christians having believed that God the Father spoke an audible vocal word which somehow became God the Son. Yet this is precisely the way that men reason, who, like Professor Max Müller and his disciple Mr. Clodd, grasp at a word, and taking it in its crudest sense, tell us, for instance, that in the first ages men believed that a man's material breath was his soul, and "prove" it by giving us the root of *spiritus* or *anima*. Or again, to take another favourite point in the theory of these professors of linguistic theology, we are told that *Deus* and *Jovis*, θεός and Ζεύς, and the German wargod *Tiu*, all spring from one root, DIV or DYU, which means to shine; and that *Dyaus*, the name of one of the oldest Aryan gods, meant simply the bright sky—then comes the conclusion that the old Aryan religion was worship of the bright vault of heaven. Yet the mere name proves nothing. In the mouth of those who used it as the name of God, it may just as well have meant the Lord of Heaven or the Lord of Light—names that well befit God. We can accept this derivation of *Deus* without

a circle). Now the phantasm suggests the word, which is therefore naturally material in its original meaning.

supposing that our Aryan forefathers in the days "before Sanskrit was Sanskrit and Greek was Greek," saw and worshipped in the sky a huge fetish.

To sum up. It is not sound reasoning to suppose that because all religious terms and phrases have ultimately a material shape, that they were therefore first used by materialists and fetish worshippers; on the contrary, to take this view is to misrepresent the very nature of language, when it is applied to the things of the unseen but not unknown world. Let us now return to Mr. Clodd's story of the first growth of religions. It began, he tells us, in man's feeling that all around him was alive, leading him to fetish-worship—the worship of anything strange that attracted his fancy—"a stone of curious shape, the stump of a tree with the roots turned up, or a red-rag"—and Nature-worship, the worship of springs and rivers, trees and animals. He does not point out that fetish-worship and Nature-worship are very close indeed to each other, if not ultimately the same, though he comes near saying this. Under the head of Nature-worship he enumerates the worship of serpents; and he might have added that in many places—*e.g.*, at Whydah, in Dahomey, the *fetishes* are snakes. "It seems likely," he tells us, "that in different parts of the world men had different gods, and would at first worship the things nearest to them, till they knew enough about them to lessen fear, and would then bow down before those greater powers whose mysteries are hidden still."* The next great step in the development of religion was that which man took when—

rising from the worship of stones and brutes [he began] to believe in a class of great gods, each ruling some separate part of Nature or of the life of men. Thus, instead of thinking only of a separate spirit as dwelling in every streamlet, he conceived of one river-god or water-god ruling all streams, or of one sea-god ruling every sea: . . . The more man began to think and to know, the more did he lessen the number of his gods. Thus arose belief in one god ruling the thunder, another the rain, another the wind, another the sun and so on.†

One more step in Mr. Clodd's theory serves as the means of transition to monotheism. This step is "Dualism," or the belief in two gods:—

Man, as he came to think more and more about things, and not to be simply frightened into an unreasoning worship of living and dead objects, lessened still further the number of ruling powers, and seemed

* "Childhood of the World," p. 83. Mr. Clodd nowhere mentions, and perhaps is ignorant of the fact that the fetishism of Africa has a kind of neglected monotheism lingering beside it. This is another significant trace of degradation, and not of progress in religion.

† "Childhood of the World," p. 87.

to see two mighty gods fighting for mastery over himself and the universe. On the one hand was a power that appeared to dwell in the calm unclouded blue, and with kind and loving heart to scatter welcome gifts upon men; on the other hand was a power that appeared to be harsh and cruel, that lashed the sea into fury, covered earth and sky with blackness, swept man's home and crops away in torrent and in tempest, chilled him with icy hand, and gave his children to the beast of prey. One a god of light, smiling in the sunbeam; the other a god of darkness, scowling in the thunder-cloud—one ruling by good and gentle spirits, the other by fierce and evil spirits. This belief in a good god, opposed and fought against by a bad god, became so deeply rooted that no religion is quite free from it, for it seemed to man the only explanation of the hurt and evil whose power he felt.*

This dualism is made to be the stepping-stone to monotheism. This link in the theory seems, at first sight, to be very ingeniously constructed, but it breaks to pieces when we handle it more closely. What Mr. Clodd says of dualism at once sets the reader thinking in what religion it is to be found—where have we these two gods fighting for the possession of the world? We really only find dualism in *one* of the great religions of the world—the Persian system of Zoroaster, with its eternal war between Ormuzd and Ahriman,† and it occurs to us to test Mr. Clodd's theory by his own account of this system. Before doing so, we must note that in his account of Zoroastrianism we find a very fair example of the use of one of the commonest weapons of scepticism—namely, that of comparison between things which have more or less of similarity in the Christian and in non-Christian religions, with the view of trying to show that this or that Christian doctrine comes from a pagan source. Ravignan used to say that the *chef d'œuvre* of the devil was to get his own existence denied; and here Mr. Clodd uses the principle of comparison for the abolition of devil. In the dualistic Persian system we have Ormuzd, the Lord of Good, and Ahriman, the Lord of Evil, confronting each other as equals, and on equal terms striving for the possession of every man. Mr. Clodd points out that the Jews in their captivity at Babylon were brought in contact with the Persian religion, and alleges that it was there they got their idea of the devil.

The ease [he says] with which man believes in unearthly powers working for his hurt prepares a people to admit into its creed the doctrine of evil spirits; and although it is certain [?] that the Jews

* "Childhood of the World," pp. 92, 93.

† Ormuzd is a corruption of Ahura-Mazda—the mighty, all-creating spirit; Ahriman, a corruption of Angra-Mainyus, that is the "Sinful-Minded."

had no belief in such spirits before their captivity in Babylon, they spoke of Satan (which means an *adversary*) as a messenger sent from God to watch the deeds of men, and accuse them to Him for their wrong-doing. Satan thus becoming by degrees an object of dread, upon whom all the evil which befel men was charged, the minds of the Jews were ripe for accepting the Persian doctrine of Ahriman with his legions of devils. Ahriman became the Jewish Satan, a belief in whom formed part of early Christian doctrine, and is now but slowly dying out. What fearful ills it has caused history has many a page to tell. . . . We turn over the smeared pages of this history in haste, thankful that from such a nightmare the world has wakened.*

Here we have, in the first place, the tacit assumption that the tempter of Genesis was not Satan, but a mere serpent, and that although they had the history of the Fall at the head of their sacred books, the Jews did not originally believe in the spiritual enemy of mankind. Side by side with this is the assumption that because there was a devil in the Persian religion, and the Jews were for awhile ruled by the Persians, the belief in the arch-fiend Satan came from Persia. A much more natural theory is passed over—namely, that Satan and Ahriman are identical in origin, and that both came from the primitive religion of mankind, a Christian adding that in Satan the true type has been preserved, while in the Persian tradition there has crept in the error of making Ahriman not a fallen creature of the Almighty, whom sin has made His foe, but a being supreme in his own sphere, coeval and coequal with his antagonist Ormuzd. A great blow is struck at Mr. Clodd's theory of the place of dualism in the development of religion, and the origin of Ahriman which we have suggested is rendered still more probable, by the fact that this dualism in the Persian system was a corruption of an original monotheism, in which Ahriman's place was very nearly that of Satan in Jewish and Christian theology. Mr. Clodd, without seeing the significance of this fact, states it very clearly and fairly:—

It is well-nigh certain [he says] that Zoroaster believed in one God, and explained the mystery of evil as the work of demons, ruled by an arch-fiend, "Angra-Mainyus," the "Sinful-Minded," afterwards known as Ahriman. In the course of time, as men saw that the powers of good and evil seemed equal, neither being able to conquer, Ahriman was held to be as supreme over evil as Ormuzd was over good. The Supreme Mind that had fashioned all was forgotten, and the universe was regarded as a battle-field whereon these two waged unceasing war.†

Here, then, is the best marked instance of dualism which we can

* "Childhood of Religions," pp. 168-169.

† *Ibid.* p. 161.

find among the religions of the world, and perhaps that in which alone the dualism is perfect; *it is not a step forward from polytheism towards monotheism, but a retrogression.* We have here, as it were, the process of the divergence from the primitive monotheistic worship of patriarchal times passing before our eyes; but a few pages further on, to suit a theory that the idea of the devil came to the Jews from Persia, the plain fact is disregarded that when the Jews were under Persian rule, Ahriman was a very different being from Satan, as Ormuzd was no longer the supreme God; while centuries before this contact with the Jews the Persians believed in an Ormuzd who was very like the one God worshipped by the Jews, and in an Ahriman who was all but identical with Satan. Decidedly the resemblance points to the unity of a primitive belief, and dualism is seen to be a retrogression from monotheism.

There is not a little pleasant flattery of self when we speak of the progress, the steady, self-reliant, unceasing progress of the human race, whether it be in religion, in knowledge, or in civilization; but there always comes up the *amari aliquid*, which embitters the sweet draught of praise, and it generally takes the form of a question, and that question is—How much of this progress is real, how much of it imaginary? Let us look fairly at this question as it affects this theory of the development of religions. In the history of religions do we find that the tendency has been towards progress? Unfortunately, the reply must be that, with rare exceptions, the contrary has been the case. As a rule, so far from there being progress, we find distinct retrogression. Instances of this abound. Let us take some examples, and for this purpose let us glance at the history of classic paganism, of religion in India, and of religion among the Jews.

But, first, we must lay down the principle that is to guide us. We place at one end of the scale Christianity, and we make our standard of comparison the nearness of approach to the worship of one God. We count pantheism and even Nature-worship as standing higher in the scale than idolatry, and we place polytheism above pure fetichism; and again, we would place a polytheistic system, in which to one deity is assigned a clear supremacy over lesser powers and over the consciences of men, higher than one in which there is only a well-filled pantheon of nearly equal powers.

Let us take first the Jews. They supply the most striking instance. They began as monotheists, but nevertheless they were continually falling into idolatry from the time when, with the memories of the idols of Egypt fresh in their minds, they made Aaron cast the golden calf at the foot of Sinai, down to

the days when kings knelt before the idols of Bethel. There was among them for centuries a tendency towards a degraded form of idolatry; and this, although they had, from the earliest days of their existence as a people, lived in the full light of a revealed religion. So far as the history of the Jews goes, it would seem that it is much easier for men left to themselves to abandon monotheism than to adhere to it, not to speak at all of their developing it out of a polytheistic worship.

Take again the history of religion among the Greeks and Romans. Their mythology points to Nature-worship as the old religion of their immediate ancestors. And from what little we know of it, in many points it seems to have been superior to the later worship. This was certainly the case with the Romans, and probably it was so with the Greeks—it has even been argued that the religion of early Rome was monotheistic. Certain it is that the early Roman pantheon contained fewer deities, and these of simpler and nobler mould, than the gods of later days. The Venus of early Roman mythology was not the Venus of Ovid and Horace, and its Mars was the guardian of flocks and crops, not the bloodthirsty slaughterer of men. In Greek mythology we see the same degradation at work, to a great extent under Asiatic and especially Phœnician influence; but both in Greece and Rome there was decidedly in the popular religion no tendency towards monotheism; the gods increased in number, their worship grew more and more base; whilst at the same time another tendency began to manifest itself—a tendency to atheism. At the time of our Lord it is very clear that a real belief in the gods no longer existed among educated men; not that they had become monotheists, but because they had become reckless of all religion. It was kept up chiefly because it was in so many ways interwoven with the functions of the State, but the gods were now for most men only the lay figures upon which poetry could be displayed. Among the upper classes there was irreligion; among the lower a grovelling superstition, little, if at all, better than the Obeah and fetish worship of Africa.

It is true that there were in Greece and Rome some few men who became philosophic leaders, and whose philosophy was monotheistic; but even among these who was there that boldly set himself against the polytheistic idolatry around him? The willingness of Socrates to "give a cock to Æsculapius," has passed into a proverb. And the fact remains that the philosophy of the Academy notwithstanding, the nations of the Mediterranean were polytheists to the last, and the break up of paganism was not effected, nor did monotheism become the faith of these peoples, until it was preached to them from without by the fishermen of Galilee.

Let us now leave the Mediterranean and take a glance at India. For the history of religion in India we have an enormous mass of materials, the fruit of the labours of a long succession of Sanscrit scholars, beginning with the Jesuit De Nobili, more than two hundred years ago. Yet, long as these researches have been in progress, we may say that it is only of late years that the chaos of Indian religious lore has begun to take shape and form before the minds of Europeans. In its main outlines the history of Vedism, Brahmanism, and Buddhism, is now sufficiently clear. At the very outset it is important to pay attention to the fact that, in the Vedas, the sacred books of Hinduism, we have a religion which is very different from Brahmanism, or the Hinduism of the present day. We have, therefore, at once a marked distinction between pure Vedic Hinduism and Brahmanic Hinduism. The former is far above the latter; the religion of the Vedas is polytheism, but polytheism without idols, for the most part a Nature-worship with strong tendencies towards pantheism, but preserving clear traces of a more spiritual belief, and numbering among its gods beings with attributes that removed them far from the gross materialism of the later Indian mythology. Unlike its subsequent development, it had

no temples, no priesthood, no idols. The millions of gods which are the objects of Hindu worship now, the division of men into castes, the horrid practice of burning women with their dead husbands, the belief that the soul after death enters the body of one criminal after another, formed no part of the old religion.*

Among its Gods one stood out from the rest, and, so far as men's actions were concerned, was more powerful than all his fellow deities—this was Varuna, the "All-surrounding." Mr. Clodd quotes from the Rig-Veda some of its hymns to Varuna, which to our mind seem to prove that in this great figure of the Vedic mythology was preserved as it were, in outline, the image of the God the old Aryans worshipped before they fell into a pantheistic Nature-worship, and made earth, and sun, and storm, objects of adoration. Long as they are, their beauty and their significance are good reasons for quoting them here. In the first, Varuna's omnipresence and knowledge of all things is thus described :—

The great Lord of these worlds sees as if He were near. If a man thinks he is walking by stealth the Gods know it all.

If a man stands or walks or hides, if he goes to lie down or to get up, what two people sitting together whisper, King Varuna knows it, He is there as a third.

* "Childhood of Religions," p. 150.

This earth, too, belongs to Varuna the King, and this wide sky with its ends far apart. The two seas (the sky and the ocean) are Varuna's loins: he is also contained in this drop of water.

He who shall flee far beyond the sky, even he would not be rid of Varuna the King. His spies proceed from Heaven towards this world; with thousand eyes they overlook this earth.

King Varuna sees all this, what is between Heaven and Earth and what is beyond. He has counted the twinklings of the eyes of men. As a player throws the dice he settles all things.*

To Varuna, the All-surrounder, are addressed prayers for mercy and for the pardon of sins:—

Let me not yet, O Varuna! enter into the house of clay; have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

If I go along trembling like a cloud driven by the wind; have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

Through want of strength, thou strong and bright God, have I gone wrong; have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

Thirst came upon the worshipper, though he stood in the midst of the waters; have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

Whenever we men, O Varuna! commit an offence before the heavenly host; whenever we break the law through thoughtlessness, punish us not, O God, for that offence.†

But that there was no connection between ancient India and Palestine, and that these Vedic verses are perhaps centuries older than the Psalms, we might at first sight be tempted to suppose that we had an echo of them in this early Indian *miserere*. We certainly have here not an echo, but the lingering notes of the praise given in the first ages to the Lord of Heaven and Earth. If Mr. Clodd's theory of development were true, we should expect to see the majestic figure of Varuna standing out in the later days of Hinduism as that of the one God—Prithivî and Agni, the Maruts and Ushas, disappearing from their place as gods, to remain merely as the names of natural objects and phenomena. But this is not so. Varuna is not a development in the direction of monotheism, but the last trace of a lost monotheism. Instead of decreasing in number, the gods of the Hindu pantheon increased literally by thousands, and this polytheism was now combined with idolatry, until there was no city, no village, without its idols and its temple. Here, again, we find not progress but retrogression.

There was, indeed, a revolt against this idolatrous polytheism, but it did not take the direction of monotheism. About four hundred and fifty years before our era, there was born at Kâpilavastu, in Northern India, Gautama, better known by the

* "Childhood of Religions," p. 146.

† *Ibid.* p. 147.

name he assumed in the latter part of his life, Buddha, or more correctly, The Buddha, that is to say, the Enlightened One. We need not here attempt to tell the story of his life. It is enough to say that, being deeply impressed by the fact that human life was full of suffering, of anxieties, cares, and disappointments for the mind, sickness, pain, decay, and death for the body, he sought to find some doctrine that would enable him and others to bear those ills with patience and fortitude, and at length to get beyond their reach. With this end in view he gave up his princely rank and wealth, left his wife and child, and became a Brahmanic monk or ascetic. For six years he lived this life. He became famous as a holy man, and disciples joined him; but year after year he failed to find the knowledge that was to console and strengthen him, while, on the other hand, he felt that his manner of life was really aimless and useless. One day while he was in this frame of mind a light seemed to break in upon him; he had struck the key-note of his new philosophy; he was no longer only the weary, disappointed, ascetic Gautama, but he had become Buddha—"the Enlightened."

His new doctrine was rather a philosophy of life than a religion, for it had no worship properly so called; and, though it was a revolt against idolatry, Buddhism substituted not monotheism but agnostic atheism for Brahmanic polytheism. "In Buddhism, as a philosophy," says Mr. Clodd, "the Being of God is not denied, it is ignored." There is, in fact, in pure Buddhism, no place for a god or gods. In many respects the teaching of Buddha was not far removed from the pessimism of some modern schools. It had its basis in an attempt to explain the origin of evil in life; and in order to do so, took refuge in the doctrine that one soul animated in succession a number of bodies, and in each successive life suffered for the sins which went before; or, to be more accurate, the component parts of the man were reunited in a bodily form that he might live again and again; of a soul separate from the body and existing in this state of separation Buddhist philosophy knows nothing. If a man sins with his eyes, in his next life he will be blind, or weak-sighted, or have disease in his eyes; if he is a hard-hearted, covetous man, in his next life he will be poor; and if in that next life he is a bad son, in the next life of the series his own sons will treat him cruelly; thus every misery is the punishment of sin committed by the individual either in his actual life or in a preceding life of the series. Side by side with this theory of repeated lives for the purpose of atonement for sin, Buddha held a second theory (to which Mr. Clodd gives a much greater prominence than to that of which we have already spoken), that, for the most part, "pain comes from the desire or passion for things that cannot be ours for long." If

a man, therefore, subdued desire and passion, he might enjoy a calm, peaceful repose, in which, as he would long for nothing, he could not suffer either loss or disappointment. Such a man should be free from sin, free from ignorance, free from all desires, even the desire to exist. This was *Nirvâna** which simply means "blowing out," as a candle is blown out. It was consummated by death. He who had attained this state of peace, waited for his end in the confidence that, as he had purified and enlightened his mind, he would leave no error to be atoned for; and thus, once the component parts of his being were separated, there would be no reunion; he would not be called upon to return to earth in another form, to face fresh sufferings and evils; for him the storm and the struggle were over, but there was before him no rest in the sense of everlasting existence; his rest was annihilation; he would escape the evil of life by wholly ceasing to live.

The practical part of his teaching may be summed up as follows. Four successive paths lead to Nirvâna:—

He has entered the first path who sees the evils arising from separate existence, and who believes in Buddha and in the power of his system alone to obtain salvation; that is, deliverance from separate existence.

He has entered the second path who, besides the above, is free from lust and evil to others.

He has entered the third path who is further free from all kinds of evil desires, from ignorance, doubt, wrong belief, and hatred.

He has arrived at the fourth path who is entirely free from sin ("has cast it away as if it were a burden") and passions, by which are meant the lust of the flesh, the love of existence, and the defilements of wrong belief and ignorance.

The four paths have also been summed up in eight steps or divisions; right views, right thoughts, right speech, right actions, right living, right exertion, right recollection, right meditation.

After these doctrines there follow ten commandments, of which the first five apply to all people, and the rest chiefly to such as set themselves apart for a religious life. They are not to kill; not to steal; not to commit adultery; not to lie; not to get drunk; to abstain from late meals; from public amusements; from expensive dress; from large beds; and to accept neither gold nor silver.†

* Whether Nirvâna means ultimate annihilation is disputed; the balance of opinion among those best qualified to judge is in favour of the view that in the mouth of Gautama it had this meaning. Of course, the Buddhism of later days is not the same as Gautama's philosophy; and the belief in a future life is so rooted in the soul of man, that, whatever the master might preach, the mass of his disciples would not give up the hope of a future life.

† "Childhood of Religions," pp. 184, 185.

In Buddha's theory the germ of truth lay in the two facts that sin is the root of suffering, and that peace is only to be purchased by subjecting the passions to right reason. Its strength as a practical system lay in its protest against idolatry, against the power assumed by the Brahmin priests, and against the system of artificial inequality produced by caste. Its weakness lay in its agnosticism, in its ignoring a God, in its teaching neither prayer nor sacrifice, and in its placing before men as their final end an annihilation, the thought of which would repel and not attract. But the vagueness of this last doctrine diminished its repellent force; and Buddhism not only spread to the extremity of India, but sent its missionaries through the Afghan passes into the Tartar steppes, and over the Himalayas into Tibet and China. Yet it is hard to say how much of Buddha's teaching was accepted by the crowds who flocked to profess themselves his disciples; probably for many of them the motive of action was less agreement with his philosophy than revolt against Brahmanism. Certain it is that these thousands could not long be satisfied with a godless creed; and Gautama the Buddha was hardly in his grave, when, not only he, but a host of other deities were worshipped by those who had abandoned the Vedic gods for the new faith. The duration of Buddhism as a pure philosophy was brief. Man's nature requires some object of worship, and refuses to believe that he is born to live without a God and die without an immortality. Once Buddhism left the lines which Gautama had drawn out for it, the rival camp of Brahmanism began to prevail. It was impossible for two rival polytheistic systems to exist side by side. They coalesced, and modern Brahmanism has in it many Buddhistic elements. Beyond the confines of India, Buddhism was triumphant, but it was not the Buddhism of Gautama. In Tibet it took the form of Llamaism, in China it is nominally the creed of two hundred and fifty millions; but of these millions there is not one who, besides being a Buddhist, is not a spiritualist of the sect of Lao-Tse, or with Confucius, a worshipper of ancestors. Buddhism, the religion which nominally counts in its ranks the largest number of adherents, is practically a name for many religions, the link between which is that they look to Gautama as their founder. It is hard to see in what respect any of them are an improvement upon the religion of the Vedas; and certainly the religion which grew out of the coalition of Brahmanism and Buddhism was worse than what had existed before Buddha's revolt—modern Hinduism, with its Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, ruling over an army of gods; its host of local deities like Kali and Jagannâth, and besides all this, its marked tendencies towards fetichism in certain phases of animal worship, is as low a form of polytheism as can well be found.

We have glanced at the religious history of Jew, Persian, Roman, and Hindoo. Nowhere can we find marks of that general human progress towards monotheism which is the basis of the theory set forth in Mr. Clodd's works. The tendency is rather in an opposite direction. On the other hand, we find many traces of an original monotheism; and while the theory of an original monotheism, from which all nations degenerated (with the exception of that in which a special providence was at work), accords well with the history of the great religions of the world, the rival theory of a primitive barbarism from which men raised themselves through fetishism, polytheism, and dualism to monotheism, though very ingenious, on examination is found not to be based upon observed or recorded facts.

There is indeed one instance of a people professing an idolatrous and polytheistic religion, abandoning it for a monotheism which was neither Judaism, nor Christianity; but this instance hardly strengthens the case of those who believe in the development of religion in Mr. Clodd's sense. We refer to the rise of Islam among the Arabs, but here it is quite certain that Mahomet did not unaided work his way to monotheism, but Jewish and Christian influences were at work, and suggested to him the doctrines he taught.* Or, to take another instance—one of the modern offshoots from Hinduism is a monotheistic sect known as the Brahmo-Samâj. Its founder was Ram Mohun Roy (born 1772, died at Bristol in 1833). He and his disciple and successor, Debendranâth Tagore, had in view a reformation of Hinduism, in which, while still insisting upon the Divine inspiration of the Veda, they "were ready to surrender all that was clearly idolatrous in the ancient religion and customs of India, but wished to retain all that might safely be retained, and did not wish to see the religion of India denationalized." Within the last twenty years the Brahmo-Samâj took another step in advance. The leader of this new movement was Keshub Chunder Sen. He preached a purely monotheistic worship, and completely severed the Brahmo-Samâj from the Hinduism in which it had begun.

Not only caste (says Professor Max Müller), but even that sacred cord—the religious riband which makes and marks the Brahmin—which is to remind him at every moment of his life, and whatever work he may be engaged in, of his God, of his ancestors, and of his children, even that was to be abandoned; and instead of founding their creed exclusively on the utterances of the ancient sages of their own country, all that was best in the sacred books of the whole world was selected and formed into a new sacred code.†

* See Article on "Islam," DUBLIN REVIEW, April, 1878.

† "Chips from a German Workshop," vol. iv. pp. 273, 274.

Here again we have an idolatrous and polytheistic people raising themselves to monotheism, but not by their own unaided efforts. Throughout the rise of the Brahmo-Samâj we see European and Christian influence continually at work, although, unfortunately, just as is the case of Islam, the influence was not Catholic; it could produce a ferment in the native mind, and influence men in making them monotheists, but it could go no further, it could not make them Christians. But this is not the point on which we have to insist here. What we desire to put in the strongest light is, that in the history of religions we find no trace of that process of development in an upward direction which Mr. Clodd describes, while there is every sign that all the non-Christian religious systems are either retrogressions from an original monotheistic worship, or, as in the case of Islam and the Brahmo-Samâj, examples of monotheism, developed under the influence of forms of worship which set out with proclaiming that they are based upon revelation made to patriarch, prophet, and apostle. How is it we find no independent development of monotheism?

Nor is the difficulty diminished or avoided by carrying back the whole process of development to times previous to those of Abraham, and by making Abraham the outcome of it, as Mr. Clodd to some extent seems to do, where he speaks of the patriarch as "one of the men earliest in historic time who is thought to have laid hold of and given us, through others, a belief in one God." Here, if the theory of the development of monotheism is to stand, certain questions must be satisfactorily answered. We must be told, how comes it that nowhere else has any man founded a monotheistic religion which does not directly or indirectly derive its origin from this creed of Abraham, or from the higher creed to which Abraham's was declared to be a divinely appointed prelude? We must be shown some independent development of monotheism, from polytheism or from Nature-worship, before we can believe that these are the first steps to, and not apostasies from, the worship of one God. As the argument stands, the complete failure to produce any definite instance of that process of development which Mr. Clodd describes, adds immense force to the position of those who read in the story of Abraham's life that of a miraculous and Divine call, either bringing him back to, or confirming him in, that worship of the one God which was the faith of the patriarchs, and from which mankind was fast falling away into a hundred forms of false belief and idolatrous worship.

We have dealt very fully with the main line of Mr. Clodd's argument, and we need not therefore go at any length into what are mere matters of detail. If we did go into these, we should

conscience and reason God speaks to human souls; everywhere he helps and aids them, not only in their material wants, but in their spiritual needs; fostering what there is of good within them, as even in the desert there is found at times a tree and a spring. In the words of a great poet who, though he knew not the truth, in his most beautiful verses often came very near to it, we can say

That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not;
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened.

And as we think of them thus groping in the darkness, and pouring out their prayers to their "strange gods"—prayers they would gladly offer to the God they know not, were He but made known to them—we should not merely give way to self-congratulation that we are not as they, but we should humbly confess that too often we who live in the light have sinned more deeply than they who erred in the darkness; and in reparation for our ingratitude seek by prayer and alms that the light may soon be vouchsafed to them, and that God may give to the devoted men now labouring for this end, triumphs like to those of the heralds of the Cross in bygone days.



ART. V.—BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

1. *Schwarzwälder Dorfgeschichten*. In acht Bänden. (*Village Tales of the Black Forest*. In Eight Volumes.) Stuttgart: 1871.
2. *Waldfried, eine vaterländische Familiengeschichte*. In sechs Büchern. (*Waldfried, the Story of a German Household*. In Six Books.) Stuttgart: 1875.
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IN the heart of the Black Forest, about seven Stunden, or twenty miles, from Tübingen, and high above the Neckar, which flows through dark pine-woods some distance below, stands Nordstettin, a sleepy thriving village, quaint and time-worn. Forty years ago no man had heard of it beyond the

ter* of the "Childhood of Religions" is devoted to an attempt to discredit all and every theory of inspiration. Of Judaism as a system, and of the rise of Christianity, nothing is said, yet with regard to both these religions, Mr. Clodd should tell his readers what is their place in his theory, although he would risk the destruction of the theory in question by bringing it to the test of comparison with the history of the religion of Jesus Christ and of its prelude. The books, such as they are, would have been more honest had they faced this problem; they might at the same time have been less reverent, but they would have been less dangerous.

A last word before we lay them down. Mr. Clodd seems to imagine that to be orthodox, it is necessary to hold the belief that of all the children of men only those who dwell within the Church are God's children, and that those beyond it are outcasts who have no claim upon Him. In this, as in many other matters regarding Christian belief, he is mistaken. We know and believe that all whom God has created are His children, that He is the Father of all mankind, and that He watches over with tender care the fetish worshipper of Africa, the Buddhist and the Moslem, the Christian and the Jew. At the same time it is true, and a self-evident truth, that only those who know Him can love and serve Him as He desires that all should love and serve Him; and that therefore those who are within His Church are His children in a special sense. To all men He speaks by the voice of conscience; all whose ignorance of His law is not their own fault will be judged, not by the truths they know not, but by the truths their conscience speaks to them. We know that God is supremely just, and in His supreme justice as in His loving mercy there is hope for all men, however dark may be the night of ignorance in which they are plunged. We do not pretend to unravel the mystery of this permitted ignorance; to do so would be to go into the wider question of the permission of evil. We know that on the last great day of reckoning, in the sight of the assembled millions of mankind, God will justify His ways to men. We know that at this moment, even in the darkness of paganism, there is not a tribe or people that does not in its own way testify to the reality of religion, the existence of a Supreme Power, of a future state, of a rule of right and wrong. In a certain sense, even false religions, by which of course we mean not heresy, but the religions of peoples who have not for ages known the light, pay their worship to God. Everywhere through

the third chapter, of his "Childhood of Religions:" Creation as told by Science.

* Chapter xiii. : On the Study of the Bible.

conscience and reason God speaks to human souls; everywhere he helps and aids them, not only in their material wants, but in their spiritual needs; fostering what there is of good within them, as even in the desert there is found at times a tree and a spring. In the words of a great poet who, though he knew not the truth, in his most beautiful verses often came very near to it, we can say

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neighbourhood ; until on opening its eyes one morning, in sudden astonishment, it found itself (and, unlike many as promising villages, has remained ever since) immortal. How this came about is a curious story. The register of births (if one was kept such a while ago at Nordstettin) will doubtless testify that on February 28, 1812, a child was added to the descendants of Abraham sojourning there, and had the name given him of Berthold Auerbach. Prænomen and cognomen have a thoroughly German ring in them ; yet we may be certain their owner was not German. It is indeed doubtful, from the portraits we have seen, whether the hooked nose by which his people are known among the nations was at any time a distinction of his ; but who can think of the serious countenance, the grave observant eyes, the compressed though softly chiselled lips and plenteous beard of the grown man, without discerning in him the Jew of the Captivity, the wandering enigma, as Heine calls him, of our commonplace Europe, the thoughtful, ardent, kindly, evil-entreated Semite ? Large eyes and quick listening ears he must have brought into the world ; for, from a child he stored up in remembrance all that Nordstettin held of pleasant and tragic, nor had its walls any secret to baffle his quickness of interpretation. The remote village was to utter its voice through him, and almost equal in fame Weimar and Wittemberg ; he was to be its prophet and express whatever thoughts lay in it, and, touching with the magic of his genius even the vile and base things it contained, would transpose them hereafter to grace and dignity. He was to discover the Black Forest and be its familiar wizard, as Walter Scott had discovered the Highlands and become the wizard of the north.

So Berthold watched and listened, gazing out like his own young Ivo on the beautiful wild world around him, rapt in the play of light and dark over the green glades, themselves solemn and far-reaching as cathedral aisles ; his looks fastened on the sun going down "over Rhine," as the west is called in all that country ; and with the old herdsman Nazi he beheld the skies melting into purple and golden distance, even to the high doors of heaven. Or he crept unseen after Franzseph the sluggard as he went along, to reap his acres of barley in the moonlight, and by such a feat as Samson's when he rose out of sleep, to win the Schlegelbauer's daughter. How clear and full the moon shines out that night ! We can tell by the feeling, as in a vivid dream, that its glory is flooding the sky ; we see it streaming on the wide waves of harvest as the wind tosses them. On such a night he is tracking the harmless musician of the old coaching days, unlucky Jacob the postilion, whose love of moonlight ramblings had nearly cost him so dear. His memories

of our village take him into the fields at seed-time when the husbandman, as he lets the seed fall into the warm dark furrow, utters his rhythmical Sæe-spruch, or words of blessing: "I sow this seed, here in God's name, for me and the poor." They show him the full harvest, and young Erdele standing in tears like Ruth, amid the alien corn; the other women vying with the men, and singing their songs of old time, rude but brimming over with heart and jovial courage. And then he is seeking little Joseph, lost in the snow on Christmas night, and meets the pageant of the three kings, with angels accompanying them to the mill where Joseph has sunk to sleep by his grandfather's side. There was no season when he did not feel in all things visible after the Holy Spirit of the Universe, for so he named that hidden mystery which sheds upon them its unearthly light and loveliness. He bears a German heart within him, simple and deep; but it is the Hebrew poetry, large and full of shadowy questionings, that discovers for him the Shekinah, the glory of God, breaking through to sight, in these dim Suabian forests.

For a Jew, on whom the sign of trembling is set, he was not unhappy. The Hebrew babies that swarmed in the Judengasse at Frankfort, or in the noisome haunts of the Roman Ghetto, might have envied their brother at Nordstettin where he was only despised and not spit upon. Or imagine him a native of Hamburg, with its sights and smells, its unwashed Jews and seldom washed Christians, and who could blame him had he loathed his race, as Heine too often loathed it, the untamable genius that is ever satirizing poor Moses Lump, though in his heart he secretly pities him? Berthold, we say, grew up more happily, in scenes that for beauty rivalled Vallombrosa and Tuscan Fiesole, when the sun shone down on them. And if he chanted from boyhood the high-wailing Hebrew melodies, his artist spirit was suffered to compare them with the music of the Mass, and delight in the rolling organ tones that poured out their gladness on the village when Sunday was come. He might stand among Christian boys, and, like them, feel awestruck when the new priest, Chrisle's Gregor, sang his Primiz or Bridal Mass in the open air, and the doves flew away at the Consecration. With Luzian's Victor he heard the early bells chiming as though they would never leave off, and watched the long procession winding through the cornfields, whilst Litanies of Rogation mounted towards the sky. He must have stolen sometimes into the village church, and strained an ear to catch the meaning of what was spoken there. For he has sketched more than one sermon, and marred them a little in the drawing; has given us a startling caricature, in rustic mediæval language, of things that doubtless the Pfarrer would touch upon. The imagery is good,

the ideas are false: the hands hairy enough in their goat-skin covering to be mistaken for Esau's; but the voice, in every sense, is the voice of Jacob.

True it is, however, that the middle ages went on at Nordstettin when Napoleon and his clarionings had awakened the world, and like a demonic watchman he was crying aloud in the night—"Höret Ihr Herren, und lasset Euch's sagen." Midnight was past; and a strange new day was dawning amid sounding trumpets and armies on the march. Nay, these villages, lost in the forest, had seen the hosts of Kings and Kaisers suddenly burst in upon them, wasting, spoiling, and setting on fire, only as suddenly to vanish away. Each peasant, says Auerbach, might view the play from a royal box of his own, but it cost him house and having, and left him bewildered in a new era. Yet when Leipzig had been fought, and Hansei and Aloys were come back with their share of wounds from Paris, it was still the fourteenth century at Nordstettin. Religion gave its people their epic peacefulness, unvexed and secure, gave their lives, otherwise not worth the chronicling, that rhythm which is heard when the supernatural enters into the common, and like a spirit transfigures it. Every change of state and season had its consecrating ritual; the manner of meeting and parting was solemn as in the stories of Genesis and Judges. "God greet you," "God keep you," has an antique sound to ears which are polite without being religious. And how strange to see the villagers gathering at the "Golden Eagle," and at nightfall devoutly crossing themselves and reciting the "Our Father"! But the "Golden Eagle" was not a vile tavern; it was the forum and the agora of Nordstettin, where all that was eloquent, musical, or witty made itself known, and the mild schoolmaster, Lauterbach, brought his violin and his songs, and the Pfarrer came and spoke a word with young and old. The pleasantest of Auerbach's stories has its Wirthshaus in the foreground; and one of his proudest and cleverest heroines, Annele, in "Edelweiss," is a publican's daughter. Religion makes all things clean.

There was no hiding your talents in a napkin at the village of Nordstettin, nor your little weaknesses either. You must have a nickname or a diminutive, and hear the children in the street sing it after you; and if Nature had exhibited some of her journeyman's work in shaping your spinal column, or had finished your eyes or nose somewhat negligently, these were facts that Nordstettin assumed you could never too often hear about. As the proverb says, "In the country everybody looks down everybody's throat;" conversation could not go on were backbiting and satire really such great sins as we are told. At the "Eagle" you might calculate on hearing all the proper names in the village,

from Matthes Soges' (by whose name a laughable tale hangs) to Marem the Jew's; this poor travelling pedlar being at the bottom of the ladder on whose topmost rung Matthes the Oberamtmann flattered himself he was standing. Nor did the Homeric catalogue take more than a week to get through; for it was a repeating number, and there was no fear of exhausting it. What a cosy corner for some growing Walter Scott, insatiate of stories, good at remembering them, and skilled to fashion the coarsest clay into grotesque or graceful figures, laying the colours delicately on, and fixing them in the flame of his genius for evermore! Pottery or porcelain, what does it matter to the artist whose whole delight is in the form and life, in the soul that he has somehow spirited into this dull thing until it moves with earnest passionate gesture and touches the heart? The dreadful directness of speech in his village would be no small help to him. He was like a sculptor studying the nude figure, or a physician using his scalpel to lay bare the brain. As one may say, his peasants brought him so much protoplasm of fact, not stuff of the fancy, or ignorance daintily wrapped up in the phrases of the drawing-room. Country folk, because they live in the open, are, it is true, secret and sly; but then they cannot help being dull, too; and hence their lies have an air of Nature which stands the poet in as much stead as if they were truths.

With these companions Berthold spoke his first words, doubtless in the Suabian dialect, which he has rendered for us into such taking High German. Great men have come of the Suabian stock—Schiller, Schelling, Hegel, and Uhland, to mention only these; yet they have not written in their homely poetic speech. Except Uhland, they seem to have turned their backs on Rhine and Neckar as soon as the polite world flung its doors open to them. There are, notwithstanding, South German poets whose songs in the peasants' tongue have a fame, though very limited; Sailer is, perhaps, chief among them; he, at all events, has met with recognition and applause. But we think Auerbach's decision was the wisest and most likely to bring his country honour. The form he chose was that which is exclusively classic amongst Germans, and is alone read by foreigners; but the words were determined in the main by his native dialect; and the colour and style resulting are in themselves graceful, true to Nature, and a fine specimen of Teutonic art. To an Englishman especially are they interesting. He learns that a crowd of words now obsolete or sunk to vulgar uses on this side the German Ocean, such as survive in the Bible only, or need a gloss when Shakespeare and Spenser have retained them, are thriving honourably among his kinsfolk on the Rhine. The proverbial sayings which in our elder poets sound so

wise and original, do a shrewd service at this hour to the world of Nordstettin and Haldenbrun; great simple words, each of them a picture and an apologue. Reading Auerbach, we have seemingly got into a land where the old English, free from the debasing touch of foreign and weaker speech, is filling the air with its hearty music—a language not spoilt by schoolmasters, and set in a key as noble as it is plain. Too solemn, perhaps, it would be for the use of every day, were not childlike and laughter-stirring terms so frequent in it. For we may truly pronounce the dialect at once sacred and common, like that wherein Hebrew prophets were inspired. The Suabian is easy in structure, not ornate, and very ancient; it eschews pronouns, and moves, we should think, by alliteration or repeating words that are as like as possible, by question and imperative moods much more than by simple assertion.

It is in a high degree picturesque, taking its parable from the blue sky for distance, from the snow for fineness, from milk and blood for the beauty of a maiden's face, from the inside of a cow for darkness, and from the vastness of the same for extent of knowledge; from mown-hay for the irrevocable past, from steep walking down hill for the troubles of life, from Sunday looks for cheerfulness, from salt for the things we must love once for all; from top-boots and sausages, from geese and dogs; from oxen ploughing, from the mill-stream running, and the rain falling. It can say all things in the concrete, with the aid of metaphors; but nothing in the general, nothing abstract or impersonal. It treats all the phenomena of Nature as symbols or hieroglyphics for its use; take these away, and you take his crutch from a lame man, the language lies helpless. This charm of original expression is felt in every page of Auerbach, fully contrasting there with modern German and its frosty pedantries. The characters that have it are mostly women, singers, and fiddlers, to whom we may add tailors, shoemakers, and cripples from their birth. Robust youths, working all day in the fields or at the stithy, are not very eloquent; they have in them a vein of good German dulness, and when they need to express themselves get a friend to help them, or ask the schoolmaster. Sometimes a man of weight is also a man of speech, but seldom is he so ready as the Buchmaier, whose upbraiding of Matthes Soges on a certain occasion would have melted Mrs. Poyser's heart. Lastly, we may note that the Suabian songs occurring in our stories have but little of the idiomatic or the picturesque; they are too often what the stranger from Lauterbach thought them, sad doggerel lacking rhyme and sense; but they are mostly love songs, and that, perhaps, was natural. Not for any clear meaning does the youth of Nordstettin prize them, but

because they are set to wonderful music, and every line, like coarse wire whereon jewels are strung, may hold an allusion to the "treasure," or sweetheart, for whose sake, perhaps, poetry was first found out. These snatches of song are, indeed, as discoloured water compared to the glowing fiery wine of the Scottish ballads, to Burns and Scott. Neither have they the mischievous beauties of that most simple and sweet of singers, Goethe, nor anywhere a refrain like the Rosebud song :—

Röslein, Röslein, Röslein roth,
Röslein auf der Haide.

But the Suabian land stretches far and wide beyond Nordstettin, and the hills climb ever towards Switzerland, and there are towns and hamlets as well worth exploring as one's native place. So the boy Berthold journeys abroad, and makes acquaintance with a hundred spires and the houses grouped beneath them; with Endringen and Weitingen, and all the villages that end in *ingen*, and all that end in *brunnen*, and all that are named from the mill where they grind their corn or the point of the compass at which they lie. He dives into retired valleys, and travels *über Berg und Thal*, and all the Suabian Gauen and their various life are his familiar study. As an artist he is everywhere at home; as a Jew he is a stranger. From house to house he wanders, learning many a merry tale, but in most discerning the incurable grief whose only remedy is patience; a light sparkling foam laughs on the waves whilst the deep below has its unfathomed darkness. He takes his fill of sorrow. He knows the oddest creatures too, with names as ludicrous as themselves; the Tolpatsch and the Geigerlex, famed for wit and for unrivalled playing; lusty Reinhard the painter and wild Constantin the student turned peasant again; the gipsy Florian with his poor faithful wife Crescenz; the Wadeleswirth of comfortable proportions and huge mirthful ways; and cunning old Petrowitsch that had no purse but only the reputation of a purse; and Brosi and Moni, whose story has in it, says Berthold, the music of violins and clarionettes for all the country round; and how many more could we not reckon? Like Dickens, he talked with every one, from the children just beginning to lisp to the old women that almost remembered Leuthen and Rosbach. These old women are studies of rare truth and power, nor shall we soon forget the kind-hearted grandmother in "Lauterbach," or Franzl in "Edelweiss," or Walpurga's mother in "Auf der Höhe." Truthful in dealing with the sturdy, somewhat coarse-grained life of his Suabian peasant, he ever was; there are strokes in him as hard, as literally accurate, as the realism of Zola could require. He quits Nordstettin and goes up to the melancholy lands where

the great farmers live, each on his own domain ; and his narrative straightway assumes the quality and colour of a ploughed field. Such are the first thirty pages of the *Lehnhold*, photographic in their minuteness, hard and disagreeable—nothing but a ploughed field with a dull November sky hanging over it. The poetical is here for a while suppressed ; and reality, so far as the five senses can grasp it, is all in all. A like impression is felt in reading his last story, “*Landolin of Reutershöfen* ;” it is told with almost repulsive plainness, and were not the tragic element so powerfully handled we could scarcely endure it.

In this manner it was that our Hebrew student discovered the Black Forest. He too may liken himself to Columbus, like Rousseau, when, the first of civilized men, he beheld Switzerland with its gleaming snows and Alpine sublimities ; or Scott, when sketching in soft colours his lakes and moors in “*Waverley*.” Here was all the world could ask. A strange people, speaking like the old German gods, their life made romantic by religion, and the country they dwelt in a lovely sequestered forest clasped by the Rhine as in a magic ring. Neither pathos nor mirth was lacking ; and the poet had a tender brooding heart, a feeling voice, and lived in such communion with Nature as our modern spirit demands from genius. Auerbach, be this to his credit or the reverse, is truly a poet of the nineteenth century. He worships Nature and Freedom, believes in Humanity, has broken with the past, and looks upon the forms of Religion as beautiful symbols wherein the vulgar adore what they see, and the instructed pierce through to an unspeakable mystery beyond. A Jew he remains ; but for him the greatest of the prophets is neither Moses nor Elias, it is Spinoza. And then his mildness, as if the long suffering of Michael the German, *der Deutsche Michel*, were all his own !—nay, it is the patience of the German intensified by the patience of the Israelite. His characters have their fits of rage, and, like true peasants, are stiff as oxen ; but not so Auerbach. Spinoza found good in everything, and so does he. Moreover he resembles the great men and women of our century (not the great saints, indeed) in being sad and hopeful, enthusiastic for the right, yet uncertain and slack in putting down wrong. He is not so much stern as melancholy, and is at once a self-conscious thinker and a naïve poet. To add the last touch of pity, he knows that the railway is drawing its iron parallels round his forest ; he tells of a world which is vanishing away, or has vanished ; and his village stories hold us the more entranced that they strike upon the ear—

Gleich einer alten, halbverklungenen Sage.

We shall never behold these hills and hanging woods, these wild foaming waters laden with the scented pine-rafts, these lonely houses where the sleeping beauty, Rosdörnchen, might have slumbered a hundred years and no prince awakened her, these Alpine meadows and the race that lived on them the summer through, never as he beheld them sixty years ago. New villages with the old beloved names are springing up in Minnesota and Colorado; the Tolpatsch has written home to his old mother from a new Nordstettin across the Atlantic; and the children of Auerbach's peasantry might deem themselves five hundred years older than their grandfathers. This pleasant garland of stories is, after all, but a wreath of immortelles, mixed with rosemary for marriages that are yet to be, and laid by a pious hand on the fresh green grave of Suabian romance.

Though they range over eight volumes, we must think of the "Dorfgeschichten" as an epoch whole, or, at least, as an epic cycle, in which the heroes are all acquainted and pass through open doors from end to end. The books, or cantos we might call them, are by no means of a length; speaking generally, the longer they are the better we like them. Where it is not easy to choose, we still are of opinion that "Edelweiss" to those that prefer a mournful history, and "Barfüssele" to those that seek amusement, would seem most fascinating. A word upon each.

"Barfüssele," the story of Little Barefoot, is, when we come to look into it, only Cinderella (which the Germans call Aschenbrödel), but drawn and coloured, given a local habitation and a name, at Haldenbrunn in the Forest. Little Barefoot was christened Anna Marie, and for shortness called Amrei, as her little brother Damian was called Dami. They are poor orphans; but every morning for a long while they go hand-in-hand to the door of their deserted cottage and knock there patiently, calling in soft tones "Father, mother," in the hope that some one will let them in. The children's innocence, the bright morning, the silence about the old house, and the birds singing in their leafy covert overhead, are a picture as natural and lovely as Dickens ever imagined. There is many a touch of Dickens in these stories. But by-and-by the little Amrei came to understand that her father and mother were lying in the quiet God's-acre; and on All Souls' night she would take Dami there, and make him kneel by the lights on the grave, and lisp his prayers with her. Dami was an unsteady boy, and that gave Amrei a double task, over which as she thought seriously, and could find no more honourable way to earn their bread, she resolved to keep the geese in the meadow. It was a mean office to be keeping geese, and, like Cinderella, she was laughed at, for, in the German tale, Cinderella is a Gänsemädchen, or

goose-girl. Black Marann, a grim-visaged, sorrowful, kind old woman, and reputed witch, gives Little Barefoot a home; and every night over the spinning-wheel they talk of Johannes, Marann's runaway son, who is to come back some day and make everybody's fortune. Amrei, though she has not a shoe to her foot, is quick and original, astonishing the whole village with her new-found riddles and arch unanswerable sayings; but she is very modest withal, and ever does a good turn when the chance offers. Whilst her geese are feeding on the common, her thoughts wander away into fairyland; nor can she forbear asking why the wind blows and the grass grows, finding reasons as quaint as the questions themselves. In time she enters the Rodelbauer's service, and in Rosel, his unwedded sister, she meets with the envious young lady of the story, Cinderella's rival and torment. But the envious one, as it is written, must find her prince for Aschenbrödel. A great marriage feast is held at Endringen (we know the family from the Lehnhold); and Rosel, on a sudden impulse, takes Amrei to see the dancing. Little Barefoot, though she has no glass slippers, is not only clever, but fair to see when dressed for the ball; and perhaps, had she birth and a purse full of thalers, might win the largest of farmers, the Salzgraf himself. Her prince, as the stars would have it, meets her now; he is son and heir of the Landfriedbauer (a dreadful name, truly, but not unpronounceable), and is travelling incognito in search of a wife. Smitten with Amrei's beauty and merry innocent ways, he asks eagerly, what her condition may be; whereupon, half bashfully, half proudly, she makes answer like a Prince of Wales's motto, *Ich dien*, "I am a serving-maid." Exit Johannes in despair, virtuously resolving to forget the unknown beauty and marry as duty bids him. But, when months are past, his resolve to "go where money is," leads him to the Rodelbauer's house, in quest of Rosel. The prince, however, has still, metaphorically speaking, Cinderella's glass slipper in his pocket, he remembers Amrei's looks on that fateful evening and how pleasant she was. The young lady with hundreds a year and expectations cannot get the slipper on at all; and, of course, Amrei, the moment she appears, has an easy triumph. Johannes, discarding Rosel, takes Little Barefoot on horseback behind him; and away they ride through the night and the forest, singing as they go to his father's house. The Gänsemädchen has an unfailing gift of persuasion; nor is it long ere the curtain falls on prince and princess, dancing at their wedding feast the Silbertrab they learnt at Endringen when first their eyes encountered. Cinderella is crowned, and all ends merrily.

But what man will render the simple grace, the fanciful lights and bright melodious harmonies that make all this up, in so few

words as we have at our disposal? If a fairy tale, "Barfüssele" is pure gold; if a story from life, it has caught somewhere the charm of fairyland. It is the simplest and prettiest thing of its kind since Hermann and Dorothea. Not that one would liken Auerbach to Goethe, we presume; the aerial clearness of Hermann and Dorothea is beyond comparison, unless with such radiance as may be seen in the dead Greeks named Homer and Sophocles. Goethe's vision is miraculously distinct; he paints his figures without cloud or dimness, in heavenly ether. But Auerbach is only a German, and by no means Greek; and he can never get the mist out of his eyes. There may be in landscapes an infinite haze which is agreeable, though not like the divine transparency when heaven breaks open to its highest; and we have often thought that the Suabians, not excepting Schiller, look through the haze, "mit Wein-berauschten Augen," with eyes that more than one flask of Rhenish has made tender and dim.

"Edelweiss" is named from the Alpine *immortelle*, the plant with silver-greyish bloom that springs up in solitary places and lives under the snow. It is the Swiss Forget-me-not, and is here the symbol of wedded faithfulness. But the story is more bitter by far than sweet; a ruthless tragedy, says the storyteller, had not love, like a late-risen sun, broken forth and scattered its gloom. Lenz, the clockmaker, a dreamy, contemplative young man, whose ear the Zauberflöte is always beguiling as he goes about, marries Annele, daughter to mine host of the "Lion," and takes her home to the Morgenhalde, away above the village. His wife, a gay, sparkling creature, quick of hand and tongue, has ambitions he cannot share, and mocks him for a fantastic unthrift, and his house for a silent lonesome hermitage, all storm or sunshine, where never a word is spoken. They love each other; but that, where instincts run counter, is all and not enough; neither can friends, attempting to play the physician, do more than embitter the wound. Annele is imperious; among other devices, she insists on having the great wood cut down at the back of the house whose trees, with their huge branches and multitudinous growth of leaf and spray, had broken the force of tempest and avalanche. Winter is at hand; will the avalanche spare them, if it falls? Lenz can touch nothing now but he spoils it; and their daily bread is moistened with tears, not of sorrow only, but of hatred. The clouds thicken. Broken-hearted, Lenz has roamed out in search of help as far as Knuslingen in the neighbouring valley, and returns unsuccessful; the wildest temptations are beating at his door, thoughts of rage and suicide conquer his early love, his cheerfulness, and gentle training. For he has had the best of mothers, one that, from her deathbed, bequeathed the sprig of Edelweiss to Lenz's.

wife as a pledge of happiness. Alas, that Annele, a practical and by no means poetical soul, could never care for it, and has even treated it with scorn! When the husband enters he finds neither food nor fire; a quarrel ensues; and his unhappy wife, opening the lattice, and calling like a fury upon the storm that is rising, flings out to all the winds his mother's Edelweiss and her words of blessing with it. Then the doom smites them. For Lenz rushes into Annele's presence, there to kill himself; and as he stands before her, the sound of thunder breaks from earth and sky, darkness swallows them up as with open jaws, and the house strains and shivers like a vessel struck by the tornado. An avalanche has come sweeping down the Morgenhalde; they and their little child are buried in the snow. But what is more fearful still, this husband and wife in death are divided; they hate one another, yet must die *in the same grave*. The thought is worthy of Dante; it is strongly conceived, and not ill nor unpoetically wrought out. The rest may be imagined. The neighbours burst open the living tomb, and Lenz and Annele look on the light once more. But they have seen another light amid the dreadful darkness; and as from the baptism of sorrow they rise to a life new-made. On the Morgenhalde there is again a wood growing green, vocal with birds and whispering memories. Nor, when her eldest boy is starting for Switzerland, does Annele, the grey-haired young mother, forget the Edelweiss he is to bring home with him.

But now, how shall we dismiss the other stories, as "Brosi and Moni," for example, the Baucis and Philemon of their native place? Are we not even to dwell on the proud device of Brosi, *Mein Mann ischt koanr*, "I have no equal," which was altogether true? Not a word about Ivo, that was to have been a parish priest, and never became one; or his gentle mother, Christine; or Lorle, the village maiden that the painter wedded; or his democratic and satirical friend, the Kohlebrater; or the shy schoolmaster from Lauterbach; or the story of Seb and Zilge and their house that was founded on sand? And Hops and Barley, and the sad disappearance of Vefele, and the adventures of Joseph in the Snow, with his witch-friend, Leegard, Hecate's first cousin, and the wild Rotmannin, and Aivle and Matthes that stole the May, are these to be lumped in a bare catalogue when they would furnish a winter's reading? But the rehearsal itself of such names will tell us why Auerbach, like Dickens, is a household word among his countrymen; and why his death brought grief into German homes. The pleasant companion of their long evenings deserved to be loved and remembered *so weit die Deutsche Zunge klingt*, for he was all to the Germans that our own storyteller was to us.

Nor did his merit mount no higher. Auerbach was a Jew, and faithful to his race ; but, as a child of the Black Forest, his heart beat with generous ardour, not for the Suabian Land alone, but for all Germany. He, too, was a knight-errant in the cause of the old Teutonic people, parcelled out and estranged from one another till it startled a Bavarian to hear that he and the Saxon were brethren. Our poet had feelings towards Germany such as Englishmen have towards England ; not different and not less ; but that which in England is universal has long been stamped by German princelings with the odious names of Liberalism and Democracy. Auerbach, shaping his course by the intuitions of a sound head, was willing in 1848 to see the German Empire revived at Frankfurt, and lifted his voice in exultation when the overthrow of Austria in 1866, and soon after the dissolution of France into unexampled anarchy, led up to the crowning of the German Emperor at Versailles. How the dreams of Young Germany and its confederates came to naught he has told in his journal dated from Vienna in 1849. With that, as a purely political work, we shall not at present concern ourselves. But the thoughts and aspirations cherished by loyal and far-seeing Germans before Sedan he has pictured for us in "*Waldfried*," the chronicle of a Suabian household between 1848 and 1870. Though written with enthusiasm and in a most readable and pleasant style, this by no means reaches the excellence of his earlier stories. Its interest does not lie properly in the book, so much as in the subject and the author's disclosure of his own convictions. The plot is over-complicated, and the narrative drags. But, allowing all this, we are sure that no man acquainted with the *Dorfgeschichten* will leave it unread. *Waldfried*, the mild and cultivated gentleman, the fervent and conscientious Liberal, takes hold of our sympathy throughout. *Annette*, the Jewess ; *Martella*, the strong fresh nature emerging like a young *Diana* from the forest ; *Richard*, the modern professor whose insight equals his force of character ; *Rothfuss*, the trusty servant and friend of the father and the children—all make a distinct impression as of realities and not shadows. *Gustave*, the housemother, is a delicate, beautiful figure ; one of the many in whom Auerbach has displayed his rare knowledge of the mother's heart. She is, with commendable skill, set over against the rugged old *Felsenspinner*, whose son has gone away to fight the Austrians, whilst *Gustave's* son *Ernst*, refusing to engage in so fratricidal a war, has deserted. His mother dies of the shock, and in dying is no less admirable than in her life. We may compare her with the *Lehnhold's* wife, pining to death in silence when her children have flung themselves over the precipice. There is something of the silent

Jocasta, the silent Dejanira, in these women ; the tragedy of their lives cannot find expression, yet moves us deeply.

It would be curious to contrast this "Waldfried" with a much more famous book, wherein, as with the crashing effect of an orchestra, Victor Hugo thunders into our ears his vindication of France, and then, as on the finest strings of the violin, bemoans her lost glories. We mean the "Année Terrible." "Waldfried" has beautiful pages, and is honest, grave, and pedantic as we suppose a German writing should be. It stirs the heart, too ; nor is it without the rhetoric of persuasion. But it cannot boast the magnificent audacity of Victor Hugo, to whom the saving of the universe is nothing else than the triumph of the New Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome, as "in one superfluous breath" he entitles Paris. Auerbach cannot soar like this ; behind him is the long tragedy of Israel to teach him diffidence. And yet if the battle is not always to the strong, seldomer still is it to the boastful. What we admire in him above all is the unselfishness that in a South-German and a Hebrew could make him loyal to the hard military greatness of Brandenburg. With the patriotism of genius he recognizes that Prussia must be to Germany what Macedonia was to Greece, or what the Romans were to Italy. And herein it may well be seen hereafter that he read the compass of the future and was obedient to its star.

But we must hasten to speak of the greatest book Auerbach has given us, dealing not with the things of time, but with religion and eternity. "Auf der Höhe," which appeared about seventeen years ago, is an attempt to teach the philosophy of Spinoza by example. It is no set treatise, but a story of moving sorrows. The work indeed is too long, yet the action itself is simple. From the Residenz the King sends messengers in search of a nurse for his new-born son to the Highlands—the region of lake and mountain we know so well. They return with Walpurga, of the G'städelhütte, a model peasant girl, firm, original, and pious, with the tincture of romance the Black Forest must have given her. She leaves Hansei, her young husband, and her mother, a remarkably well-drawn character, Christian yet stoical, and of a never-failing wisdom. The royal palace enchants and dazzles her ; and Auerbach has managed the contrast of prince and peasant so effectively that a certain glamour as of the Venusberg seems to steal over the first books wherein the Court with its motley and brilliant throng is presented to us. Walpurga's mediæval frankness is the more piquant when it bears down the punctilios of chanceries and masters of ceremonies. Now the most beautiful lady, the gayest and most gracious of the queen's attendants, is Irma von Wildenort, whose father's country-seat lies not far from the Highland nurse's

home. So, for kindness' sake, and to speak the dialect, she spends her mornings with Walpurga, and the King himself makes one of the company not seldom. He has the mind, but not the opportunities, of a hero; his daring thoughts contrast, when they do not conflict, with his Queen's overstrained delicacy and too tender sympathies. Fain would he hear them echoed from a Sybil's mouth; but the Queen, whom he reveres more than loves, is neither Cumæan Sybil nor Egeria of the fountain; whereas Countess Irma is so noble that sculptors have carved her in marble as the goddess of victory; nay, the King himself gave her one day a plume from the eagle's wing when he had brought the proud creature down. And, in brief, it is a known story, and Irma falls. The author tells it with natural feeling, but with none of that French pathos which puts darkness for light. Meanwhile, Walpurga goes home; and Hansei buys the Freihof, a great old farm across the lake, high among hills, with woods all about it, mountain winds blowing upon it, and streams rushing down from every rock. They set out for their new home, rowing over the waters, and singing a song that Irma knows; and as they land at the edge of the forest a wild figure is seen running towards them, and Irma, torn and bleeding, falls into Walpurga's arms. Her shame has come to light and has killed her father. Loathing herself, and out of her mind with grief, she was hurrying to end all in the deep waters, when the well-known music floated up to her, and she was saved. Under the name of Irmgard, a poor peasant girl, she goes with them to the Freihoff. For a long time she dwells there in solitude; she earns what may suffice by cutting out figures in wood, and in the fresh sweet life of Nature seeks comfort, if not healing, for the past. She thinks over all she has known or read about life, and writes her confession, as it may be called—a diary of the soul, in which are many beautiful, many painful, thoughts, aspirations towards light, and Despair gradually putting on the wings of Hope. She seems now to grasp her father's philosophy, which was Spinoza's; and all Spinoza lies in a verse of Goethe's taken symbolically, "*Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh'*," "Above the heights of sorrow there is peace." She is a penitent, though not a Christian, a Magdalen according to some new and strange evangel. She creeps to the Residenz like a ghost, and revisits the spots she has known, and then comes back to die. Bidding a pathetic farewell to Walpurga, she ascends with her quaint friend, the Pechmännlein, to the cottage far above on the Alm, or Alpine meadow, where silence is as vast as the prospect beneath her. That is the Height after which her story has been called. For King and Queen discover the penitent they had imagined a suicide; and round Irma's deathbed forgiveness and reconciliation are at last possible. The storms of life cannot

climb up hither; "Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh'." Morning breaks in crimson over the mountains as Irma is laid to rest, and whilst the royal pair are reading her confession with tears that wash its stains away.

There are elements of greatness in this book. The aim, the action, the earnest beautiful words, the quality of soul displayed by Irma and her father, by Walpurga's mother, and the Court physician, the resolute application of a philosophy to such deep problems, and the imagined issue, contribute, in their several degrees, to a whole which has not of late years been paralleled. "Auf der Höhe" is the noblest apology for Spinoza ever written. The fascination we feel in reading it, which is undeniable, may be traced to that very Nature whose healing and sacramental power is its principal theme; for Spinoza worships the Divinity in what he considers its living bloom—the universe around us. But this was always the charm of Pantheism—that it allures the weary soul to commune with Nature when History and Revelation seem to prove in vain. Had Spinoza but loved Nature passionately, and not made it his God, had he not rested in the shadow of beauty, denying the Object from which all shadows fall, he might have died a saint, like Francis of Assisi and Frà Angelico. But God is a Spirit, and the spirit yearns to hear His voice. Shall a man or woman, with sin-laden, heavy soul, find absolution in mountain solitudes, or by contemplation of the pale moon setting beyond the white wave? Or can these silent eternities convey the message, "Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee?" The poet's trance is not redemption; and even yet the whole creation groans and travails in pain, as waiting for that which Nature has never bestowed. "Auf der Höhe," then, concludes falsely, and is anti-Christian. Nevertheless, it deserves our closest study, for it will not die yet, and perhaps not at all.

On the other writings of Auerbach we need not spend much time. Among them are plays, published, and even, we are told, acted, at Berlin, but without striking success; as, indeed, for the dramatic we can imagine he had little turn. He wrote, also, a biographical romance called "Spinoza," and edited his master's works, in five volumes, at Stuttgart, in 1841. A still earlier production, which it would now be interesting to read, was "Judaism in its relation to Modern Literature;" it must have been Auerbach's first essay, for its date was 1836. More than forty years after, in 1877, his last story was announced; but it seems to have met with a cold welcome, and the first edition has not yet been exhausted. Nevertheless, "Landolin von Reutershöfen," though not equal to "Auf der Höhe," nor even to "Waldfried," has points of striking merit, and is not only readable, but worthy to be remembered. The strong, brave

character of Thoma, with her narrow understanding and steadily suppressed affection; the meek and silent wife, whose spirit grows heroic as trouble thickens about her; Landolin himself, whom we pity and dislike, wondering how he will untie the rope that conscience has fastened round his neck; above all, the witchlike, yet irresistibly real, Schaubkätzer, a mother's love personified in such repulsive form that we turn from it displeased, yet cannot keep the tears from falling as we turn; these are no ghosts in a magic lantern, nor projected by an unskilful hand. Perhaps, had Landolin appeared in the "*Dorfgeschichten*," it would have drawn as much attention as the gruesome tales of "*Diethelm of Buchenberg*," or "*Lucifer*." It has the master's sign upon it in the clear, decisive touch, and its rugged fidelity to the ways and manners of the Reutershöfen country.

Auerbach passed his old age at Berlin, and his was the foremost of German names in that literary world which now includes Europe and America. But he had the irreparable misfortune to be a Jew. When, therefore, the persecution began, and "*aus heiterer Luft es donnerte dreimal*," when thunder was heard from a clear sky, he too went into exile. It is with feelings of shame and indignation we read of such things, but with no surprise. So has the world ever treated its best men. Auerbach found a mild climate at Cannes, on the shores of the Mediterranean; and died there, February 9th, 1882, being nearly seventy years old. If he might not die on German soil, yet he will live long in German hearts, and the close of so illustrious and patriotic a career will but have associated him with Dante, Tasso, and Camoens, as one that breathed his last in the sanctuary of sorrow.

Had he lived a few weeks longer, he would doubtless have kept as a solemn day the fiftieth anniversary of Goethe's decease. It was on March 22, 1832, that the great man died, that Olympian Jove at whose side Heine looked for the eagle with lightning in his beak—the wisest in merely human wisdom we have known since Shakespeare (as it is common to hold), certainly the king of German art and poesy. It were no idle task to inquire what Germany has done for mankind since his time, not in warlike deeds, since that perhaps is manifest, but in deeds of light, in dissipating the gross darkness that has come over the people and their rulers. A task not to be attempted here, although (since Minerva is the brain of Jove) it is clear that the wise or unwise direction of the colossal power we call Germany will depend on the quantity of sound insight there may be in the brain of Berlin and Munich. But, looking back, we perceive, in the fifty years we have measured since Goethe, but three stars of first or second magnitude as discernible by European and not by merely

German telescopes. These are Heine, Freiligrath, and Auerbach. Perhaps we might add a fourth, since the anomalous yet powerful genius of Wagner has rescued the Ring of the Nibelungen from cold antiquarians, and published it splendidly as a modern Iliad. Neither can we forget that he has restored to us the masterpieces of mediæval Romance in "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," and in his latest feat of musical magic, "Parsifal." However, he remains a musician rather than a poet; and the three we have chosen are what Germany has to show.

Of these Heine is far the greatest; a wild white swan, flying over marsh and sea, whose life was all the swan's death-song, as despairing as it was sweet. He, too, was a Jew, and died in exile. It may fairly be doubted whether Auerbach does not come next to him in poetical genius, for he lifted a world of common things till they touch the spheres; nay, let us be generous and praise the pleasant gift he offers:—

Aus Morgenduft gewebt und Sonnenklarheit,
Der Dichtung Schleier aus der Hand der Wahrheit.

There is in him true Promethean fire. The dreaminess of the German, which is akin to idealism, the earnest moral energy and self-control of the Jew;—these we cannot despise as trifling endowments, and Auerbach has them. And if he does not altogether lack another quality of the German, which has been very much laughed at, his infinite capacity for the matter of fact, let us be sure that he has therein a foundation of granite, or at least of clay, and one we can trust. For the stolid German peasant has grown to be a soldier; the soldier a man of science; and his children are the likeliest to establish a philosophy that shall be somewhat more than distilled moonshine. Nay, we reckon it a hopeful sign that Auerbach, the founder of a new Suabian School, has so marked an unlikeness to the old, the well-known romantic singers, critics, and novelists. Far be it from us, indeed, to deny their fine qualities. Tieck and Uhland and Novalis, and La Motte Fouqué, and the Schlegels have painted the blue distance for us gloriously; their Suabian and Franconian legends, their fantastic tournaments on the green of haunted castles, their high orders of knighthood, sacred and imperial, their supernatural or demonic fancies peopling the forest, are no less musical than Aspramont and Fontarabia. These were players on the mandolin: and compared with them Auerbach is the Geigerlex with his countrified fiddling. But the mandolin tires in the daytime; it is the Geigerlex that in any market-place will draw children and old men after his music. Germany could not always be chasing the horizon, or living, as

Goethe says, a transcendental life, in the midst of revolution. The Romantic School has had its day; and for knights and princes in their coats of heraldry, we would fain hear what the people are saying and singing. Tieck or Uhland can give us fantastic fiction; we prefer what Auerbach has to give—viz., idealized facts, the truth, exhibited with poetical clearness and life. It is wonderful, says Heine, that a mortal man could write such romances as Fouqué wrote, after the age of Don Quixote—sentiment, magic, and moonshine being their component parts, and rheumatism their unavoidable consequence. But there is little in the village stories that Don Quixote could laugh to death; they defy ridicule. Their author is by no means the dupe of his own fancies; neither does he lament over the past and strive to breathe life into it. And here let us remark how vain, and yet how inevitable, was that multifarious endeavour of pious Catholics and poetical souls, to restore, sixty years ago and since that time, the very form and pressure of the Middle Ages by dreaming them over again when the reality was gone. Like Eliseus, there was many a poet that laid his face on the dead child's face, his limbs on the dead child's limbs; but unlike Eliseus, not one of them could bring it to life. The Church remained, because it was neither ancient nor mediæval, but everlasting; all else had been swallowed up or was shivering on the brink of dissolution. This Auerbach has seen with the intuition of a philosopher; his very picture of the Black Forest is a dissolving view; but he says emphatically, "Is there not Democracy and the Future to kindle our enthusiasm?"

Doubtless, we shall do wisely to ponder this, and to inquire what the decay of the chivalrous romance may signify, what may portend the appearance of real peasants instead of operatic shepherds and shepherdesses in our theatres. It is a momentous and patent fact that Germany has eschewed sentimentalism and abstract philosophies, and is daily employed in physical experiments and in the manufacture of arms and armies. Germany was still mediæval in Goethe's day; she is now, in the fullest sense, modern. But Auerbach witnesses that she cannot remain modern always. This world of industries, democracies, socialisms, scepticisms, has no fixed point by which to keep itself from being carried onward, for it has no religion. Germany herself, the most learned and thoughtful of nations, has now for a hundred years been inventing one, and the creed of her cultivated minds (which is not in the least the creed of her multitudes) is, at best, Spinoza! Assuredly, that cannot last. It is melancholy that no classical name from Lessing to Auerbach, on the literary roll of the Fatherland, has been Christian, except Schlegel's—we mean, simply and dogmatically Christian, sub-

mitting to Revelation, and not sublimating it into a higher synthesis. But this should be taken as a cardinal fact in treating German history. And then we might intend our thoughts a little to weigh its significance. Does it mean that a fresh religion is coming to the birth, heralded by sages, poets, and the men of the inductive sciences, a religion at once Pagan and Christian, chameleon-like changing its colours; monstrously false because so alluringly persuasive? Or does it mean that dogmatic Protestantism having breathed its last, and the mediæval childhood of the race, being matured by the full possession of science, art, and literature, of freedom and public law, into glorious manhood, the Germans will turn again towards the light from Heaven—it has not been eclipsed at all, it is only struggling with the dense vapours streaming up from earth—turn again, we say, and walk in its presence, beginning a new Christendom with the unchanging Church? We may hope or fear, according to our temperament; better than either, we think, did our wisest men consider the phenomena in all their bearings, that judgment might be given after knowledge. We have yet to conquer the Sphynx of German Pantheism by reading the riddle of German Literature; doubtless, not until we have read it aright, will the monster fling herself from the steep.

WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.

ART. VI.—THE COREA.

1. *Histoire de l'Eglise de la Corée.* Par CH. DALLET, missionnaire apostolique de la Société des Missions Etrangères. Paris: Palmé, 1874.
2. *A Forbidden Land: Voyages to the Corea.* By ERNEST OPPERT. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.
3. *Les Missions Catholiques.* Lyons.

THE Corea has had no book-making explorer. To have “walked across Africa” was, until now, a trifle compared to crossing that guarded and forbidden peninsula. Ernest Oppert, the most intrepid traveller who has visited its shores, can only give us after all an external account in his work and its recent translation, although he steamed to within twenty miles of the capital, and received, and was in turn received, by the natives in friendly intercourse during three coasting voyages. His account is the best description of the outward aspect of the Corea and its

people, but the missionaries naturally tell more of the Korean character. Though by the national policy it has been, up to our own days, interdicted ground for every foreigner, the priests, who have given the Corea nearly a century of Christianity, have made it, however forbidden, a familiar land. It is the country whose very name, as Mgr. Berneux said, sends a thrill through every fibre of the apostolic heart. It is the land of martyrs.

The physical character of the country has been its best defence against the stranger. Andrew Kim, the Korean priest and martyr, describes its northern frontier as a rampart of white mountains topped by a black barrier of forest. A similar mountain wall extends down the eastern coast, yet there are some fine ports towards the Sea of Japan. The south coast and the west, which is only two days' steam or about four days' sailing distance from Shanghai, is the usual ground for landing; but reefs, shoals, and islands render these coasts almost inaccessible. The Corea has long encouraged its neighbours in the belief that the little kingdom is barren. Any search for precious metals is forbidden, and no mining is allowed, except for Government use; but Ernest Oppert states his decided conviction that no other country of the whole Asiatic continent approaches it in mineral wealth. And though the northern winter is excessively severe, the climate at other seasons brings forth, under little or no cultivation, the produce of southern Europe as well as of Asia. The surface of the country has an incredible appearance of having been tossed into hilly waves, close and pointed. The French priest's remark, that it is like the sea under a gale, is borne out by the coast and river views of the traveller to the "Forbidden Land." He estimates its population as beyond fifteen or sixteen millions; the last census was seven and a half to eight millions, not counting the island population. Official corruption is so widespread that probably but half the numbers were returned, so that the other half of the taxes might fall to the mandarins. There are eight provinces, the two largest lying at the north. Christianity has taken root mostly in the southern and central provinces. Our account of the persecution will refer chiefly to that part of the peninsula, and to the capital, Saoul, "The King's City," which lies towards the west coast, on the Hang-Kiang River. Mandarins preside over the 320 districts; and the walled towns are counted as upwards of sixty, with hundreds of small towns and villages. Even the capital is inferior to a Chinese city, and the walls of the towns are but ramparts built of loose stones. The size of the whole country is two and a half times that of Scotland, its area being about 79,400 miles.

The king is absolute in the Corea; he chooses his own Ministry, and is assisted by three chief functionaries, the Admirable Coun-

cillor, the Councillor of the Right, and of the Left. The district authorities had the power of life or death until 1873, when the king revoked it to himself. He sends an annual embassy to Peking, and a fair takes place on the northern frontier at the time of its return. Further than this there is no intercourse between the two nations, who hate each other as only jealous neighbours can. A merely nominal vassalage exists; even centuries ago it was but a slender bond. The name of the Chinese emperor is chiefly used by the Corean Government, as in a smaller but well-known case the obliging Spenlow was wont to use Jorkins, who was out of the way, but warranted to be obdurate. Ernest Oppert was referred to the Court of Peking because he was a private individual. Lately, Saoul has made a treaty with the United States without mention of Peking, because diplomatists would have faced the senior partner and found he had nothing to say to it.

The Corean race is physically superior to the Chinese and Japanese. It is derived from a fusion of the Mongolian and the Caucasian; and the two types are observable in the people. The upper classes have the fine oval features, the straight line of the nose, the intellectual and somewhat European aspect marking the Caucasian; their children are blue-eyed, and have auburn or fair hair. The mass of the people show Mongolian blood, having yellowish or brown skin, flat and broad features, high cheek-bones, and slightly oblique black eyes. The hair is twisted into a top tuft, but the head is not shaven round it as in Japan.

The Corean language has a phonetic alphabet; it may be seen with the Pater Noster and Ave Maria in Dallet's "*Histoire*." In 1871, at Shanghai, a Corean reader was published; and in 1881, at Tokio, a French Corean grammar and a Corean-French dictionary. The language is of Mongolian origin; it has a slight resemblance to the Japanese, but the relation is extremely remote. Most of the upper classes have a reading, though not a pronouncing knowledge of Chinese, the official language of the State. They converse with strangers familiar with Chinese by writing on tablets, or by taking the hand and forming the letters with a finger on its palm.

The houses are built of mud and lath, with windows of paper, and thatched with straw. The roof is too low for a tall European to stand erect, and a mat on the earthen floor is often the only furniture. Some of the better houses are built in the Chinese style. In these, it is the custom to receive all comers freely in the outer rooms, where politics being tabooed as a dangerous subject, everyone tells news and gossip to everybody else at the highest pitch of the voice. To this custom is due the rapidity with which Christianity became known as a novel

doctrine before it had Christian teachers. Superstition abounds; in the household, the fire kindled centuries ago is kept burning lest the family should die out; sacrifices are offered to dead relatives, and their tablets kept in the household hall of ancestors, as in China. The worship of ancestors is the chief expression of the State religion, and the Confucian doctrine of the five relations—beginning with king and people, father and son—makes its moral code. The worship of Buddha (Fo) prevailed until the fourteenth century; the old pagodas are used as retreats for the literati; the bonzes become their servants. A flourishing trade is driven by sorcerers, mostly blind men; a guild of the blind beggars and magicians is a recognized institution at Saoul; and as in many other heathen lands the powers of darkness seem to supplement common trickery. A casual observer would see nothing of a native religion; in the "Forbidden Land" we hear only of neglected shrines, and for the josses of a large village a row of tree stumps cut into rough features, standing or fallen at the roadside and kicked about by the natives with shouts of laughter. The witness of the scene decided that the race is utterly without a religious sense, and attributed the want to the position of the bonzes, who are the lowest of the despised or despicable castes, and whose moral degradation is even lower than their nominal rank. As to Corean morality, the best that can be said for it is that it is no worse than that of the neighbouring heathen nations, while a care for their offspring is distinctive of the Coreans, and there is not the sacrifice of infant life which prevails in China. Filial piety ranks as the supreme virtue: and Christianity has to overcome a great obstacle in combating the law, social usage, and misguided filial feeling, all of which compel the sacrifices to ancestors. The moral restraints of Christianity are not to the Corean so great a difficulty; his own national law agrees with that of the Church in sanctioning marriage with one wife; but unfortunately in their pagan state, a licence of custom like that of China prevails among the whole race, up to the king with his harem. The mass of the people are discontented with the exclusive policy, and anxious for intercourse with strangers. They are simple and hospitable. He who goes amongst them with some medical knowledge and some musical skill is sure of their interest and friendship. On board the steamer, where the intrepid traveller received hundreds hospitably, they showed a passion for music. A violinist had to play till he was fairly exhausted; and when a common concertina was played, a grave and mighty mandarin flung dignity to the winds, and danced with delight. There exists, in consequence of isolation, a national vanity that makes westerners smile. "Go to sea!" is a word of contempt. And the garrison of Fu-san, which

Japan maintained since her victorious invasions of the sixteenth century, was believed by the Corean rustics to be a colony of poor Japanese, admitted out of pity because Japan was not able to feed its people at home.

The first Corean Christians belong to that period of the Japanese invasions. Taïko Sama had sent an army mostly Christian, such soldiers being chosen that they might be given the conquered territory, and remain banished, or in case of defeat be destroyed. A Japanese nobleman caused F. Cespedes, S.J., to be sent to the south of the Corea in 1594. He was not permitted to remain there long, and Corean exclusiveness and enmity between the conquered and the conquerors confined his ministry to the Japanese troops; but certainly we must look back to that time for the first Mass in the Corea. On the death of Taïko Sama the troops were withdrawn; they carried a vast number of prisoners to Japan, and several of these Coreans became martyrs in the persecution at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Amongst them were the family of Cosmo Takeya—the husband and wife and two children aged ten and three; and the son of one of the highest officers of the Corean Court, Vincent Kouan Cafoïe, was put to death, in 1626, with Jesuit martyrs, who at the place of execution received his vows as a member of the Society of Jesus.

Nearly two centuries after, Christian books from Peking found their way to the Corea through the returning embassy; amongst them was the Tien-tsou-sir-ei, or "True Principles about God," by F. Ricci, S.J. One of the literati, Piek-i, was seized with ardour for the new doctrine, and while it was being discussed and criticized by philosophers, one native having found the treasure of truth, fled to a mountain cavern, and lived as the Corea's first hermit, Hong-Iou-han-i, the Christian by desire. To learn more, Piek-i sent his friend Seng-houn-i to Peking; the messenger returned as Peter Seng-houn-i, baptized by the Portuguese Bishop Alexander Govea, bringing a store of books and glowing accounts of the priests, churches, and worship of Peking. "We must spread religion," exclaimed Piek-i; "we must spread it through the whole world!" The two became the first apostles of the Corea, preached, converted hundreds, baptized and sent forth new teachers—a Francis Xavier and an Aloysius Gonzago, the last of whom was to have the glory of martyrdom. The very next year persecution broke out; it has only flagged, never ceased, down to this day. Nor can we wonder that there were more apostasies than martyrdoms during the first years. "When one thinks," says the historian of the Corea, "how, by a special dispensation of God, unique perhaps in the history of Christianity, this Church had been founded, had

grown and strengthened itself without the help of any pastor, the courage of its martyrs, the constancy of its confessors, its very existence, becomes a striking prodigy." Ten years after the baptism of Peter Ni Seng-houn-i at Pekin, notwithstanding persecution and defection, there were 4,000 Christians in the Corea.

The new Christianity passed through one strange phase. The neophytes knew of the Mass and the sacraments, but they had not learned the necessity of apostolical succession to the priesthood. In helpless perplexity, a few of the chief men assumed priestly functions, imitated the Mass as best they could, heard confessions, and gave communion. The unquestioning fervour of the people was rewarded with fresh grace even for counterfeit ceremonies, and conversions multiplied fast. All at once a passage in one of the books awakened doubt. Then came a proof of the perfect honesty of purpose with which the whole huge mistake had been carried on. The pseudo-priests ceased to exercise their office, told the people simply that they doubted if they had any authority, and sent to Pekin to inquire about ordination. When the answer was received, the Corean Christians had henceforth but one desire; in response to it, a Chinese priest was sent to them, James Tsiou, and they heard the veritable Mass at last, at the capital, on Easter Day, 1795. From that time became evident a most hopeful sign of Corean Christianity—the devoted attachment of the people to the priests who labour amongst them. Shortly after the Chinese priest arrived, one of the Christians, Mathias Tsoi, laid down his life for him, by delaying the official search of the house, shaving his own head, feigning ignorance of the language, and passing himself off as the Chinese stranger, until he believed the priest to be in safety. Martyrdom followed, June, 1795. The priest lived henceforth in concealment, yet with all the disadvantages of secrecy his ministry in a few years increased the number of converts to 10,000. The persecution made many martyrs, and at this and later times there are traditions of miracles and instances of the gaolers witnessing to a mysterious light around the dead body—the body which, under the common torture of death by blows, had perhaps lost all human semblance. In 1799, died Lawrence Pak, whose martyrdom extended over eighteen months, and who received more than fourteen hundred blows. One morning the gaoler, who had seen him the night before covered with wounds, found him perfectly healed; and, infuriated by what was set down to Christian magic, he strangled his prisoner. The name of Lawrence Pak is held in great veneration, and the district where he suffered, Hong-tsiou, has been ever since noted for its Christianity.

In 1800, died a king of the Corea, whose life, it is said, a touch of the lancet would have saved. The person of the king is held so sacred that no one is permitted to touch him during life, nor even after death, when he is embalmed, laid in State, and buried, without direct touch of any hand upon the royal remains. After the king's death, at appointed times, the whole population of the country turns, kneeling, towards Saoul; and we have to speak always vaguely of "the King of the Corea," for the royal name is not known till his successor gives it to the world; a Corean speaking his king's name would be held guilty of sacrilege. After the five months' mourning in 1800, the persecution became for the first time official. Its secret object was, in exterminating the new doctrine, to crush the powerful Nam-in family, many of whose members had embraced it. The priest, James Tsiou, was one of the martyrs of the famous year of martyrdoms, 1801. At death, he predicted that after thirty years there would be priests again in the Corea. The persecution had its touching episodes, too many to be named, such as the farewell of the two friends, Andrew Kim Koang-ok-i and Peter Kim Tai-t'soun, who made the first stage of their last journey in company, till the branching of the roads to their native districts, where they were to be executed on the morrow—parting, they assigned the next meeting-place, "At noon, to-morrow, in heaven!"

Year after year the Coreans sent a messenger by stealth to Peking, imploring that a priest might come to them. They had to wait for thirty-two years. The French Revolution had been a disaster even to the remote East. The Church was impoverished, her resources in France disorganized, and the supply of missionaries was inadequate to the missions already existing. The same sorrowful answer had to be returned, although the Coreans had transmitted a letter to the Pope at Fontainebleau, asking for succour, "a thousand and ten thousand times with tears of blood." It is a melancholy fact that, during the long persecution, the first lay apostles of the country separated themselves from their brethren, and denied the faith they had brought to the Corea. Piek-i, who had sent his comrade to Peking, and had wished to convert the world, abandoned the faith in which he had borne the name of John-Baptist as the forerunner of the light. Peter Seng-houn-i, the first baptized Christian, who once brought back the tidings of great joy, after repeated apostasy and repentance, perished as a castaway, unless he found grace at the supreme moment; he died among Christian martyrs, and himself left the memory of a renegade. On the other hand, there are overwhelming numbers of instances of repentance after apostasy, and even of those who wiped out apostasy with their blood. When

the martyr, Andrew Kim (of 1816), was led to the tribunal, he reproached a Christian woman, Agatha Magdalen Kim, who was going out, set free after denial:—"You are losing a glorious chance. You are free; but for how many years have you life?" Agatha stopped, acknowledged that the life she had saved might end to-day or to-morrow, and going straight back to the tribunal, she cried out that she was "a Christian more than ever." She was dragged away as a fool, but she returned to the same spot, with the same word. At last the executioners fell upon her with a shower of blows, till "the flesh hung in rags and the bones were laid bare;" and scarcely had they carried her to the prison when the penitent and martyr breathed her last. Nearly two years after, Andrew Kim, through whom she had won her crown, was martyred at Taikou (1816). So many martyrs are of identical name that a date becomes necessary to distinguish an Andrew Kim. Agatha is a favourite name for Corean women, as Andrew is for men; and we notice among the women martyrs many cases of vowed virginity,* and a persistent choice of baptismal names from the virgin saints. In 1819 died together as martyrs two virgin spouses, Peter Tsio, and Theresa, his wife, whose story carries us back to St. Cecilia of the early Church; nor was this a unique instance among the Christian marriages of the Corea. As the historian exclaims: "What may we not expect of a people among whom religion produced such souls as these, such marvels, while it was yet hardly established amongst them, without priests, without sacraments, without sacrifice?"

In 1828, the Holy See detached the Corea from the diocese of Peking, and appointed, as its first vicar apostolic, Mgr. Bruguière, Bishop of Capsa, of the Société des Missions Étrangères, to which society of missionaries all the care of the Church of the Corea is due since that time. After a three years' journey the first vicar apostolic died on the frontier of Manchuria and Corea. The second bishop, Mgr. Imbert, crossed the frontier in the darkness of night (the hour generally chosen for entrance), at the close of 1837, and journeyed safely to Saoul, where two priests, M.M. Maubant and Chastan, had already arrived a few months before. From their arrival to the end of 1838, the number of Christians increased from 6000 to 9000. The year 1839 opened with high promise; four Coreans were studying for the priesthood, and Corean boys had been sent to the seminaries in China. But the rule of events in the Corea seems to be that great hope is the prelude of disaster. Persecution broke out afresh, and at the end of the year there was not a priest and hardly a catechist left in the country. Mgr.

* Tradition tells of one virgin-martyr whose blood flowed white—St. Agnes again in the Corea.

Imbert, and MM. Maubant and Chastan, literally laid down their lives for their people, surrendering themselves at once in the hope of stopping the persecution. The three were declared Venerable at Rome, September 23rd, 1857.

The persecution of 1839 differed from that of 1801, in being directed against the Christians with no shadow of a cause except their religion, while that of 1801 had broken out with some political colour; the powerful family of the Nam-in, who were chiefly of the new religion, were the object of enmity on the part of the regent of that time, and the fury of persecution abated when the Nam-in were crushed. But it had never entirely ceased; the laws were always in force; the Christians had only been spared since, during lapses of peace, because they were despised as weak, ignorant, and thinned in numbers by death and apostasy. The first Corean Christians had been the learned, the esteemed; it was now the turn of the poor and ignorant, whom Corean paganism despises, to astonish the pagan authorities by growing unawares to become the strength of the new religion, to give the Church intrepid martyrs and confessors, and to leave a memory held in honour. The Corean Government awakened to the fact that the religion of the foreigner, without the rich to lead it, was stronger than ever; and the persecution fell upon priests and people, until at the end of 1839 the bloodshed had been so great, that a kind of apologetic edict was published, setting forth those calumnies which the powers of evil seem to invent as readily to bring the nineteenth-century Christians of Corea to a death by blows and beheadal, as to bring the Roman Christians to the ancient amphitheatre. With the Corean year ending in the beginning of our year 1840, the fury of persecution worked itself out by the strangling in secret of most of the Christians remaining in the prisons. In all 70 are known to have been beheaded; about 60 more to have died under torture, in consequence of torture, or by strangulation. Of those who saved themselves by apostasy, the most took up at once again their Christian practices; the word of the gaolers told that they knew it:—"The Christians renounce their God only with the mouth; the heart never changes." The result of the year's persecution was that all the missionaries were swept away, and most of the catechists. But the Christian religion was no longer despised; it was recognized henceforth as a power amongst the people; and the manner in which the persecution had been borne, proved that the presence of priests had vastly strengthened the people; apostasies were fewer; there was more heroism and more grace, because there had been more of the sacraments.

On Sunday, August 17th, 1845, in the chapel at Kin-ka-ham, near Shanghai, the first Corean priest, Andrew Kim, was ordained;

he was one of the four who had been selected by Mgr. Imbert. After saying his first Mass, he set sail in a Chinese junk with the new missionary bishop Mgr. Ferréol, and reached the Corean shore in a few days. Dressed in native mourning, which covers the wearer's face with a broad hat-leaf, and ensures his safety from being addressed, Mgr. Ferréol passed in disguise to the capital. There was the usual vast work to be done after the persecution. Great numbers of Christians were found participating in the pagan ceremonies. Others had fled to the mountains and lived in remote settlements in poverty and concealment; yet every year since the martyrdom of the three missionaries, two hundred neophytes swelled the numbers of the proscribed religion. Independent of defection and denial, there is clearly something in the Coreans, taken as a nation, which realises vividly the preciousness of eternal life, and braves temporal poverty or pain.

The first Corean priest, Andrew Kim, died the martyr's death after long imprisonment, September 16th, 1846, but one year after his return to his own land; it is said, and he himself believed, that French ships unwisely threatening the coast were the cause of his sentence of imprisonment being closed prematurely by death. Other martyrdoms made the year memorable, yet notwithstanding the persecution there were over 3,400 confessions counted by Mgr. Ferréol that year, and next year over 5,000; while in 1846 there were nearly a thousand adult baptisms, and in the following year nearly 800. "If we had but liberty of religion even as it is in China," the bishop wrote, "we should see the Coreans crowding into the Church of Jesus Christ. May the Divine Shepherd bring them to His fold. Multitudes seem to be waiting to declare themselves the moment religion is free; they are only held back by the fear of torture and death." Early in 1853 the labours of Mgr. Ferréol came to an end. He was the first of the faithful priests of the Corea who escaped death by violence; but when we read of his solitary mission, to which no aid could come, his long mountain journeys, his endurance of continual labour and travel day and night, his sufferings from the fiercest winters, the deepest poverty and the longest hours of toil the human frame can bear; when we find him at last a paralytic, "a corpse rather than a living man," as he himself was wont to say, we must acknowledge that there can be self-sacrifice even to martyrdom in life, as well as martyrdom in death. To his deathbed came the Abbé Maistre; for ten years he had been at the frontier trying in vain to enter the Corea. In September 1855 the next bishop entered, the renowned Mgr. Berneux, in the mourning dress, the usual travelling disguise of all the missionaries. He had already passed many years in missionary labour, and had borne torture and imprisonment, and

narrowly escaped death in Tonquin. We cannot wonder that the apostolic ardour of such a man, and his conduct under perplexing circumstances, are incomprehensible to some men of our day, who have not studied his motives and spirit, and who have not his full knowledge of the case that was before him at Saoul in 1866.

The dynasty of Ni had lasted from 1397, in unbroken succession, until 1864. When the last king died leaving no heir, Queen Tsio, the mother of a former king, according to the eastern custom of adoption, chose a boy of thirteen to succeed him, and appointed the father of the boy to be Regent. The boy-king had had as his nurse a Corean Christian. There were at that time several Christians about the palace, and so far, in the Corea, has Christianity at times made its way to the highest ranks, that princesses from the Saoul palace were reckoned among the martyrs of 1801. In 1864 Queen Tsio sent a request to the missionaries that they would offer sacrifices for the prosperous reign of her adopted son. There could not be higher hope than that with which the reign of the present king began. But his father, the Regent Tai-ouen-koun, was a biter of the Christian religion as of all things foreign; he has identified himself ever since with the most rigid policy of exclusion, and his jealousy of foreign influence vented itself upon his Christian subjects. In 1866, Russian vessels appeared upon the north-east coast. The Regent intimated indirectly to Mgr. Berneux, that if he, being a foreigner, would send away the foreign war ships, there might be liberty of worship allowed. It must have cost Mgr. Berneux much sadness to return his answer—he of whom his coadjutor said that his love for souls would move mountains. Nevertheless, the answer had to be sent, through the same indirect channel; he explained that the Russians were not of his religion, and he was not of their nation, but if the Government would but abandon its isolated policy, it would be possible to obtain the intervention of European Powers in such a case. It is easy for Ernest Oppert to dismiss Mgr. Berneux as a fanatic, and to say at this point that a grand opportunity was lost through a fear of the presence of sectarian missionaries. Mgr. Berneux was on the spot at the time; he alone knew all the possibilities and difficulties of his position; and we cannot believe that a man who offered life and death for the people of the Corea, and who knew them by experience as he knew his own nation, would have lost any possible chance of obtaining their religious freedom. The desire of the missionaries has always been that the country should cease to be “A Forbidden Land;” and we all know that sectarian societies will probably send their own contingent to any country that is open and safe.* The bishop’s reply to the Regent

* The only Protestant attempt ever made upon the Corea was the

may well have implied his readiness to open negotiations with Europeans of his own nation and religion; but there was no further negotiation. He and his priests were imprisoned before there was any chance of trying influence through Western Powers. We must also remember that, of all human mendacity, there is none to match that of Corean officials. It is questionable whether the Regent would have ever given religious liberty; and very questionable whether the promise was not a mere conversational remark that was magnified on the way, and whether the bishop's message had any hope of reaching him correctly. The persecution of that year swept away every priest from the Corea. The bishop, his coadjutor, and seven French missionaries, suffered torture and death at Saoul. Mgr. Berneux, MM. Bretennières, Beaulieu, and Dorié on the 8th of March; MM. Pourthié and Petitnicolas on the 11th; Mgr. Daveluy, MM. Huin and Aumaitre on Good Friday, March 30th. Mgr. Berneux, by the bastinado and puncturing torture, was reduced to a state which, in the record of his martyrdom, is told in the very words which described his Divine Master—"his body was one wound." His priests shared individually the same trials. We can hardly hope to know what in any given instance a Christian has endured before Corean execution. The execution itself was a barbarous ceremony. Four hundred soldiers formed a ring, in the midst of which, painfully, and amid insults, the condemned men were carried round several times to be exhibited, and then stripped of most of their clothing, with the body whitened with chalk, and the face smeared with sprinkling of water and ashes, they knelt in turn while six executioners went through a savage war dance, slashing at the neck of the prisoner as they passed. Such are the details of Mgr. Berneux's execution, to which the rest were similar. Mgr. Daveluy was left upon the ground, but half be-headed and suffering intolerable agony, while his executioner turned aside to haggle over his pay for the butchery. It is hard to realize that these are events of our own time, and that they happened but a few days' distance from ports full of English and French shipping, and may happen again at any time while the Corean capital shuts out the world's civilization.

Three priests were still alive, MM. Ridel, Calais, and Feron. They remained hidden in caves of the mountains, in forests, or in the remote huts of the natives, whose bread of poverty was

arrival of a ship off the coast, in 1827. The poor natives crowded on board, when they saw "The Religion of Jesus Christ," inscribed upon her standard; they believed the priest was come at last. But at once by the word of salutation, they detected the snare, and returned to land. The missionary ship deposited packing-cases of bibles at a few points of the shore, and respectfully retired.

shared with them, until they effected an escape with a few Coreans to the Chinese coast.

In his second voyage, Ernest Oppert heard with bitter regret that Corean Christians had been among the crowds he received during his first voyage, but they had found no chance of telling him of the persecution then raging. The captain of the *Emperor* in the second voyage, landing one morning at daybreak, met natives who gave him a letter, which he brought to the traveller; it was from Mgr. Ridel, saying he had heard of foreign ships off the coast, and imploring help for his brother priests and himself, who were fugitives among the mountains. After reading the letter the traveller saw on the shore two or three natives, who began to make the sign of the cross as a signal. He immediately went to shore with a letter, promising a safe refuge to the missionaries if they could reach the *Emperor*; but the natives, at their own request, were not taken on board then, as a crowd full of curiosity had collected.

One of them sat down in a spot sheltered from the looks of the people, and wrote down the following: "Ego, Philippus, alumnus corensis, secundum pactum cum duobus nautis heri ante mediam noctem veni in hunc destinatum locum, et tota nocte hic vigilavimus. In hac nocte post tenebras navicula veniret optimum erit, nunc etiam hic sumus." It was certainly a remarkable sight to see this poor, rough-looking and worn out native sit down and indite Latin letters if he had done nothing else all his lifetime.

One of the Coreans started at once with the answer; his journey would not end for some days. The three others were brought to the ship in a boat after dusk.

It is almost impossible to describe the joy and the happiness of these poor people to find themselves, at least for a time, surrounded by friendly and sympathizing faces, and they hardly knew how to express their gratitude and thankfulness, and I must say it was a sight worth seeing to observe our lascar sailors, and all other hands on board, rush forward to meet them and shake hands with them—it was a spontaneous tribute offered to the courage and disinterested conduct of these brave fellows. For forty-eight hours they had not tasted a morsel of food; being strangers in the neighbourhood they had not dared to ask for food for fear of the authorities. . . . And really these rough-looking men, who so courageously braved all sorts of dangers and death itself to save their teachers from the fate which threatened them, deserved all praise for their self-devotion.

Before the letter reached Mgr. Ridel, he had found a boat for Chefoo. The other two priests set out, journeying by night, to reach the *Emperor*; happening to be misdirected they failed to find the ship, but chanced instead upon a Corean junk in which they were taken to the Chinese coast. The owner of the junk

was a pagan, but he declared he would carry the two fugitives to freedom, so that other nations might hear of the wretched state of the whole Korean nation, and interfere to save his country from the tyranny of the Regent.

In 1866 the Regent had declared that in ten years he would not leave a Christian alive in the Corea. The number of martyrs in the succeeding years will never be known. The Coreans gave Ernest Oppert, in his third voyage, names of persons and places, proving that from 10,000 to 12,000 had been put to death within the restricted knowledge of those districts. When the number of victims was embarrassing, pits were dug, and they were flung in alive and buried. Others were beaten to death with inhuman cruelty; and several unhappy apostates found their sentence unchanged, for it had become known that the apostate Korean was nearly always a Christian at heart, who would turn again to the religion of "the Lord of Heaven." Numbers of them, after days of starvation, were passed through a room where a banquet was spread. To eat was the sign of apostasy; and the wretched men who succumbed to hunger, had no sooner eaten and passed on, than they were struck dead beyond the farther door beside their martyr comrades. In another case a man under a storm of blows denied at last that he was a Christian; he was mocked by the savage order, "More blows then, till he calls him a Christian again!" Beside the ten thousand martyrs, or it may be the thousands more, a scattered multitude died of starvation among the mountains, no less martyrs than those who had met death by violence of sword or club, or by that bone-breaking which is one of the most horrible of Korean tortures. The dying parents had to bear the prospect of leaving their children homeless and destitute of hope for the necessities of life. The pagans were afraid even to give them food; and the children of Christians died by the roadside.

In 1859 there had been 18,000 Christians. In 1866 there were far beyond 25,000. It is supposed that half the entire number were swept away by the persecution.

On the day of Pentecost, 1870, Mgr. Ridel was consecrated bishop in the church of the Gesù, at Rome, many of the bishops assembled for the council assisting at the ceremony, which became singularly impressive when the bishop destined for the Corea exchanged the kiss of peace with the bishop whose life-work lay in the newly opened Japan. Mgr. Ridel, unable to return at once to his persecuted flock, journeyed from his place of consecration to the country of Manchuria, at the northern frontier of the Corea, where he waited at "Our Lady of the Snow," while he and his brother missionaries were seeking entrance. The very year after the martyrdom of their nine

companions, the three survivors, Mgr. Ridel, M. Calais, and M. Féron had begun their attempts to re-enter the country. Every possible plan was tried in vain. In one of these, M. Féron had the traveller, Ernest Oppert, for his fellow-worker, the intrepid courage and political plans of the one coinciding with the zealous desire and apostolic fearlessness of the other. The plan suggested by the missionary was apparently wild and daring, but the practical mind of his political collaborateur saw that it was worth trying; and, as a matter of fact, it almost succeeded, and it proves M. Féron's admirable knowledge of the king and people with whom he had to deal. Certain relics were known to be kept far from the capital, and the Coreans declared that these were held by the king in such superstitious veneration that, if they could be taken away for a time, he would agree upon any terms to get them back, and even open the country to foreigners rather than forfeit his future good fortune by remaining without the treasure. Ernest Oppert, the missionary, and a band of men, landed and marched inland to the spot where the relics were kept. They found the relic-house more strongly built than they expected, and they had to return in time to reach a small inlet, before the tide left it shallow. Otherwise, it was the universal opinion of the Coreans, that the plan would have succeeded; and it had been within a hair's-breadth of being realized.

The anxiety of the Christians for the return of their priests was all this time most touching. We hear of families changing their home, and risking danger and death by offering to receive a priest into the secrecy of their houses if he would but come; or, in one letter of the missionaries, it is told that two Corean Christians had brought a junk to the Chinese coast to take a priest back to their own land; and one of these men, to defray the expense of the voyage, had given absolutely everything he possessed. But, by land or sea, all attempts proved fruitless, until 1876, when MM. Blanc and Deguette made a successful entrance, and offered the first Mass that had been said on Corean soil for ten years. After a special blessing from Pius IX., upon a fresh attempt, Mgr. Ridel entered safely too, in September 1877. At the close of that year we hear of one bishop and four priests in the Corea—two in the north, two in the south, and one at the capital. The four priests were MM. Blanc, Deguette, Robert, and Doucet, who, like their bishops, were all members of the *Société des Missions Etrangères*. The persecution had left only about one-half of the native Christians. Most of their books had been destroyed, and the knowledge of religious doctrine was fading fast. Most of them were reduced to a state of utter destitution; they were still hiding among the mountains, where they had built hamlets of their own. But, poor as they were,

ignorant and persecuted, their fervour was remaining yet, and their thirst to receive the sacraments. They journeyed ten, twenty, thirty miles, and far more, over the deep mountain snow, when they heard where the priest was to be found ; for many of them there had been no sacrament or sacrifice for thirty years. The Church of the Corea was just being renewed and restored after the ravages of the long persecution, and the missionaries, though in one place they might find the Christian people of a whole village timidly joining in the public superstitions of paganism, would at the next turn find the Faith kept with a steadfastness and purity that gave abundant consolation. Once the truth is received, there is in the Coreans a tenacity of character keeping it so devotedly that we can often see a visible reward. Thus, in 1876, one of the missionaries found and baptized a very old woman, who had been a catechumen in 1839. She had been separated from the other Christians by the persecution of that year, and yet, after seventeen years, was found faithful, and had the joy of receiving the sacraments in her old age. She had not even known her Christian prayers in Corean, but could repeat the "Our Father" and "Hail, Mary," as she had heard the Chinese words ; and she had persevered in saying the rosary every day during all her years of isolation amongst a pagan people.

At the close of January, 1878, persecution broke out again. The bishop had been but a few months among his flock ; his courier was captured with letters which told that there were European priests again in the country. Monsigneur Ridel was arrested at Saoul and imprisoned ; the whole household that had sheltered him were seized, and the house pillaged. The four priests of the provinces concealed themselves with great hardship. M. Doucet was for a whole day and night, in the depth of winter, in a freezing mountain cave ; afterwards he was at a safer distance. "It seems that God has given me a Corean face," he wrote ; "I can travel without fear." M. Robert buried the few things he wished to save, and journeyed away over snow-covered mountains, in defiance of fatigue, hunger, and thirst. At the inns he feigned illness, to get a meal undisturbed ; yet the fugitive priest not only said Mass every morning for a whole month, but travelled on from one Christian settlement to another, dispensing the sacraments and encouraging his people. He baptized several adults who presented themselves to him, even in the heat of persecution seeking to be made Christians, and professing their readiness to die. It was no empty boast ; rumour told news of death already ; he had heard of six martyrs in the south, and other reports proved that martyrdoms were numerous.

Monsigneur Ridel was kept in prison at Saoul for nearly five

months. In June he was sent, under escort to the frontier, and set free in Manchuria. The French Minister at Pekin had brought the pressure of the Chinese Government to bear upon the Coreans for his release; and there is evidence that Japan had also interfered on his behalf, at the suggestion of the French Minister at Yeddo. It was said at Saoul that he had been well treated; unfortunately there was only truth in the statement in a comparative sense; he did not suffer the excessive ill-treatment, the revolting cruelty, which is common in Corean prisons. But his own account of the prison at Saoul shows us that, even with what the Corean Government considers good treatment, the fate of Christian prisoners is most miserable. During the first part of his captivity Monseigneur Ridel was introduced to prison life by spending the night with one foot in the stocks in a pestiferous cell. From his place of captivity he could afterwards hear the cries of other Christians put to the torture, and the raillery and laughter of the gaolers. He himself was plied with questions from morning till night by a crowd of underling officials; some of the questions dealt with his doctrine and his entrance into the country, or the place where had last seen the other priests—a question which he refused to answer. Other demands show the childish belief of the natives in the capabilities of a European:—Could he send away the Japanese, who threatened to make war? they asked; could he build a steamer?

The latter part of his imprisonment was endured in an infectious cell, dark and narrow, where he and many other prisoners, chiefly Christians, sat all day upon straw in their places by the walls. He kept count of the Sundays by marks on the wall, and, having his ring still hidden with him, he was able to celebrate Easter by giving the episcopal benediction to his people, at a moment when one pagan prisoner was absent and the other asleep. Fettered in their places, the Christians could not confer with each other, and could only kneel to pray in the deeper darkness of night. At the other end of the cell, a woman, who had apostatized, lay in fever at the point of death. She contrived to give the bishop a sign of her repentance, and he from his place returned a sign of absolution; her recovery followed at once. But bad as this cell was, with its scant gleam of light through a small barred opening in the roof and with its door barred and abandoned at night so that in case of fire all must have perished: miserable as existence must have been there, with foul air, food enough only to keep life lingering, and a lease of one place against the wall day and night upon straw that was but a lair for rats and other vermin;—bad and miserable as all this was, it was not the worst that Christians have had to suffer in Corean prisons. Outside

the cell door was a courtyard. Directly opposite was the house where the dead were left till they could be carried at night beyond the ramparts. A third side of the courtyard was formed by the long cell called the thieves' prison. There a vast number of men lay fettered, with hardly room to stir without displacing each other, and kept under a system of torture by blows and starvation, of which one cannot read without a shudder. Even sleep was denied them; it was part of the cruel delight of their gaolers to remain all night and keep them awake by pain; and when they were permitted to take a breath of air in the courtyard, the prisoners in the cell with Mgr. Ridel could see these wretched men come out scarcely able to walk, and worn to skin and bone. Many Christians were thrown into that terrible prison of thieves; the barbarous treatment there made life more horrible than death; and doubtless in the persecution of 1839, when it is a notable fact that most of the victims were imprisoned but not executed, far more was actually suffered than during persecutions in which the penalty of death was given freely; and even if we except those who died in consequence of actually inflicted torture, the martyrs who perished under prison life must have been many. Of some of these nameless martyrs, so late as the year 1878, the short but terrible history is given in a few words that occur casually in Mgr. Ridel's narrative of his imprisonment; they might stand for the acts of martyrdom of an indefinite number more. Into the cell where he was, three Christians more were brought:—

They were poor cultivators of the soil, robust and strong. After fifteen days in the prison they were not to be recognized, so much had they suffered from that confined life and insufficient food. When we were not watched we passed a part of our rice to them. Three times they were taken out to be tortured. They came back trembling, scarcely able to breathe. Later on they were transferred to the prison of thieves. On the 12th of May two of them died there, of ill-treatment and starvation.

One day the rumour came to Mgr. Ridel that he and his fellow-Christians were to die on the morrow: they prepared for martyrdom with joy and resignation; but it proved to be only one of many false reports. He was to live to part sorrowfully from the remaining prisoners, to be conveyed to Manchuria, where a rapturous welcome awaited him, and to realize that his sufferings in the foul den at Saoul had left him with all his missionary ardour unchanged, but with strength gone and health broken down. In June, 1878, he was free. In February of the following year the authorities at the palace wished to be encumbered no more with Christian prisoners, and all those then remaining in the prisons of Saoul were strangled; probably the number is quite unknown; some heard at the time of the death

of ten, others of eight—two men and six women. Several had already died of sickness and privation. Of these was John Tchôi, an old man, in whose house the bishop had been arrested, and to whom the last thoughts of Mgr. Ridel were given when he was quitting the prison in extreme anxiety for those he left behind. He had been assured again and again that when he, their master, was gone, the Corean Government meant to set free all the Christians without fear, and restore them to their homes; and on this assurance he had accepted his release. The promise was as false as any of the other fictions with which Corean gaolers amuse themselves at their victims' expense. Those who had not died off before the following February, were secretly despatched by strangulation. That same year, 1879, M. Deguette was arrested; he was treated with comparative leniency and sent across the frontier. These two decisions of the Corean Government, substituting banishment for death, seemed to indicate a change of policy; at least they established a merciful precedent, for the principle of precedent has great weight in Corean law; and they hinted that the action of France had at last some effect towards the protection of subjects. Again, in 1881, a priest was arrested; this time it was M. Liouville, one of the three new missionaries whom Mgr. Ridel, on his release, found ready at the frontier, waiting to make an entrance. M. Liouville was seized by soldiers, who were searching for a thief. Finding what capture they had made instead, they sent for instructions to Saoul, and meanwhile kept him under arrest, but allowed him to say Mass, and give the sacraments to his people—a circumstance which in itself proves that last year the Corean Christians had no longer to keep their faith in absolute secrecy, or to show it at the risk of leading the life of hunted beasts in forest and cavern. M. Liouville fully expected that the decision of the Government would at least be banishment; but—wonderful to state—orders came that the troops should set him free, and should not molest him. This event of March, 1881, most significant of the good will of the Government at that time, was not heard of in Europe until eleven months after. His letter to Mgr. Ridel was not despatched till the beginning of the next Corean new year, one month later than the western year, a time at which intercourse is safe and easy, through the northward journey of the embassy from Saoul to Peking. The news gave the highest hope for the future of the Corean missions. It was more than peace; it was toleration of the religion of the foreigner, and various pending treaties with Foreign Powers implied that the immemorial era of exclusiveness was passing away for the Corea, as it has passed for China and Japan. Before surmising the effect of later events upon the hope roused by the news of last year's events, we may

look at the few facts known with regard to the Korean Court and policy during the period since 1866, while the missionaries were effecting a return, and while the persecution was continuing rather than beginning afresh.

The outburst of persecution in 1866 was followed by an ineffectual French expedition under Admiral Roze. After one or two exploits, such as the taking of an evacuated coast-town, the admiral retired, under the impression that he had done his duty of retaliation; and the Korean troops, with amazement, saw him retire, and believed henceforth more than ever that the universe of foreigners would be powerless against the Corea, for had not the Corea beaten off the navy of France? In 1871, the United States made the same show of retaliation, after some American shipwrecked vessels had been destroyed on the coast, and their crews ill-treated. Probable the Americans did not count upon the resistance the Koreans were able to make. The ships withdrew, and the Koreans were further strengthened in their contempt for the military power of the foreigner,—the western barbarians, or western devils, as they call the rest of the world. Had not they defeated all the strength of France and America? No wonder the story increased as it ran. The arrogance that sprang from this little delusion of the poor Koreans, was very injurious to the interests of our missions. It has always been the opinion of the priests of the Corea that foreign vessels, when they come to harass the shores, and then to shrink away seaward, are probably the harbingers of fresh vengeance upon the foreigner who happens to be carrying his life in his hand upon Korean soil. But, at the time of these two expeditions, there were no priests in the Corea. Vengeful ill-feeling was strengthened to keep them out, and to bide their possible presence. It is touching to hear how some of the Korean Christians made their way to the American war-ships, and asked if they had not brought the long-expected priests. In 1873, a report spread that the young king had been assassinated. It was untrue, but the foundation was that in November there had been a revolution in the Government. Two nobles, Tchoi-ik-hieuni and Hong-si-hieungi, with the help of the Queen Tsio, (who had adopted the king in boyhood) conspired to throw the Regent out of power, because, as the Queen complained, she was the rightful mother of the nation, and he was putting all her people to death—a word which well indicates the extent of the Christian religion and the fury of the persecution. The Queen resorted to a strange expedient, common enough as a token of grief in the East. She refused all sustenance, and, by her sufferings, persuaded the young king to take the power which would be put into his hands by a revolt at the palace. He agreed. The

Regent was expelled from the city. The boy-king of 1866 declared that he was now a man and would rule for himself. He changed almost all the governors of provinces, and a great number of the mandarins, and chose new Ministers. His first speech in council restored the coinage, took away the heaviest of the taxes, and abolished the arbitrary tax to which hitherto the rich were liable. He also reserved to himself the right of life or death, and promised to remove the prohibition which had excluded goods of European manufacture. The whole event tells that the union between the king and his mother by adoption, was still one of great influence for the queen; and we may remember her favourable leanings towards the Christian religion, her belief in its sacrifice, and the fact also that the earliest ideas of this king were received from a Christian woman. He was yet young. His first speech shows a spirit of reform, and an energy towards justice and mercy, that must have favourably impressed his people. On hearing of it, Mgr. Ridel tried to send from beyond the frontier a petition in favour of the Christian religion. He had a plan for transmitting it to the young king's own hands, but his emissaries failed in finding the Christian intermediary through whom it was first to pass. Unhappily the character of a king at Saoul cannot be trusted to realize its early promise; and if the present king is preserving anything of his youthful power and sense of justice, he must be an exception to his race. In a letter of the martyred Abbé Pourthié, there are a few words accounting quite sufficiently for the sameness that is recognizable in the reigns of the monarchs at Saoul. It is said, he wrote, that if a young king shows too much strength of character, a certain drug is administered to him in a drink to soften and debase his intellect; but there is no need of such a story, the Abbé Pourthié comments; he is debased enough very soon by a life spent in the depths of a harem, and for the most part in a state of drunkenness. Certainly again and again in the recent history of the Corea, the king's reign reaches the same end; he is imbecile and half-dead; in one case the people believed their king to be dead, and clamoured for him to show himself, and they were shown, with much State and pageant, a miserable figure that could hardly move, resting in a palanquin. With such facts in other successive reigns, we can only hope that there is a little more strength of character in the present king than in his predecessors. As we shall presently see, however feeble at Saoul, he is doing more than any one else has done to open his country to the outer world. In October, 1877, the letter of one of the missionaries contained some palace news, that throws on his character the latest light we have. The report at that time was that the young king was wanting in energy, and lived

in dread of assassination, frightened by phantoms as much as by real dangers. He kept the palace guarded; and slept at night with three lights burning, probably through terror of spirits rather than of human assailants. But his greatest terror of all was, that the Corea might be forced into war. When Japanese ambassadors came, he said to Queen Tsio: "They must have come to tell me to join the Christian religion; well, to escape going to war, I would be a Christian." "What!" exclaimed Queen Tsio—"a religion that does not recognize the five natural relations! Think what you are saying." "Yes," he persisted, with the desperation of fear, "if the Japanese want it, I shall be a Christian." His wife, the young Queen Min, was said to be as superstitious, but to have more character, and to govern through him. She gave away daily large sums of money to sorcerers and to the blind guild, the magicians of the capital, to avert calamities and keep away evil; the sums of money thus wasted were at times so large that the populace were discontented during the famine, and began to clamour against the daily doles to sorcerers. The irreconcilable enemy of this superstitious but active young queen was from the beginning the Regent, whose influence she supplanted; and though he had been expelled from the Government, and had no part in palace management, he still contrived to remain powerful. He had returned to the capital in 1875, when there had been again a false report of the king's death. Early in 1876 a treaty was signed with the Japanese. Its wording proves that up to that date the effect of the sixteenth century wars had remained upon the Corea; for the first article is, that the Corea should be henceforth recognized as an independent State, and should no more pay tribute to Japan. Article 2 gave Japanese commerce access to three ports, the first of which was to be Fusan, and the other two were to be chosen after fifteen and twenty months. After the treaty, Japanese commerce was still insignificant, and for a long time its only channel was Fusan: the other ports do not appear to have opened as early as the treaty promised. Article 5 agreed that no obstacle should be placed by Corean officials in the way of commerce between the two nations; that a Corean Legation should be established at Yeddo, and a Japanese Legation at Konfa.

The close of the next year, 1877, saw the Corea suffering from one of its frequent famines. The people in the provinces were selling their daughters for a few coins as slaves and servants; the soldiers at the capital broke into revolt, and rioted for their allowance of rice. The Coreans declared, and it was written in the letter of one of the missionaries who had then returned to the country, that, if during the famine European ships laden with

rice had approached the coast, they would have been well received, and friendly relations might have begun. But the chance passed by. The only ships that neared the Corean coast were three, of nationality unknown, but European, which appeared near Ouen-san, the finest of the ports. Their request for provisions was refused by the natives; probably they could not have granted it; the ships opened fire, and the population fled, panic-stricken. Such is the manner in which, again and again, the Europeans have recommended themselves to ignorant nations, of whose enmity or churlish exclusiveness they afterwards complain.

In the autumn of 1877, the Japanese Legation withdrew from the Corea, saying that they had received insulting treatment, and that they would come back in April to teach the Coreans honesty and politeness. This threat caused the panic of the young king at Saoul, and also the demand made to Monseigneur Ridet when he was in prison next year, and when he was asked to oblige the king by the equally possible tasks of building a steamer and keeping away the Japanese. The quarrel righted itself like many other quarrels between the two countries; not even China has had such intercourse as Japan with the Corea; yet it has always been a jealous friendship. It is well known that since Japan learned something of the Western arts of war, the old ambition to annex the Corea has revived in the Island Empire. The same ambition is attributed to Russia, whose territories approach the peninsula on the north. Only two years ago Russian officers were making reconnaissances off the coast, and had the Chinese Empire entered upon the war then impending and failed, the Corea was to have been part of the price. The fear of hastening a war with China has kept Russian plans from taking definite shape; otherwise the rich peninsula might before now have been added to Russia in Asia, and it would have afforded the conqueror the prize of some fine ports towards the Pacific. Diplomacy was chosen instead of war; Russia has been one of the Powers that has made strenuous efforts during the last few years to obtain treaties of commerce with the Corea, but her diplomatic efforts, like those of England, the United States, Italy, and France, all failed until lately. In the present year diplomacy has been fortunate. Last May Commodore Schufeldt, of the United States navy—who was keeping a fleet of ironclads in a Japanese harbour, in case verbal argument should fail—succeeded in concluding a commercial treaty with the Coreans. The main point conceded was that merchants might land their goods and sell them, but all travelling into the interior remained interdicted as before. Two Europeans—one of them an American to negotiate this treaty, the other a

member of the Chinese Civil Service—had returned to the Corea early in the year with the embassy from Peking; this in itself was an unheard-of event. According to a Shanghai telegram, Mr. Maude, of the Chinese Legation, had entered the Corea to obtain the signature of a treaty arranged by Sir Thomas Wade; and it has lately been stated in Parliament that at the moment of the recent revolt at Saoul, Admiral Wallis was on the point of concluding a commercial treaty between England and the Corea. A German treaty has been signed, but the negotiations of France are reported to have failed as yet, because certain privileges were required for the French missionaries.

Even with the refusal of the definite demands of France, and even if the treaty privileges did not open the interior of the country by law, all this appeared to be the certain inauguration of a time of peace and civilization for the Corea, of safety for missionary labour, and the rapid spread of Christianity. But at the very time of our greatest hopes the news of the revolt of the 23rd of July has thrown all into uncertainty. At first the assassination of the king was reported. It is a frequent rumour in a land where there are deep palace secrets, political intrigues, and little facility for the spreading of news beyond the frontier. Afterwards that report was contradicted. The second statement was that the king was the only inmate of the palace who had escaped massacre; that the heir to the throne, the queen, and several dignitaries and thirteen Ministers had suffered death; that an onslaught had been made upon the Japanese, several of those resident in the capital being put to death, while the Japanese Legation was attacked, and the envoy and consul narrowly escaped in a British ship to Nangasaki. It appears certain that the whole outbreak was provoked by a faction of the nobility, incensed by the change of policy which was opening the ports to foreigners. Probably the ex-Regent had the deepest share in the revolt; he has been always characterized by enmity to the king's Ministers since his own expulsion from power in 1873, and his abhorrence of "the foreign barbarian" is as well-known as his recklessness of human life among his own people. A successful revolt, inspired by the ex-Regent, is an event of the worst augury, and the attack upon foreigners in the persons of the Japanese, the most numerous foreigners upon Corean soil, implies a possibility of great danger for our missions and for the native Christians. The best we can hope is that the danger, however great, has not, as in 1866, a long lease of time to run its course. With the first news of the massacre at the palace, and the attack upon the Japanese Legation, news also arrived that the Japanese war ships were steaming up the river to Saoul. It was a strange turn of fortune, for Japanese officers

at the Korean capital had lately been teaching the arts of modern warfare, and the use of rifled cannon. Fortunately, as in former cases, the quarrel with Japan has already been adjusted peaceably, by the payment of an indemnity with a promise of compensation to the Japanese residents. As to the Western Powers, at the worst, if diplomacy be balked, it is clear that the Korean gates will before long be broken down. Even the iniquitous opium war of 1842 brought blessing indirectly to China, through establishing the Europeans there on a safer footing; and in these days, by diplomacy or by warfare, Korean exclusiveness, the great shelter of persecution, must soon come to an end.

There will then be a rich harvest for the Catholic missions, in that field that of all others is so white. It is a country never worked thoroughly—never except in stealth and by a few, and yet so prolific has it proved in the heroism of uncounted martyrs that it has a name of glory in the universal Church. Freedom would mean a generous conversion, the worthy fruit of the seed sown by so many martyrs. "If we once enjoyed religious liberty," wrote the martyred bishop, Mgr. Berneux, speaking of his mission alone, "I do not hesitate to say that we should have annually more than a thousand conversions. The people of the Corea show a strong disposition to embrace the faith; if you show them the truth, it rarely happens that they refuse to follow its light, no matter what it may cost them." A witness from a very different point of view, Ernest Oppert, gives the same testimony; he states it as "an observation founded upon many years experience—that among all Asiatic nationalities, there is probably none more inclined to be converted to Christianity than the Corean."

ART. VII.—TAINE'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Les Origines de la France Contemporaine. Par H. TAINE, de l'Académie Française. Onzième Edition. Paris. 1882.

ONE hundred years ago, the great historian of that time paused in his study of the decline and fall of ancient civilization to inquire, with anxious curiosity, whether Europe was threatened with a repetition of those calamities which formerly oppressed the arms and institutions of Rome. After a survey of every possible source of danger, and an admission that there might be fear from some yet unknown barbarian tribe, he concluded that men might confidently hope for the uninterrupted advance of the wealth, the happiness, and perhaps the virtue, of

the human race. We all know how far the facts have answered to Gibbon's confident forecast. Within ten years, one of the most impartial observers of the Revolution replied :—"The Huns, the Heruli, the Vandals, and the Goths, will not come from the North, or from the Euxine : they are in our midst ;" and in twenty years more, these invaders had overrun the whole continent of Europe, and altered the future history of the world.

Nor was Gibbon alone in his ignorance of what was about to happen. In the very country where these calamities broke out, and even after they had begun, philosophers, statesmen, poets, and men of the world, were all agreed that the true home of every virtue was to be found among those lower classes who were then involving them in one common ruin. Here and there only a solitary preacher, accustomed to look beyond the horizon of this world, importunately disturbed the chorus of believers in the perfectibility of the human race, by his denunciations of woe to a society which was past recovery, and which was rushing on to its destruction. He preached, indeed, to deaf ears and to a faithless generation ; yet not in vain, if we may learn not to reject the like warnings. His prophecies were the hardly-seen eddies, betokening the swiftness of that mighty stream, as it hurried towards the rapids ; or, like the voices of Tiresias and Cassandra, they were the foreshadowings of the awful drama which was then opening. For such in truth is the Great Revolution—not a play after the modern type, but a tragedy like those of old Greece. Nothing is wanting to the perfect resemblance,—even the unities of time and place, so dear to French playwrights, are observed, while the passions and the very persons of the actors seem to us preternaturally overstrained. Above all, the plot and *motif* are Greek. The scene opens upon an ancient and brilliant Court, confident in its inheritance of a thousand years, and, like *Œdipus* or *Pentheus*, rejecting the warnings of the seers in its over-weening pride. Meanwhile we, the audience, know that these forebodings will be more than fulfilled, that already

ὑβρις ἐξανθοῦσ' ἐκάρπωσε στάχυν
ἀτης ὄθεν πάγκλαντον ἑξαμῆ θέρος,

and that the end of the play will be horror and ruin. This would be indeed enough to rouse our keenest interest ; but there is more beyond. We have seen the first, perhaps the second, day's play, but the end is not come yet. The benches of the theatre are filled with eager spectators ; but the future is as dark to them as it was to their fathers, and they know not how the Divine Author will close his awful trilogy, and vindicate his ways with men. What wonder, then, that the theme is fascinating to

all? If men would be roused to admiration of deeds of high emprise and lofty virtue, or to loathing of violence and crime, here they are in plenty and in their extremes; or, if more reflective, they would look into futurity, and, perchance, try to guess at the next page of the world's tale, they can only do so by studying the causes of that great catastrophe, and seeing if they are not still at work. With such sources of deepest interest, what wonder if the French Revolution continues to be one of the chief studies of historians, each of whom, after his fashion, describes its terrible course, and draws his own moral therefrom. Hitherto, at any rate in France, it has been found that writers have been too near to the events they narrate to describe them with perfect impartiality. They may be great historians in spite of this—de Tocqueville is no more impartial than Tacitus or Thucydides—and their account will probably gain in vigour and brilliancy for being one-sided, but it can hardly be resorted to by those who wish simply to acquire the most accurate information on the subject. The time, however, seems now to have come when the Revolution can be examined *sine ira et studio* by a Frenchman, who has apparently begun his investigation with no preconceived political theories, but with the single desire to discover the truth. For such a writer M. Taine clearly is, and this single merit seems to have ensured the great popularity of his work in France, in spite of defects of style and arrangement which would be fatal to any other of his countrymen. His work, indeed, is very far from attaining that perfection of order and form, at which Frenchmen, above all others, aim, and which they most nearly reach. We are far from the “*facundia*” and “*lucidus ordo*” of de Tocqueville, which made that great author's works such easy reading, while they impressed his conclusions on the memory. The reader, as well as the writer, is oppressed in M. Taine's work by the multiplicity of details, while these are not relieved by any clear and lucid summary of the result of his investigations. This, however, he urges beforehand in his defence, is precisely what he desired to do; he wished not to impose his conclusions upon his readers, but to leave them to draw their own. Another defect almost equally injures his book as a work of art. We did not look here for the flowery style of a Lamartine or a Chateaubriand—we should have been sorry to be condemned to read it—but we might fairly expect that one of the illustrious Forty of the French Academy would do his best to sustain the classical character of the language he has been selected to control. Instead of this, his style is unconventional and full of new and familiar words, hardly becoming the dignity of the Muse of History; while the honest indignation with which the crimes of revolutionary heroes inspire him,

somewhat loses its effect in the long sentences of rather feminine invective (and French is a very fertile language for scolding) which he pours forth. But, when we have remarked on these—after all, very secondary—points we have little else but praise for the work. Perhaps its greatest merit is its perfect impartiality. We shall, perhaps, have occasion presently to point out several matters in which we believe M. Taine to be mistaken; but, if so, we do not doubt that he has fairly drawn what seemed to him the correct inference from the facts before him. Next, his enormous industry, and the assistance he has received from the officials of the National Library and archives of France, have enabled him to read a great mass of official reports, accounts, letters, and statistics, from which he has extracted so many interesting details, that he is fully justified in claiming that “the History of the Revolution had not previously been written.” He has succeeded thus in giving us a view of the condition of all classes under the *ancien régime*, less vivid and picturesque, but more detailed and more trustworthy, than those which Macaulay has drawn for England in the seventeenth century.

But it is time for us to proceed to a more detailed account of the book; and in doing so, we propose only to dwell on those main features of the catastrophe which M. Taine has placed in a new or stronger light, reserving, for a more detailed separate examination, the account which he gives of religion and of the Church in France.

The work—as yet incomplete—is divided into three parts. In the first, the author describes all those elements of the *ancien régime* which made its ruin inevitable and imminent; in the second, he details the uncertain, contradictory, and suicidal attempts to build up a new order of things upon the remnants of that which was dying; while, in the last part, he shows how a very small minority of criminals and fanatics, by virtue of knowing their object and being prepared to risk all for it, conquered France and deluged it in blood.

In his study of the *ancien régime*, Taine confines himself almost entirely to the social conditions which led to the Revolution. He thereby avoids clashing with de Tocqueville, whose account of the political causes of the catastrophe is so admirable; yet the two are so intimately connected, that both works should be read together by any one who desires to have a complete view of pre-revolutionary France. But, as the state of a society is the resultant of many causes, among which its government is only one of the principal, we are brought a stage nearer to the Revolution by our author than we were before.

Probably the most striking example of the retributive justice which despotism had worked out for itself, was to be found in

the case of the king. After Louis XIV. had ended the struggle between the sovereign and the nobles, he set before them, in place of any useful function in the State, the position of mere ornaments of the most brilliant Court ever known, as the highest object of their ambition. This degradation was so eagerly accepted by the aristocracy, that life became insupportable to them away from the Court; a sentence of banishment was almost like death; and (to take a slight but characteristic instance), "it was a matter of politeness to leave the royal presence before another person, since he who came last enjoyed the sight of the king longest." We will not dwell upon the minute ceremonial prescribed for the life of such a Court, or the five series of persons who had the right of *entrée* during the course of his dressing when rising in the morning, every detail of which was regulated by an inexorable etiquette; or the reverence paid even to his table and his bed. It is enough to say that his whole life had to be spent in public, surrounded by at least one hundred of the nobility, and in the observance of a ceremonial from which he could only seek some relief in the chase. Such a burden seemed so intolerable to other sovereigns, that Frederick II. used to say, were he king of France, his first act would be to appoint some one else to officiate in his place. A more serious drawback than the tediousness of such a life, was the waste of time and energy which it involved. Louis XV. could spare at most one hour a day for business, and it was thought a great proof of application that Louis XVI. devoted three or four hours a day to his Ministers or his Council, save on the many days given up to hunting. Meanwhile the centralizing tendency, which had been at work since the Middle Ages had (as M. de Tocqueville showed) reached the height which still prevails; and it would have needed the energy of a Frederick or a Napoleon to have administered a despotism which undertook all the functions of government for twenty-five millions of men. It would be strange, indeed, if a young inexperienced king had been able to do more than Louis XVI.; to introduce from time to time a few improvements, to modify a few unimportant laws, while leaving the chief abuses of government unaltered. This inability is most strangely marked in the expenditure of the royal household. The magnificence of the Court could of course not be kept up without a large staff of officers and servants, and we are told that there were 4,000 persons on the civil establishment of the king, and 9,000 to 10,000 on his military establishment. In his personal expenditure Louis XVI. was economical, simple, and even saving; but he was accessible to the importunities of his courtiers, and, above all, to the caprices of the queen. He distributed highly-paid sinecures and pensions

without even any nominal reason; paid the debts of his courtiers and of his family; even his well-meant economies were half measures, and often resulted in further waste. In consequence of this inability to direct the whole administration of the country from Versailles, and of the constant changes in the king's advisers, all the details of government continually varied. The mode of taxation in particular was continually changed, though it always fell on the same class—and laws, cruel and arbitrary in appearance, were applied with extraordinary, though irregular, indulgence. De Tocqueville pointed out the importance of this factor, in leading to a contempt for all government, and M. Taine supplies much corroborative evidence for it. Meanwhile, the nation made no allowance for the inevitable causes of failure in the Government, which had undertaken every administrative function, and was therefore held to blame for all shortcomings, by ill-natured, because irresponsible, critics.

If such were the sources of ruin to the State from the condition of the monarchy, the *noblesse* was in as precarious a condition. Its privileges and power had been originally essential for the development of the nation; but the centralizing policy of the Crown had gradually withdrawn all the real power (and with it much of the means of doing good), and had only left the privileges, which then became odious and harmful. In this case, too, the tendency to become mere courtiers at Versailles was the chief source of evil. With but few admirable exceptions, all the nobility who could afford it became hangers-on at Court, and neglected their estates and their tenantry. Taine calculates that all the evils of an absentee proprietary, which we have seen exemplified in Ireland, prevailed in a much worse degree over one-third of France. The contrast between an absentee and a resident proprietor was most marked in the monastic estates, of which the commendatory abbot's two-thirds lay waste and fallow, so as to produce less than the adjoining third allotted to the monks, usually highly cultivated. Even the most wealthy nobles were in debt or in difficulties, owing to the maladministration of their estates and their prodigal extravagance; they were therefore compelled to exact all their dues pitilessly, even when these were not already in the hands of usurers. In many instances they had gradually parted with all their hereditary estates, and only retained their tolls and profits from the use of the mill, bake-house, and the like. On the other hand, many of the richest proprietors only visited the country in order to hunt. For this purpose, over a great part of France, and especially for thirty leagues round Paris, deer and wolves, as well as lesser game, were carefully preserved, to the ruin of farming. The few *grands seigneurs* and more numerous small proprietors, who resided on

their estates, though haughty towards the *bourgeoisie*, were not village tyrants, but (as M. Taine shows) kindly and charitable landlords, beloved by their tenantry, though deprived by a jealous despotism of any share in local government.

Under such influences it is hardly surprising that the privileged classes should have striven to avoid bearing any part of the burdens of the State. In this respect the clergy were the greatest offenders: having a corporate representation, they were enabled to bargain with the king as to their share in taxation, to tax themselves (almost the whole being paid by the inferior clergy), and, finally, by an ingenious arrangement of borrowing at the expense of the State, to receive money in some years, instead of contributing to the revenue of the country. The nobility had recourse, more shamelessly, to every kind of private influence and solicitation in order to avoid paying the small share of the imposts to which they were liable. The *bourgeoisie* in turn were only too ready to follow the example set by their superiors, and where they had the control of local taxation, endeavoured to raise it upon articles of general consumption and not of luxury.

The aristocracy, being thus gathered from every part of France to Paris and Versailles, relieved from every duty, and living on the taxation of the poor, incurred all the dangers to which such a highly abnormal society is always liable. We gladly omit the darker shades of the picture which M. Taine rightly sets before us. A generally low standard of morality, and of all family ties, has unfortunately been a common curse of such an idle and selfish caste. But the character of the nation determined the special risks to which this society was exposed. Frenchmen are too active to sink contentedly into the mere sloth which slowly rusts away an Italian or Spanish aristocracy; while their vanity and sociability led them to occupy themselves with the only diversion within their reach—the arts of social intercourse and conversation. For this the good qualities and defects of their mind alike fitted them, their lucidity and quickness, no less than their want of application and of depth. In this way was produced the most enchanting and most seductive, yet most fragile, society the world has ever known. The lives of the nobility were passed in a succession of fêtes, in the exchange of mutual compliments and of gaiety; so that they were unable even to conceive of the existence of suffering and poverty, and when the moment of danger came, knew not how to strike a blow in their own defence, and could only die with dignity and grace.

This danger they had themselves introduced and welcomed,—they had nurtured and fondled in their palaces the monster which was to devour them all. In their ardour for conversational display, Frenchmen spared no subject, however intricate and

however sacred. The primary truths of natural and revealed religion, the moral government of the world, the fundamental laws of ethics and politics, had to be discussed every day, wittily and intelligently, but with no time for their study, before an audience keen-witted indeed, but most impatient of aught that it could not seize without effort. The result was what might have been expected: since it is easier to have the appearance of originality in denying than in defending established truths, and much easier to gain a reputation for wit by ridiculing things sacred than those which have no such associations. Infidelity had made rapid strides even during the latter years of the reign of Louis XIV., and of the seventeenth century; but now the flood-gates were thrown open, and it infected the whole of society. It is usual to ascribe the spread of free-thinking, and hence of opinions dangerous to Church and State, to Voltaire, and the Encyclopædists; but we are satisfied that M. Taine is right that they played a subordinate, though most destructive, part. Voltaire, indeed, covered with the slaver of his obscene yet unrivalled wit, every hallowed thing, human and divine; and his successors continued the work which he had done for revealed religion and established government, applying it to the primary truths of natural religion and morals, on which these must rest. Such teaching was doubly grateful to a generation which relished their wit, and welcomed their freedom from the trammels of morality; but a merely destructive philosophy cannot long satisfy even the most superficial mind, still less can it supply a motive and a basis for attacking the systems which it criticizes—it may discredit, but cannot supplant them. For this purpose a positive system was needed, and this was supplied by Rousseau, who may be fairly called the prophet of the new movement, and the apostle of the Revolution. M. Taine is so convinced of this truth that he devotes a considerable portion of this volume to an analysis of the causes of Rousseau's paramount influence over the latter half of the eighteenth century, which we may briefly sum up thus.

Like all men who have ever gained an ascendancy over his fellows, the secret of his power was, that he was ready to impress on his audience, with an ardent conviction of the importance of his mission, the very truths, or half-truths, which they were best prepared to hear. For this merit, he was forgiven all those grave moral faults which even that indulgent age could not ignore; and, though an alien, a Protestant, and a plebeian, he became the leader of thought in aristocratic and sometime Catholic France. One proof of his wide-spread influence must often have struck those who (like the present writer) have been familiar with any of the generation born before the Revolution: the language even of reli-

gious men savoured of Rousseau, just as so many persons now unwittingly express themselves in terms derived from Spencer or Mill. It may be admitted that Rousseau's influence was not wholly evil. No man has more earnestly pleaded for a belief in the moral government of God, the immortality of the soul, and the supremacy of the voice of conscience; and that these retained their hold on Frenchmen after they had abandoned revelation, must be to some extent set down to his credit. He gained also by heading and directing a reaction against the artificial life of the time, of which men were beginning to be wearied. He dwelt earnestly on the happiness of domestic life, and simple country pleasures, of which he drew touching pictures, and thus roused an interest in the poor to which the rich had long been strangers. From this time the unbounded confidence in the virtues of the peasantry grew up, which survived even many of the early horrors of the Revolution. This humanitarian tendency, strengthened by the gentle and polished manners of the time, was mistaken for weakness by the people, who readily believed themselves to possess all those virtues which their betters ascribed to them. At the same time Rousseau's political philosophy was excellently calculated to rouse their discontent; and in this respect his influence was entirely evil. He found an open field for his speculations on politics. The Church, since the destruction of its true liberties by Louis XIV., had ceased to put forward that ideal of a Christian State, in which all members of the community should have rights and duties, which its greatest thinkers had derived from the Old Testament and from Aristotle. It had acquiesced silently, if not actively, in the theory of despotism put forth by the king, now so roughly handled.* Instead of building his science of politics upon the real necessities of human nature, and the *data* supplied by existing societies, the sophist raised it in the clouds upon an imaginary definition of man in the abstract, from which he mathematically deduced all the rights supposed to be absolutely inherent in each individual.

Such a method was too well suited to the character of the French mind to be neglected; and it became the fashion to string together platitudes on the liberty, equality, and sovereignty of man, and to express them in ideal constitutions, of which the

* De Tocqueville pointed out that the demands of the clergy in '89 for liberty were fully as enlightened as those of the other two orders, and more feasible; and that not a word was to be found in them on "divine right." We have been told that a preacher on one occasion developed, before Louis XVIII., when in exile in London, the theory of government as laid down by St. Thomas, to the natural indignation of his Court at such an unseasonable and unheard-of admonition.

young Sismondi's attempt (Art. I. "Tous les Français seront vertueux." Art. II. "Tous les Français seront heureux") is scarcely a caricature. For the aristocracy, of course, this was little more than a speculative pastime, neither of the privileged orders having at first any desire or intention of leaving their vantage ground. But through the whole of Louis XVI.'s reign the *bourgeoisie* had made enormous progress in wealth, and in all that cultivation which wealth brings with it. Irritated at the line of demarcation which separated them so sharply from the nobility, and which the latter took care to let them feel, they eagerly accepted the new doctrines, and, from having previously demanded reform in details, now desired fundamental changes. These subjects were discussed by all classes before the people, whom they believed to be indifferent, but who were greedily learning fragments of socialistic philosophy, and applying it to their own case. And so deplorable was that case that they may be excused for desiring any change. This has long been known, but it is one great merit of M. Taine's work to have collected details. The most obvious injustice from which they suffered was the incidence of taxation. It has been already stated that the clergy escaped altogether, while the nobility contributed only about one-tenth to the revenue of the country. Most of the remainder fell upon the small farmer; and it is calculated that throughout France the direct taxes came to 53 per cent. of his net income, while in some parts the amount was greater still. To this have to be added one-tenth for the poll-tax, one-seventh each for the tithes and seignorial dues, charges instead of the *corvée*, and local taxes, leaving the proprietor only about one-third of his income. Labourers were proportionately taxed as heavily, paying from eight to twenty francs a year poll-tax. The mode of collection greatly aggravated the evil, collectors being appointed in each parish yearly, and held responsible for the amount to be raised. They were almost always uneducated persons, often labourers or women, whom the loss of time and non-payment constantly ruined. The amount levied was so excessive, that every one feigned poverty, and few parishes paid until they were forced to do so, although the expenses thereby incurred greatly added to their burdens. At the same time the people were oppressed by an indirect taxation, even more vexatious than the amount raised directly. The worst tax was on salt, which had the effect of increasing the price of that necessary of life to thrice its present amount. Every one was bound to purchase at least seven pounds of salt each year, to be used only with food; and the constant attempts at evasion of the law, in one way or another, led each year on an average to 4,000 seizures, 3,400 imprisonments, and 500 sentences of degrees of severity

ranging from whipping to the galleys. The duties upon wine again amounted to more than 30 per cent. of its value; while, like the other taxes, they were so clumsily raised as to oppress equally the grower, the merchant, and the consumer. This system of internal taxation, and the arbitrary rules as to rotation of crops, were far more fatal to the progress of agriculture than the actual amount levied. During the whole of the eighteenth century large tracts of country gradually went out of cultivation, and the remainder, farmed in the most primitive manner, returned little more than half its present yield. In ordinary years the peasantry, and the lower classes in the towns, were able to procure sufficient of the coarsest food to keep themselves from absolute starvation; but on the slightest failure absolute famine broke out, relieved only by the charity of a few rich proprietors and religious communities. Such famines, and the bread-riots which they occasioned, became more and more frequent in the thirty years preceding the Revolution; the food of the poor became worse, so that they were often reduced to eat grass and wild herbs. The general appearance of the hamlets and small country towns, the filth of the inhabitants and of their dwellings was the same (Taine remarks) as in Ireland. It was to be expected that vagrancy and mendicancy would continually increase, in spite of the severest penalties, so that on an attempt to suppress them in 1764, 50,000 vagrants were collected and imprisoned in France. Education, also, was at the lowest ebb. In most villages, we are told by Turgot, no one could read; and it appears to be a fair sample of the state of things, when we learn that near Toulouse there were only ten schools in fifty parishes. It was before such a people, constantly brutalized by want, and occasionally stung to madness by starvation, that the privileged classes airily discussed the fashionable politics of the day. How should these poor folk not believe that virtue had taken up its home among them; how should they not agree that all the evils of the time were due to the existing state of society; how not do their best to establish the millennium of liberty and equality by force? The only means of ensuring order in a country so disposed—the army—was drawn from the lowest classes of the poor; it was demoralized by defeats in the field, and constant changes of discipline at home; the pay, food, and lodging were so miserable that discontent had become general for some years before the Revolution. By that time desertion had grown so frequent, that 15,000 deserted soldiers in the neighbourhood of Paris are said to have led the rioters.

Such is a very inadequate summary of the picture which M. Taine draws of the social causes of the Revolution. On looking back upon them now we can see that the catastrophe was in-

evitable, and that the whole history of the *ancien régime* was merely a prolonged suicide. The policy of Richelieu and Louis XIV. had secretly and slowly, but therefore the more surely, sapped the foundations of civic virtue in France. It had divided in order to rule, setting, not merely class against class, but even the sections of each class at variance, so that their selfishness, as well as their inexperience of public life, made them quite unfit for self-government. It had left untouched the forms and shadows of former institutions, but had built up under their cover a perfectly centralized despotism. Such a system of centralization seemed the only conceivable method of government even to the destroyers of the *ancien régime*, probably because itself had rendered all other government impossible; so that even the Revolution only completed the work of the old monarchy, and the France of to-day is administered by the spirit of the "Grand Monarque." It was De Tocqueville's merit to bring this point out most fully; and it will seem no paradox to any one who believes that nations cannot, any more than individuals, separate themselves from their past life, and must retain the impress of those manifold conditions, which have gone to build up their character.

We have dwelt at such length upon M. Taine's first volume, as being the most full of instruction for us, that we have left but little room for noticing his account of the progress of the Revolution. We regret this the less, because, though equally valuable as a collection of documentary evidence, there is less that will be new to English readers. Moreover, this part of the work suffers more than the former by the comparative exclusion of political facts from a narrative with which they are so closely interwoven. We can only select some of the most important points in these two latter volumes. Our author has proved, with a mass of evidence which can leave no doubt, that the Revolution assumed, from the first moment of its existence, the same destructive character which it had throughout. Camille Desmoulins revealed from the beginning the whole Jacobin programme; and the anarchical nature of the movement was recognized by the American Minister. This disposes of the distinction drawn by many so-called "Liberals"* in France, between the Revolution of '89 and the Terror of '92; both are but different stages of the same process. And indeed nothing else could be expected. The Constituent Assembly was from the first singularly wanting in

* The word in this sense is never to be allowed to pass without protest. As Burke said: "There may be some apprehension from the very name of *liberty*, which, as it ought to be very dear to us, in its worst abuses carries something seductive. It is the abuse of the first and best of the objects which we cherish."

men of practical experience, and the vast majority of its members were disciples of Rousseau, believers in the absolute virtue of a people whom they attempted to govern by appeals to their emotions and their sentiments. By forbidding its members to become Ministers, it deprived them of the only hope of their learning moderation from a sense of responsibility. In order to seize upon the Government, it at first suffered and afterwards aroused rioting and disorder; it thus inevitably fell under the domination of the populace it had invoked, whose centre was to be found at first in the Palais Royal, and afterwards in the Jacobin clubs. An organized band, receiving forty sous a day for their services, filled the galleries and approaches of the Chamber, hooted down the Royalist members, and constantly threatened and ill-treated them on leaving the Assembly. Money for this, and for other purposes, was undoubtedly found by the Duke of Orleans, who hoped to succeed to the throne on Louis XVI.'s fall. Meanwhile the extreme reactionary party adopted the foolish course in which they have always since persisted: they encouraged the worst excesses of the Revolutionists, hoping thereby to disgust the nation with the more moderate Liberals; and the most suicidal measures—such as the “self-denying ordinance,” which declared members of the Constituent Assembly ineligible for its successor—were carried by their assistance. These were the principal conditions which unfitted the central authority for its task: the local authorities, in turn, were scarcely more capable. In the first two years of the Revolution local government fell mainly into the hands of the more cultivated *bourgeois*, who, being like the members of the National Assembly, philosophers of Rousseau's school, were wholly incapable of restraining a nation in the agonies of dissolution. A lower and more unscrupulous class gradually became dominant in most of the 40,000 municipal bodies which ruled France; and at last, the most powerful of them, the Commune of Paris, laid hands upon the government of the whole country. But, such is the force of any established order, that universal confusion did not at once prevail. M. Taine describes seven successive “Jacqueries” as breaking out between '89 and '93, in the most capricious manner here and there, and thus gradually changing the face of the country; this entirely coincides with what the present writer formerly heard from those who had been sufferers in the catastrophe. The course of these *émeutes* was usually the same. The poorest class were roused by some appeal to their cupidity or their fears, and would take the lives and destroy the property often of those to whom they were most attached, or who had done the most for them. Probably in the small country towns and villages some of the most atrocious crimes were perpetrated under the influence

of utterly irrational fear, when men were literally mad with fright, while the larger towns were seized upon by gangs of criminals professing to be patriots.

M. Taine makes it perfectly clear that all this violence was the work of a very small class. The enormous majority of the people desired a moderate constitutional government with a system of representation and equal taxation; above all, they were sincerely attached to the king's person and office. He estimates from several sources the number of the populace who tyrannized over Paris (and through Paris over France) at about 5,000 men and 2,000 women; and the proportion of Jacobins seems to have been equally small throughout the country. But their strength lay in this: that they, whether madmen, fanatics, criminals, or all three combined, knew what they aimed at, and would risk all for it; while the passive majority, trained to habits of submission, hardly ventured to unite in their own defence, and had no definite object.

Not the least service which M. Taine has rendered to history, is the complete, and, we trust, final destruction of the Girondin legend. Such beliefs die hard; but we hardly think any admiration for the Girondin leaders can survive the ridiculous light in which our author places them. Their pedantic adherence to their theories, and their absolute incapacity, thinly veiled by the poorest declamation and fragments of second-hand classical learning, were even more pernicious than the wild excesses of the Jacobins, who used them for their own purposes, and then crushed them. In this matter, as in so many others, time has justified the estimate which Burke's almost inspired sagacity formed of the Girondists, whom later writers have taken for men of understanding and honour. Our author further shows that their atheistical tenets made them more intolerant than the Jacobins, not only towards Catholics, but even towards all who professed any belief in the existence of a God.

Two other points of importance are superabundantly proved by M. Taine: that the war with Germany and the September massacres were caused by no accident or impulse, but by the deliberate purpose of the extreme revolutionists, who wished to seize upon the government, and to put "a river of blood" between themselves and the past. How well they knew the character of their countrymen, the result proved. That centralization which (as we have seen) was the chief cause of the ruin of the *ancien régime*, saved France when she seemed in the agonies of dissolution. The old monarchy had so firmly welded together the provinces which it had gradually absorbed, that the whole energy of the nation was diverted to repel the invader. In the presence of the enemy on French soil, no question of inter-

nal government could divide Frenchmen, and the Jacobins were left unmolested to finish their work. But that the war, with all its terrible consequences to France and to the rest of Europe, was their doing, no one who has read M. Taine's work can doubt.

Such is a very imperfect account of the points which have struck us most forcibly in studying this work. We have reserved for separate notice our author's account of the Church and religion in France during the same period, so as to dwell upon it in some detail. This appears to us the more desirable, because, as far as we can learn, no work upon this subject seems to have been attempted of late years by the clergy or Catholic laity of France. They appear to have been content to leave the history of their predecessors to be related by a bigoted admirer of the Jansenists,* who has stooped to every art which a partisan writer can employ to defend his cause. We need hardly say that M. Taine's spirit is very different. We realize, indeed, from time to time, that he unhappily has not the gift of faith—and nowhere more obviously than when he relates, unmoved, scandals which would rouse the indignation of every Catholic—but none can doubt his perfect fairness. The details scattered through his work are full of interest, and we only regret our inability to do more than scanty justice to them. The collapse of the ecclesiastical *régime* in France is even more dramatic in its suddenness and completeness, than the fall of its secular government. If ever Church were tempted to rely on her pride of place and her many splendours, to forget the true source of her power, and echo in her heart the vain boast, "I am rich and wealthy and have need of naught,"—that must have been the glorious Church of France. Of the hundred and thirty-one Sees into which she was divided, many dated back to apostolic times, and she had alone survived the barbarian floods which had destroyed all else in France. To her the new lords of the country owed, not merely religion, but the rudiments of government and the arts of life; and their piety and gratitude had endowed her munificently. As France grew into a nation, she had waxed with its growth; hers was the only lawful religion in the country; her king gloried in the title of Eldest Son of the Church. She had been graced, too, with more spiritual favours; she had been the fertile mother of saints and doctors; the religious life had flowered nowhere more luxuriantly than on her soil. Nor had she failed from length of years; the brightness of noon-day had broken forth again in her evening; St. Vincent and St. Francis were no unworthy successors of St. Hilary and St. Bernard. And yet, as if by some apocalyptic sign of the wrath of God, she was cast

* "Le Clergé de Quatre-vingt-neuf." Par Jean Wallon. Paris. 1876.
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down in one hour from her high estate and ceased to be. No wonder that such a portent should seem terrible even to statesmen and men of the world. De Tocqueville says :—

I have been surprised, and almost alarmed, to find that, less than twenty years before Catholic worship was abolished without resistance and the churches were profaned, the plan sometimes adopted by the Government to learn the population of a district was this—the curés supplied the number of those who had made their Easter, who, after the sick and children had been allowed for, made up the whole population.

But when we come to look more clearly, we see that her downfall might have been long predicted, and that its causes had long been at work. The most serious of these were, perhaps, her great wealth and privileges, which might at first sight have seemed her chief security. This wealth was most unequally distributed. The average income of a bishop was £4,000 a year; but in some instances, such as Paris and Cambrai, it probably amounted to thrice that sum, and considerably exceeded it in the case of some very small dioceses. In the same way, there were thirty-two abbeys of monks, where the income of the abbot was from £2,000 to £10,000 a year;* and twenty-seven religious houses of women, where the abbess received from £1,600 to £8,000 yearly. It is to be remembered, that these sums correspond to double the amount at the present day; and that a bishop might, and frequently did, hold one of these great abbacies *in commendam*. This latter abuse is too well known for us to dwell upon it; it was probably less injurious than we might at first sight suppose, since no one expected any ecclesiastical spirit from an *abbé commendataire*. A much more serious grievance was caused by the number of impropiators, clerical and lay, who received the tithes upon which the curés should depend for their support. The sum which the curé received from the impropiator (*la portion congrue*) was miserably small, being only raised in the later years of the monarchy to 750 francs a year, considerably less than the smallest stipend at present; moreover, the holders of these livings being non-resident, the presbyteries and churches became dilapidated. This, and the unequal incidence of taxation, to which we have before referred, divided the clergy of the second order from the prelates. And, like all other classes in France, to borrow De Tocqueville's subtle distinction, though not free they were independent. Diocesan discipline abounded in a multitude of

* These large sums, it need not be said, were never touched by any member of a religious community. They were appropriated to the "Abbot Commendatory," sometimes a minister, sometimes a great secular ecclesiastic, and very often a young member of the nobility, who had received the tonsure and nothing more.

exemptions, subordinate jurisdictions, and the like ; so that, for example, in the diocese of Besançon, the archbishop presented to less than 100 benefices out of a total of 1,500. Under these circumstances, it is not strange that they should have acted in opposition to the bishops in the early days of the Assembly ; and their defection, it will be remembered, was one of the turning-points of the Revolution. The state of the religious orders was in some respects still less satisfactory. The non-residence of their nominal superiors was necessarily demoralizing, and led to considerable laxity of discipline. It says much for the power of the religious life over even its most half-hearted and indifferent followers, that, in spite of this laxity, and the low state of general morality, there should have been so few grave scandals in the monasteries at that time. All writers on the subject admit this ; and, as far as we can see, one case only is referred to by authors (the Bernardines of Grandselve), and admitted by them to be a "deplorable exception." At the same time, as M. Taine is careful to point out, a very large proportion preserved the fervour and strictness of true religious. This was particularly the case with the nuns, who (with the exception of a few houses of canonesses) were living up to the spirit of their vocation. M. Taine quotes their entreaties, which, as he says, are "most earnest and touching," to be allowed to remain in their convents, when the storm of the Revolution broke. One-third at least of the communities of monks he considers were as edifying ; and he quotes numerous instances of self-denying and enlightened charity to the poor even in the less strict monasteries. When their suppression was proposed in 1789, petitions were presented to the Assembly from all parts of France, imploring that the religious of their own neighbourhood—"the fathers of the poor"—should be allowed to remain undisturbed.

The interference of the State, though probably well meant, had been prejudicial to the religious orders. In 1766, a mixed commission of bishops and lawyers was appointed for their reform. Without consulting the Holy See, they suppressed more than 1,500 of the smaller houses, abolished nine orders entirely, and closed all houses with less than sixteen members in towns, and twelve in the country. The most serious step which they took was to change the age at which religious could be professed from that fixed by the Council of Trent, to twenty-five for men and eighteen for women. From that time the number of professions rapidly diminished ; both seculars and regulars ascribing the diminution to this rule, which, in spite of their protests, was never abrogated. M. Taine is no doubt right in supposing that, if the same policy had been continued, the religious orders would have decreased still more rapidly. It needed the rude hand of the

persecutor to make them revive: "they will always spring up again, for they are in the blood of every Catholic race." M. Taine has taken much pains to ascertain the number of religious in 1789: and he calculates that there must have been about 60,000 monks, and 37,000 nuns; while in 1866 they had already increased, since the revival of religion in France, to 18,500 men and 86,300 women.

Finally, the episcopate had lost much of its influence in the country. The bishops had long been chosen from among the aristocracy, by a rule which was never infringed save for one or two *évêchés de laquais*, and by the most distinguished merit. Living, therefore, at Court, "grands seigneurs" by birth, education, and surroundings, it would hardly have been conceivable that they should not have yielded to the attractions of a fascinating and luxurious society. It is rather to their lasting honour, and that of the Church which they governed, that so many of them should have been distinguished for their piety and charity, and that so few grave scandals can be alleged even against the less exemplary. It was a proof that they were not corrupted by wealth and luxury, that, when evil days fell upon them, and they had to choose between subscribing to a schismatical constitution, or going into poverty and exile, they accepted the latter without a murmur. M. Taine speaks as if many of the bishops were unbelievers; but his authority for this statement is only a *mot* of Champfort's, which is insufficient to bear such an inference. As far as we can ascertain, there were but three members of the episcopate—Jarente, Brienne, and Talleyrand—against whom so heavy a charge could fairly be brought. It is, however, remarkable that Catholic nations have been always more alienated from the faith by the sight of prodigality and waste, than by failure in faith or morals, on the part of the clergy; and it must be confessed that the French bishops gave ample grounds for complaint.

Such were the dangers springing mainly from the endowments of the Church; there were others no less serious connected with its relation to the State as the established religion. In consequence of the policy of Louis XIV., which checked as far as possible all communication with the Holy See, ecclesiastical questions came to be raised before the civil courts, and particularly before the Parliament of Paris. That body, profoundly Jansenist in its traditions, and full of the pedantic conceit which was a note of the sect, had no doubt of its competency to decide theological questions. The whole of the latter part of Louis XV.'s reign was disturbed by the constant appeals to the Parliament by religious and laymen, to whom the sacraments had been refused by order of the bishops, because they were "appellantists."

The Parliament was rejoiced to have such an opportunity of showing its sympathy with Jansenism or semi-Jansenism. We are told that, within a few years, the Archbishop of Paris was subjected to a heavy fine; the Bishop of Nantes twice had his goods seized and sold by auction; a letter of the Archbishop and Bishops of the province of Auch was burned by the hangman; the Bishops of Troyes, Aix, Montpellier, Orleans, were exiled. More than all this, Paris witnessed the scandal of seeing the tabernacle broken open by order of a court of law, and the sacred Host carried under the protection of gendarmes to persons whom the clergy and bishop had refused communion. This persecution was not ended until the king issued an order in 1756 that the bishops alone should decide as to the administration of the sacraments. But the warfare of the Parliament with the Church was continued all through the century in other ways. To take no other examples, we find it forbidding the use of the offices of St. Gregory VII., of the Sacred Heart, and (it will be scarcely thought possible) of St. Vincent de Paul.

M. Taine does not notice these facts, but they appear to us of considerable importance. They must necessarily have accustomed men to see the State overrule the Church, and prepared them for the final act of tyranny which crushed the latter. Such acts of usurpation were continued to the end; even under the religious government of Louis XVI., in 1776, we find the bishopric and chapter of Digne suppressed in spite of the protests of the persons concerned, and without any reference to Rome. Our author has, however, remarked upon the effect of the long-continued Jansenist agitation (of which the Parliament was the centre) as one factor in the discontent with the Government. He fully recognizes that the three enemies of the Church—Gallicanism, Jansenism, and Free-thinking—worked together to compass its ruin. This has been more clearly brought out in the very valuable and impartial history of "*The Gallican Church and the Revolution*," which was noticed in our last number. M. Taine also admits the schismatical character of the Civil Constitution, and the tyranny of which the Assembly was guilty in imposing it upon the clergy; we call attention to both these points, because they have been denied by Gallican writers of the present day.

But, even with so many causes of weakness in her own fold, and such relentless enemies without, the Church of France was not all at once cast down. There are few more interesting passages in M. Taine's work than those where he notes how long the people, even of Paris, continued to be earnestly attached to their religion. Thus we learn that, as late as May, 1793, the Blessed Sacrament was carried through the streets publicly to the sick, and that every one knelt in the street, men, women, and children running to

adore. A few weeks later, the reliquary of St. Leu was carried in procession, and was received with the usual respect, the guard even of one of the Jacobin sections turning out in its honour. The "dames de la Halle" soon after compelled the revolutionary committee of St. Eustache to authorize another procession which was attended with even more devotion and fervour. These facts will appear the more striking, when it is remembered that in less than six months all Christian worship was abolished in Paris, the Churches were profaned, and the "Goddess of Reason" was crowned in Nôtre Dame. And, if we come to later times than M. Taine has studied, we find that whenever persecution relaxed for a while, in 1795 and 1797, the faithful flocked eagerly to the churches which were re-opened, or to the chapels which were temporarily used by the orthodox clergy. The more dissembled and more enduring opposition of the Directory to every form of Christian worship was more effectual, since a generation grew up under it without Catholic education and surroundings, to whom religion was therefore not a necessity. The important truth, that the Church has nothing to fear from persecution, however severe, but everything from the loss of the training of her children, was never more strikingly illustrated than in the great Revolution.

We have endeavoured to give some account of the most important recent contribution to the history of the French Revolution; and to express, however inadequately, the main impression we have derived from the work. This will have been seen to be that, far from being a sudden catastrophe, it was one which had become inevitable by the slow but silent operation of causes which had long been at work. The ancient polity of France, like some mighty monarch of the forest, "*primo nutat casurus sub euro*," or like some headland overhanging the sea, toppled over in one moment; but it had long been undermined by secret decay. Those who were overtaken by that great Revolution could no more have checked it than they could have arrested the convulsions of Nature; but they might have changed its character and made it harmless or even beneficial. A more resolute king, a more unselfish aristocracy, a more far-sighted and patient people, would have used the energies then set free to secure true liberty and good government for France. The occasion was let pass never more to return; and they might fairly plead in excuse that the calamity which was to overwhelm them was beyond the experience of man. We have now no such justification; we have learned from their fate how terrible are the forces which are ever ready to overwhelm religion and civilization—be it ours to meet them with every public virtue, justice, unselfishness, timely concession, yet equally timely resistance; and the future is assured to us.

ART. VIII.—CATHOLIC MEMORIES OF AN OLD
ENGLISH CITY.

1. *Britannia Sancta*. By WILLIAM CAMDEN. London. 1594.
2. *History of the Rebellion*. By W. SHARP. London. 1849.
3. *Calendar of State Papers*. 1569.
4. *Local Records of the Northern Counties*. By W. SYKES. Newcastle-on-Tyne. 1865.

THE North and extreme West of England may be specially noted as the districts of our country which longest retained the Catholic faith, although no parallel can be drawn between them as to the crowning grace of final perseverance. For while the secular powers succeeded in almost completely stamping out Catholicism in Devon, and annihilating it in Cornwall, the ancient religion always remained alive in the more austere, generous, and energetic North. Cornwall, notwithstanding its ancient traditions and the consecration of its soil by the blood of Cuthbert Maine, the Elizabethan proto-martyr,* is but now at the beginning of its emancipation after two hundred and fifty years' occupation by different forms of Protestantism; nor is any other part of England so desolate in a religious sense as the purple moors, lovely valleys, and towering cliffs of that land where nearly every village bears the name of a saint, and wherein of old King Arthur's knights went forth to seek the Sangreal.

In the North, on the contrary, an atmosphere of Catholicism has never ceased to linger among the streets of its old-fashioned towns, and under the arches of its ancient cloisters; a whiff from the times when the Percys and Nevilles and Nortons ranged their ranks beneath the banner of the Five Wounds, and the blood of martyrs flowed at York, Lancaster, and Durham; a breath from an older and a sweeter era, when the Faith had never been impugned in England, and peaceful saints lived and wrote for God and the Church.

In the Middle Ages, notwithstanding the roughness of those tribes whom it was the task of the Church to reclaim from barbarism, the Faith was the first principle of human actions, and the saints drew men towards them both in life and in death. Thus Durham, of the Catholic memories of which city we particularly design to speak, owes its very existence to the relics

* Unless this title be given to Thomas Plumtre, of whom we shall speak further on.

of St. Cuthbert, whose Heaven-selected resting-place it is. He was one of the best known of that splendid galaxy of Northumbrian saints who flourished between the Tweed and Ouse after St. Aidan* introduced the Faith from Iona. Of Saxon parentage, he possessed all the finest Saxon qualities in perfection. When Bishop of Lindisfarne he lived in close union with the monks of the Holy Isle, which was an offshoot of Iona, and followed St. Columba's rule. For two hundred years St. Cuthbert's uncorrupted body lay at Lindisfarne; but in 875 the monks were constrained to fly before the Danes, carrying with them this and other holy relics. After many wanderings, they deposited the shrine at Chester-le-street; but a century later Danish invasion rendered this place of refuge also insecure, and Aldune, then Bishop of Lindisfarne, with the abbot and monks, fled with their priceless treasure. The Northern Counties are studded with churches erected to commemorate the spots where the body of St. Cuthbert once rested; for everything connected with the saints was held in veneration by our ancestors of that day, who would have been astonished to hear the light and flippant tone in which even Catholics of our time sometimes treat of the heroes of the Church. The monks were accompanied in their migrations by a number of seculars, whose devotion led them to carry and escort the relics.† The pious train had visited Ripon, and were again returning northwards, when they set down the shrine at a certain spot, and were surprised to find that they could not raise it up again. Aldune directed all to fast and pray, and a holy monk named Eadmer received a revelation to the effect that Dunholme was to be the place of St. Cuthbert's final repose.

* St. Aidan was brought into Northumbria by St. Oswald its rightful king, who learned Christianity in exile at Iona. When Aidan preached to the English, the holy monarch was not deterred by false shame from going about with him to interpret his sermons. Oswald was as noble in his charity as in his simplicity, and the hands which did so many good deeds were miraculously preserved from corruption, according to a prediction of St. Aidan. After his death in battle his hands and head were sent to Lindisfarne, where they were treasured among the relics. Hence St. Cuthbert is always represented holding St. Oswald's head. (See their Lives in that rare old book, the "*Britannia Sancta*.")

† These people, when settled at Durham, and their descendants, had the privilege of living and being buried in the cathedral precincts, where a number of skeletons of men, women, and children, were disinterred in 1874. Hence, one of those "mare's nests of married clergy," as the Rev. Father Bridgett has it, which Protestant historians are perpetually discovering. Always sharply on the look-out for married priests, they rush to the conclusion that every one who lived near a church or abbey had full orders. The descendants of the men who bore St. Cuthbert's shrine were long held in peculiar esteem at Durham. One of them, Christian, was an architect employed on the cathedral in the twelfth century.

Not one of the company, however, knew of such a place, and they were seeking it in great trouble of spirit, when some of them overheard a countrywoman asking her neighbour whether she had seen her cow. The reply was that the cow had strayed in Dunholme.* There, accordingly, Aldune raised a temporary chapel of wood and wattles, on the spot where the church of St. Mary-le-Bow now stands. No position could be stronger or more beautiful than the hill on which the shrine of St. Cuthbert was finally established. On three sides this steep height is girdled by the Wear as by a moat, flowing between wooded banks, and reflecting still the glorious towers which were raised in brighter days; from the summit a wide expanse of hill and dale may be seen stretching towards Northumberland and Yorkshire. Bishop Aldune lost no time in building a stone church over the relics of St. Cuthbert, which was completed in 999.† Around this cathedral, the workmen who built it, and the escort who had accompanied the relics, raised their dwellings, and thus the town of Durham was begun. Modern Protestants, who consider that the Saints possess no claims to veneration, must have a poor idea of their own ancestors, when they reflect how majestic churches and thriving cities grouped themselves around the relics which modern England makes matter of ridicule.

Norman contact put the finishing touch to Anglo-Saxon intellect, and it was after the Conquest that our grandest shrines were built, Durham Cathedral among them. The great Bishop William of St. Carileph, though a Saxon, had spent many years of exile in Normandy. He succeeded the Norman Bishop Walcher, who, though himself a mild and amiable prelate, was murdered by the Saxons in revenge for the misconduct of his officials, and was the subject of that cry of terrible pithiness—"Short rede, good rede, slay ye the Bishop!"‡ It was Walcher who established Benedictine monks at Wearmouth and Jarrow, and conceived that idea of introducing them at Durham, which was carried out by William de St. Carileph, himself a Benedictine. Walcher began the monastic buildings by partially constructing that curious community-room, with its short branching pillars

* The ancient name of Durham is said to be derived from *Dun*, hill or fort, and *holm*, a plain surrounded with water. The Normans corrupted this compound into Duresme.

† Some traces of Aldune's work are visible still in the vaulted passage leading from the close into the cloisters. In the first church, and in the same coffin with St. Cuthbert, were deposited in 1020, the priceless relics of the Venerable Bede, which a priest of Durham, Elfrith Weston, contrived to subtract from the church of Jarrow. They now repose in the Lady Chapel, or "Galilee."

‡ He was slain at Gateshead in 1080.

and Norman arches, which is the counterpart of the one at Finchal, and suggests the idea that community-rooms in those days must have been much colder and more uncomfortable than they are now. Carileph increased the buildings sufficiently to bring in a small number of monks from Wearmouth and Jarrow. It was high time, for the clerical establishment at Durham was by this time completely secularized.

The Irish monastic rule was too severe to be suitable to any state of society except the simple patriarchal life of the early Celts, and it early died out everywhere, even in its native country, to be replaced by the more mitigated austerities of the rule of St. Benedict. Singularly enough, the site of Durham Cathedral was precisely the kind of spot beloved of Benedictines, who have always had a predilection for hill summits and beautiful aspects. And the glorious Bishop Carileph proceeded to crown the chosen mount with a church perhaps as nearly worthy of the worship of God as any that man could raise. Parts of the Minster have been added since his time; but the great design is Carileph's, and he it was who conceived in thought those magnificent pillars which support the immense superstructure of roof and tower. Curiously enough, the castle, with its beautiful Norman doorways and chapel, was rising about the same time. William the Conqueror began it, after a tumult had taken place, in which Comyn, Earl of Northumberland, was killed; and thus Durham became what Scott calls it in "Marmion"—

Half Church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot.

The monks themselves worked at the cathedral unceasingly, both during the Bishop's life and after his death. He was succeeded, after three years, by that Ralph Flambard of whom historians have no kind word to say, but whose biography has yet to be written. He went on bravely with his predecessor's work until his career of vicissitudes ended in 1096, when he was buried beside Carileph in the chapter-house. This was a most beautiful specimen of Norman architecture before it was floored, ceiled, curtailed, and otherwise mauled by a modern sort of Goths. In 1796 it was turned into a comfortable room, the better to suit the requirements of luxurious Protestantism; part of it was cut entirely off, and thrown into the Deanery garden, the turf of which covered the slabs of Bishops Carileph, Flambard, Galfrid Rufus, and others. A few years ago it was removed,* and the slabs, one of which had been smashed down into the

* Owing chiefly to the influence of the Right Rev. Provost Consitt, whose knowledge on the subject of sacred antiquities is only equalled by his love of them.

coffin beneath it, decently repaired. In each of the graves of the above-named prelates was found a heavy episcopal ring, garnished with a sapphire of great beauty, and it is not easy to explain how these valuables escaped the zeal of the "Reformers of their own fortunes," in the sixteenth century.*

Up to the time of Bishop Hugh de Puiset, women were entirely excluded from the cathedral precincts; it was to him that they owed a place of prayer within the Minster, and lovers of sacred architecture must thank him for that unequalled Lady-chapel which overhangs the calm waters of the Wear. In its five aisles, divided by round Norman arches, women were allowed to hear Mass; later they were admitted to the extreme west end of the nave, and the line of dark marble, which no female foot might overstep, is still visible. The "Galilee," as the Lady-chapel is called, was further embellished by Cardinal Langley in the fifteenth century, who moved the principal altar from the north to the east end, and erected a new one to the Blessed Virgin, under the title of our Lady of Pity. Later still was thrown out that easternmost chapel, containing nine altars, where Mass after Mass was wont to be said by the monks. The site of every one of these altars is distinctly traceable in the now dismantled church. The jewelled shrine of St. Cuthbert was placed between this chapel and the High Altar, on the spot were a bare stone, as it is said, covers the relics now. And above rose the beautiful screen of Portland stone,† which stands in its old place, though bereft of the one hundred and seventy saintly figures that once gave it a meaning, even as the cathedral itself is now a dead monument, instead of being the temple of a living Presence as of yore.

Such and so glorious was the last resting-place of St. Cuthbert. But the line of Northumbrian saints was not yet extinct; it terminated in St. Godric, if indeed he could be called a Northumbrian, for he was a native of Norfolk, though it was in the North that he led his hermit life. After passing many years as a prosperous itinerant merchant, he made divers pilgrimages, the last of which was to the Holy Land. When about to bathe in the Jordan he cast away his travel-worn shoes, vowing that henceforth he would go barefoot; and thus he returned, as an angel had bidden him do, to the North of England. He used to serve Mass in the church of St. Giles, which Bishop Flambard had

* They are now kept in the Cathedral Library, where is also to be seen the pectoral cross of St. Cuthbert, found in his coffin, a marvellous piece of workmanship in garnets and filigree gold. The pectoral cross of the modern successors of St. Cuthbert in the Bernician See is an exact facsimile of this beautiful relic.

† Brought to Newcastle by sea.

built, and of which the north wall alone remains, unrenewed from Flambard's time; but presently, yearning to be alone with God, he retired to the bowery woods of Finchal, on the banks of the Wear. Here, where the trees clustered over the swiftly-flowing water, Godric led an angelic life of ceaseless prayer. Sometimes, to keep himself awake, he would make his meditations standing up to his chin in the river. He would walk into Durham for church functions, and one Christmas night, when the snow was frozen into sharp hillocks after a partial thaw, he left traces of his bleeding feet along the road. As he grew old and feeble, two monks from Durham were sent to keep him company, to one of whom, Reginald, we owe his biography. A little house and church were built, and in the church Godric died, his head resting on the step of St. John the Baptist's altar. There it is still, that sacred stone, all overgrown with grass and brambles, and near it rests the body of the Saint, whose soul, we trust, is praying for the return of his unworthy country to the Catholic faith. Around his hidden grave rise the plain columns and pointed arches of Finchal Abbey,* trees and underwood mingling among the ruins; the scriptorium is no longer peopled by the skilful illuminators and calligraphers whose fame was once great in England; there are no guests in the prior's hall; damp and darkness hold possession of the vaulted recreation rooms where cheerful monks once laughed and talked, and winds sighing through the ruined church replace the psalmody of the Benedictine brothers. Only the stream, ever gliding by, and the woods budding and dropping their leaves in that once-sacred solitude, proclaim the immutability of God.

Much history has been enacted among these hills and vales, especially in regard to the old conflicts between the Scots and English. Hither came David Bruce and his martial following,

* Old documents show that Finchal was partly built by the alms of the faithful, collected by order of the Archbishop of York (the See of Durham being then vacant), and that charity sermons were resorted to in the thirteenth century. In a pastoral of 1241, Archbishop Arnulph exhorts all the faithful to bestow some alms on the monks who were desirous of building a church in honour of St. Godric; and his archdeacon issued an order to the priests of the two dioceses to preach on behalf of this good work.

"We beg you all," he wrote, "and advise and exhort each of you in the Lord Jesus, to give salutary admonition, and to exhort effectually your parishioners in your respective churches, on three Sundays, to contribute of their substance, according as God inspires them, for the detaining of His mercy, and that they send in their alms for the building of the church at Finchal, which our brethren and friends, beloved in Christ, the prior and monks of Finchal, have commenced, and are unable, from their own resources, to continue without aid."—*Documents in Publications of the Surtees Society.*

the Douglas, the Stewart, and the pink of Scottish warriors, taking advantage of King Edward's absence with his army in Flanders. But the brave Queen Philippa mustered an army of about 10,000 men, who, though fewer in number than the Scots, were cheered by the good counsel of the Queen, and eager to defend their country. Moreover, St. Cuthbert fought for them. Those were days of faith in the power of saints, and the English leaders, Lord Neville at their head, kneeled at St. Cuthbert's shrine before they went forth to fight the invader. Moreover, they took out to the battle the corporal which the saint had used, and which was carried by some of the Benedictines. When victory declared for the English, and King David was taken prisoner, these brave monks signalled the news to others of the brethren who were watching on the cathedral tower, and who immediately intoned the *Te Deum*. This canticle of praise it was which revealed the rout of the enemy to the anxious women and children in the city below; and ever after, on the 17th of October, the monks sang the *Te Deum* on the tower. A relic of this custom is still observed, unmeaningly transferred to Restoration Day.

Not only King David,* but the great Rood of Scotland—the Ark, as it were, of the Northern army—fell into the hands of the English, and was solemnly offered to St. Cuthbert in the Cathedral. It was “made of silver, being, as it were, smoked all over, with the picture of Our Lady on one side and St. John on the other, very richly wrought in silver, all three having crowns of gold.”† It stood in the south aisle, a trophy of St. Cuthbert's intercession for Northumbria, until taken away to be melted down at the time of the Reformation; for the innovators had no more care for the martial renown of their country than for her higher glory as the Isle of Saints. So, too, that other Rood, erected by Lord Neville, on the Red Hills, which has given its name to the battle, has been swept away. It was left standing by the authorities; but in the year 1589 certain roughs signalized their patriotism by knocking down the graceful shaft, with its sculptured figures, and its capital, on which was carved the crucifix; and now nothing but a stump, resting on solid steps, and still showing the traces of four bulls' heads, the Neville's cognizance, at its base, remains of Neville's Cross.

The nation must have been deeply stained with sin—especially,

* There is a local tradition that he was caught while hiding under a bridge which spans the little river Brownie on the road between Ushaw and the city of Durham. But this does not tally with the historical account of his being taken in battle after valiantly defending himself.

† “Rites of Durham.”

perhaps, that of pride—ere such a storm, at once icy and pestilential, was allowed to blast its beauty, to dismantle its ancient churches, and lay its altars in the dust. Also the insincere facility with which men, and many priests among them, turned this way and that, according to the creed of the dominant power, is in itself a phenomenon which contrasts strongly with the rigid Puritanism of the Dutch and French Huguenots. It seems as though the fear of God must have been entirely displaced by the love of the good things of this world, which, indeed, had a large share in the Reformation of both England and Germany. But nowhere was there such a shipwreck of all that was holy, such a literal abandonment of a people by God, as here. In Germany the Lutherans retained the old ornaments in the churches; in France and Belgium they were gutted by the sectaries, but recovered to Catholicism after a brief space. But in England the altars were broken down and buried underground, or set aside in back-yards,* or laid where all should tread on them; the statues of the Saints were hauled down from their niches and broken in fragments. Here and there the desecrators were overtaken by sudden acts of Divine vengeance, one of which occurred at Durham, during the spoliation of the screen. A man had tied a rope round the neck of the great central statue of Our Lady, with her Divine Son in her arms, when it fell upon him, and crushed him in a moment.

But in spite of the tyranny of the Tudors, and the rapacity of their Ministers, the North of England clung to the ancient Faith. As Yorkshire protested most loudly against the new order of things in the time of Henry VIII., so did the counties of Northumberland and Durham in the reign of Elizabeth; and Durham Minster had the glory of being the last of our cathedrals in which the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated.

Elizabeth's apostasy, and the new Church which she had founded, rendered her very unpopular in the North, and the imprisonment of Mary of Scotland, on her arrival in England, embittered the feelings of the more Catholic counties. In that matter, too, Elizabeth contrived to offend the greatest of her Northern nobles. Thomas Percy, seventh Earl of Northumberland, who had been reconciled to the Catholic Church by a priest named Copley, in 1567, was Warden of the Middle and Eastern Marches. He considered that Mary, having come within his liberties, ought to be given into his care, and even obtained an order from the Queen to that effect, with which he proceeded to Carlisle to make good his claim; but Deputy-Warden Lowther, doubtless armed with secret commands from the same quarter,

* See *post*, p. 427.

refused to give up the fugitive Sovereign. The Earl was naturally aggrieved. He and his wife, a spirited and virtuous lady of the Somerset family,* in all things devoted to her lord, had half an hour's interview with Mary, during which their fate was sealed. She afterwards sent them presents, accompanied by letters written in that charming and feminine style which was the only one she knew how to use. Then arose talk of her marriage with Norfolk, which scheme was the principal cause why the House of Neville, as well as that of Percy, embarked on that enterprise which was their ruin. The Earl of Westmoreland was a man of weak and vacillating character, easily to be read in his silly handsome face; he was much under the dominion of his wife, called familiarly by him "Yotwinckes," but in reality an ambitious and intriguing woman. She was Norfolk's sister, and, though a Protestant, had every reason to favour a marriage which would raise her house to the rank of royalty. The Northumberlands had other views for Mary. They held that the fine old English *noblesse* were trodden underfoot by Elizabeth's *parvenus*; and they had the wit to see that a member of their own order raised to the throne would tread them down yet more. Norfolk, too, was a Protestant, and Northumberland distrusted him, and would have preferred what he called "a strong match." His wish was to marry Mary to Don Juan of Austria, of whose alliance the Spanish Ambassador had given him some hopes. By this means, he thought, the Catholic religion would have been safely re-established, the Catholic *noblesse* powerful at Court and in the country, and the England of the Plantagenets revived once more.†

Percy, however, kept his counsel from the Nevilles. The first object with all of them was to liberate Mary, then a prisoner at Tutbury. After Norfolk's banishment from Court, they returned northwards, and there were high doings at Brancepeth Castle, where the lordly Nevilles entertained the gentry of the "bisphopric" right royally. There were the Earl and Countess of Northumberland, the "Nortons' ancyent" old Richard Norton, and his noble sons; Thomas Genge, Markenfield, and Egremont Ratcliffe, a half-brother of the Earl of Sussex, who from York looked on with much suspicion at this joyous gathering, knowing that he had no troops under arms to resist an advance southward, and that nearly all the country-people were Catholics at heart. Unfortunately, there was no recognized head among the Catholics, the two earls being equal in rank and influence, and

* She was Anne, daughter of Henry Somerset, Earl of Worcester.

† He stated in his confession that he had gladly adventured his life to restore the Catholic religion and the old *noblesse*, but would have risked nothing for the Norfolk marriage.

differing in character and objects; neither was there a plan of campaign, everything being done at haphazard, though with rather more preparation than Sussex had made on his side. Indeed, up to the beginning of November, Sussex, and the High Sheriff of York, Sir George Bowes, had not taken alarm; but on the 10th Bowes writes to Sussex that armed men were passing "in troppes up and down the contrethe, so fast that no man dared stir anywhere," and were buying up all the armour and weapons they could find; also that "the Erle of Northumberland, armed in a preire cote under a Spanish jerkyn, being open so that the cote might be seane, and a stele cap covered with grene velvt, returned to Brancepeth" that same day.* It was on that occasion that the confederates resolved to rush at once upon their enterprise, and march on York, whence they were to gain Tutbury and liberate the Queen of Scots, notwithstanding that she herself, and the Spanish Ambassador, Espis, had advised them not to stir. But the Nortons and the two Nevilles, Westmoreland's uncles, urged Northumberland to act at once, and Westmoreland was chiefly urged on by his wife, who wept and cried out when there was speech of each man returning quietly home.†

On November 14, the earls and their confederates marched on Durham. Their troops, composed originally of about sixteen hundred men, gathered force as they went along. The Banner of the Five Wounds, which "Old Norton" carried in the van, powerfully attracted the stout Northumbrians, both gentle and simple. The best families of the Palatinate, such as the Salvins‡ and the Claxtons,§ joined the rising; and the City of Durham

* State Papers.

† The Earl of Northumberland, in his confession, strove to exonerate the Earl of Westmoreland as much as possible.

‡ Gerard Salvin, of Croxdale, three miles from Durham, was married to a daughter of old Norton. The family have always remained Catholic.

§ They are the heroes of an old poem called "Claxton's Lament," which describes how both Robert Claxton's sons followed him to the fray:—

"To Netherby I needs must ride,
No better chance since I may see;
My eldest son is full of pride,
My youngest goes for love of me.
"Now hide at home, my eldest son,
Thou art the heir of all my land;
'If I stay at home for land or fee,
May I be branded in forehead and hand.'
"Now rest at home, my youngest son,
Thy limbs are lithe, thine age is green;
Nay, Father, we'll to Netherby,
And never more at home be seen.'"

gladly opened its gates to the crusaders. However rash the enterprise of the earls and their companions, no Catholic heart can fail to be warmed at the thought of what followed on their entrance into the ancient capital of the Prince Bishops. The Cathedral, and all the other churches in the town, were at once restored to the worship for which they were built. Nor is this natural complacency in their proceedings entirely destroyed by the fact that "they did wholly spoil from Mr. Dean, of Durham, all his household, cattle, and corn, as well as from other parsons,"* seeing that neither Mr. Dean nor the other parsons had a right to any of these things.

About four in the afternoon of November 14, the two earls, the Nevilles, and the Nortons, with some others of their company, all armed to the teeth, entered the Minster, and in an hour's time had cleared it of all the Protestant Prayer Books and Bibles, together with the communion-table. Then the work of finding and setting up the Catholic altars commenced. In the strange confusion of spiritual ideas, and mingling of them with temporary considerations, which prevailed at that time, those even of the townspeople who had conformed for years lent themselves to the task.† One of the cathedral altars was found in the back yard of a "Mr. Swift," probably one of the canons; the other "was hid in the centry-garth under much metal."‡ The great holy-water stoup, also, was taken from the Deanery kitchen, where it had been used for soaking salt meat and fish, and was restored to its place near the south door, and filled with newly-blessed water, which the crowds who entered used with eagerness. The corner where it stood against one of the fluted pillars is traceable enough to this day, although, alas! once more dis-furnished of the stoup.

On the three following Sundays, as well as on St. Andrew's

* Report of Sir George Bowes (Sharp, 186), and State Papers.

† Oliver Ashe, curate of Gilesgate Church, who had been a priest and a religious before his apostasy, deposed that at the Easter of 1569, he had "ministered the bread and wine to divers of his parishioners in their mouths, and not in their hands, because they would not take it into their hands" (Sharp, p. 254). Thus the people were willing to receive the sacraments from an excommunicated priest, while yet they insisted on a reverent administration. The course of the Reformation in England was precisely such as to involve the ideas of the poor and uneducated, and lead them to fall gradually into heresy without a very distinct consciousness of the gravity of such a lapse.

‡ Deposition of Robert Hutchinson, who helped to put up the altars, against his will, as he said when Sussex and Sir George Bowes came into power (Sharp, p. 255). "Metal," is a north-country term for rubbish. It was Cuthbert and Oswald Neville, the uncles of Lord Westmoreland, with the priests, who principally superintended the re-erection of the altars throughout the city.

Day, there was High Mass in the Cathedral, followed by a sermon and the Papal absolution. There was also a procession of the Cross round the nave. The Earls had brought with them several priests untainted by apostasy, of whom William Holmes, John Peirson, and Thomas Plumptre are the best known. Peirson had himself been driven from a canonry in the Cathedral on account of his staunchness to Catholicism, and presented a striking contrast to those canons who had taken the Oath of Supremacy, and who now came forward to be absolved, and to resume Catholic functions, though they were not permitted to say Mass. William Smith, one of these Vicars of Bray, has left in his deposition an account of how he "served once at the altar, and helped to sing Matins and Evensong, and went after the Cross in procession with *ora pro nobis*;" how he took holy water, blessed a loaf as "hallibred," and went with others to Mr. Holmes to be absolved from heresy, which was done after their making general confessions and engaging never to fall back into schism.* For these proceedings Smith declared himself "heartily sorry," so soon as Elizabeth's power was re-established in the North, and excused his error on the ground that he was "a simple man and easy to be seduced," in which latter opinion of himself most will concur. Brindley, the organist, too, played during the Catholic services, as he had at the Protestant ones, and at the Catholic before them in Mary's time. Numbers of people, however, and among them some of the cathedral clergy, who were reconciled at this time, remained firm, and suffered afterwards for the Faith. There was a vast concourse at the Masses and sermons, and much fervour mingled among the backsliding and cowardice so common at the time.

The change that took place in the Cathedral was repeated in the many churches of the town. The altar of St. Oswald's was found underneath a piece of timber, broken in three, and was pieced together as well as might be; and all the Prayer Books and homilies, &c., were brought away and made into a bonfire on Elvet Bridge.† The same end befell similar books in the other churches, and Mass was said in all. Thus, for a brief space, did the Divine Presence again glorify the ancient shrines of an English city.

The Earls had made no stay at Durham, which was at heart a Catholic town, but marched to Darlington on Tuesday, the 15th, restoring the Catholic worship wherever they passed. At

* Mr. Holmes refused to absolve Oliver Ashe, who had been a religious, on the ground of not having sufficient authority.

† Deposition of William Wright, tinker, of Elvet, and churchwarden of St. Oswald's. He relapsed afterwards into heresy.

Darlington they issued a proclamation, the composition of Thomas Genge, wherein they set forth that they had taken up arms for the restoration of the true faith, and the ancient nobility, who were like to be overthrown by "divers newe set-upp nobles about the Queen's Majesty." The abuses, they said, were so great, that foreign Powers would invade the realm to redress them, unless the English themselves took the matter in hand, and would enslave the country. "These are, therefore, to will and require you and every one of you, being above the age of sixteen and not sixty, as your dutie towards God dothe bind you, for the setting forth of His trewe and Catholic religion, and as you tendes the commonwealth of your countrie, to come and resort to us at all speed." The proclamation ended with "God save the Queen." Genge probably meant the Queen at Tutbury; but the proclamation certainly does honour to his abilities; and Bowes, in a letter to Cecil, reporting the occupation of Darlington, added, "Proclamatyons most wicked."

Bowes and Sussex had good need to be alarmed. They beheld the people of Durham and Richmondshire flock to the Earls, plainly showing where their sympathies lay; and this, notwithstanding all Bowes's efforts at persuading and bribing into his service all with whom he came in contact.

I have notefyed their unloyall and rebellious dealings [he wrote to Sussex, on November 23], and with fayre speech and bestowing of money used those that came in the most gentle manner I coulede. But yt avaylette nothing, for they styll steal after them. . . . In all the fyve wapentachs in Rychemondshyre the bayliffes be in the leverage of the Erle of Northumberland, and perswade the people to follow theyr affayr. . . . And the Byshoprigge is in a worse stay than they, for they are all in a manner gone, and goethe daylye. The Erles hathe caused two or three lewde fellows of theyrs to proclayme me a traytor and heretich.

He then informs Sussex that his own garrison at Barnard Castle could only be held together by large bribes. Such was the hold which Elizabeth and her new religion had on the North country-men in 1569.

Like most sovereigns of that day, Elizabeth possessed no standing army, and the way in which recruits were raised has been portrayed to us by Shakspeare in his *tableau* of Sir John Falstaffe enlisting Bull-calf and his companions. Sussex had great difficulty in collecting troops and weapons at York; Bowes, in Barnard Castle, was cut off from his supplies at Newcastle, and had there been a leader of genius and paramount influence on the opposite side, the confederates would have reversed the fate of England. Unfortunately, Northumberland was not sole commander, even if he had the talent to conduct a successful

campaign. The issue of the enterprise is well known: the removal of Mary from Tutbury to Coventry, the advance of the Earls to Ripon, their eleven days' siege and final reduction of Barnard Castle, and fatal retreat thence without attempting York. Northumberland would have gone forward, but now appeared the evils of a divided command and utter absence of discipline. The Earls fell back on the Bishopric, and re-entered the city of Durham at the beginning of December. On the second Sunday in Advent, for the last time, the Holy Sacrifice was celebrated in St. Cuthbert's Cathedral, and the purple vestments of that penitential season might well seem a token of mourning for the long desolation that was to follow.

Sussex, having now collected some troops, advanced on the rear of the retreating army. The Earls felt that their day was over: retreat had been all that was wanted to demoralize their force, which would have done well enough had everything been carried by a *coup de main*. They disbanded their men and fled to the Border. Northumberland's capture, and execution, his wife's heroic devotion, and long life of mourning on a foreign shore,* the execution of some, and exile of others among the leaders,† are all matter of European history.

Sir George Bowes was now in his glory. He was appointed Provost-marshal of the army within the High Commission of York, including all the five northern counties; and he who had not ventured to show his face against the insurgents when in the field, now punished them with the most unjust severity. Many of the richer sort compounded for their lives, a mode of showing "the quality of mercy" very congenial to the character of Elizabeth, while the poor were executed without pity.

The Queen was unable to make much profit out of Northumberland's attainder, because his brother, Sir Henry Percy,

* She died at Namur, Oct. 17, 1596.

† "Claxton's Lament," before quoted, has lines of great pathos on this subject:—

"But the flower is shed, and the spring is fled,
And he wanders alone at the close of day;
And the sleety hail, in the moonshine pale,
Glistens at eve on his locks of grey.

* * * *

"Now the Percy's crescent is set in blood,
And the northern Bull his flight hath ta'en,
And the sheaf of arrows are keen and bright,
And Barnard's walls are hard to gain.

"The sun shone bright, and the birds sang sweet,
The day we left the North-countrie;
But cold is the wind, and sharp is the sleet,
That beat on the exile over the sea."

then governor of Tynemouth, had remained loyal, and succeeded to his estates; but the Nevilles were utterly ruined. They fled to Flanders, and hung about the Courts of Philip's viceroys, who relieved their necessity.* Their name and fortune were extinguished in England. Their townhouse at Durham may still be seen standing in New Elvet, but so completely modernized that it is hard to believe that those walls witnessed Charles Neville's brief triumph in November, 1569.

If Elizabeth's conduct towards the rich was guided by economy, so also were her dealings with the mass of the insurgents; she said plainly that she wanted them killed off in order that she might disband her troops. At least seven hundred suffered. "They were all of the meanest sort," wrote Bowes, in his report, "except Alderman Struthan, Plumptre, the constables, and fifty serving-men, executed at Durham." Thomas Plumptre was the only one of the priests who fell into the hands of the enemy. He has never been classed among the English martyrs, on account, probably, of his having actually joined the rising, and therefore committed a political offence; yet he, like the noble line of missionaries who came after him, was offered his life if he would go to the Protestant service; and his staunch refusal, and heroic death, surely gained for him the crown of martyrdom.

Of those who had been absolved and had attended Mass during the Catholic occupation of the city, some came forward humbly to give their evidence, and express themselves "hertilye sorry" for having offended a power now dominant once more; others, having more fear of God than of man, remained firm in their repentance, and took the consequences. The altars were thrown down again, the homilies droned through once more, and the modern Catholic, wandering through the vast dismantled aisles of the Cathedral, can only mourn over the vestiges of the time when the Presence of God was not banished by law from His churches, and pray that that law may not be permitted to hold good for ever.

A libation of martyrs' blood was henceforth the only sacrifice offered up by the city which was St. Cuthbert's chosen resting-place. About a mile from Durham a pleasant house stands among lawn and shrubbery, bearing the name of *Dryburn*. A brook flowed here once, and perhaps it was on this account that the spot was selected for the execution of four missionary priests—Edmund Duke, Richard Hill, John Hog, and

* Reguenseus was prevailed on to banish the English exiles; but they trooped back again in the reign of Don Juan, who contrived to feed them all. Lord Westmoreland survived "Yotwinckes" many years, and in his old age made unsuccessful suit to the daughter of President Richardot.

Richard Holiday. The water was convenient for boiling their quarters in after the butchery. But the brook dried up that day, and to this miracle the name of the place bears perpetual testimony. The fortitude with which the martyrs suffered, and the protest uttered by Nature herself against their murder, made a deep impression on a married couple who witnessed the execution—a Mr. Maire and his young wife Grace, who both embraced the Catholic faith. Her father in consequence cut her out of his will, in which he named her “his graceless Grace,” adding that he would leave her twenty pounds a-year on condition that she went every Sunday to hear the sermon in the Cathedral. But Grace declined the condition, and doubtless enjoys a better reward than an annuity of twenty pounds.*

It was in the market-place, where Thomas Plumptre had suffered, that the great martyr, John Bost, won his crown. In the court-house, and under the very eyes of his judges, he had absolved and reconciled George Swallowell, who had apostatized through fear; but they were separated in their death, Swallowell being slaughtered at Darlington, and Bost at Durham. Challoner tells us how the martyr was cut down when he had hung but a few seconds, and stood on his feet till thrown backwards and opened by the knives of the executioners; and how, when his heart was torn out from his breast, he was heard to cry three times, “Jesus forgive thee!” With this prayer, which, perhaps, included his guilty country as well as the wretched hireling whose hand enforced its laws, the missionary passed to God.

This was in 1594. Six years later the market-place of Durham was watered with the blood of Father Palasor, Mr. Talbot, and Mr. John Norton, a son of that brave “Old Norton” who had died in exile, but whose spirit must surely have rejoiced at the spectacle of one of his family earning the honours of a true martyrdom, untainted by any political offence. A companion of these three was granted his life on consenting to attend the Protestant service; a clear proof that had they done the like, they too might have escaped execution. And now, in the latter end of the nineteenth century, as we stand, say on Gilesgate Hill, and contemplate the old English city, with its towers and spires and red-tiled roofs scattered over its seven hills, and gaze on the great grey Cathedral, and that broad disfigured east wall, which yet bears the name of the nine altars; and think of the ancient glories of the place—the saints, whose relics yet rest there, and the martyrs whose blood sank into this historic soil not three hundred years ago—the hope of a resurrection of the Faith in our country mingles with an irresistible inclination to mourn over the past.

* Local Records.

It is said that the return to the Faith of a nation that has once abandoned it is a miracle of grace. But all things are possible to God ; and now that the "the three sorrowful centuries" foreseen by St. Edward are spent, the revival of Catholicism in England, and the gradual acceptance of its presence by the extern mass as a matter of course, if not of complacency, are undeniable. In the city whose religious history we have briefly outlined, and where, at the beginning of this century, there was no Catholic chapel at all, two humble but admirably served churches receive the representatives of the builders of the Cathedral and half-a-dozen other ancient fanes ; and a few miles off the great Catholic College of Ushaw disseminates learning and religion under the patronage of St. Cuthbert. Happily the north country loves its ancient saints ; and would that this example were earnestly followed by the rest of England !

A livelier devotion to our own saints, those of our blood who stand in high places around the Throne of God, and a greater gratitude to the martyrs and confessors who sowed in sorrow that seed the fruitful sheaves of which we are bearing home in joy, might powerfully hasten the return of our country to the Catholic fold. Every other nation has honoured its saints with a special cultus, and we have seen what was the homage paid by our own ancestors to Anglo-Saxon heroes of the Faith ; but modern English Catholics seem to be somewhat lacking in this matter. Many of us are perhaps naturally inclined to confound everything English with heresy, and to carry our moral self-expatriation so far as to forget the holy sons and daughters whom God has given to this country, in their admiration for the saints of other lands. And so indeed that vast galaxy are worthy of far higher admiration than our hearts are large enough to give them ; but it is no disparagement to their glory that English voices should be lifted up in praise of those servants of God who sprang from our own soil, who prayed and taught in our own rough northern tongue, and gave to our country the title—now in abeyance only, we trust, and not forfeited—of the Isle of Saints and dowry of Mary.

LETTER OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE BISHOPS
OF IRELAND.

Dilecto Filio Nostro S.R.E. Presbytero Cardinali MACCABE, Archiepiscopo Dublinensi, et Venerabilibus Fratribus Hiberniae Episcopis.

LEO PP. XIII.

DILECTE FILI NOSTER, VENERABILES FRATRES, SALUTEM
ET APOSTOLICAM BENEDICTIONEM.

BENEVOLENTIAE caritas, qua Hibernos complectimur, et cuius augere vim haec ipsa temporum difficultas videtur, Nos adducit, ut ferumstrarum cursum singulari cura paternoque animo sequamur. Ex qua tamen cogitatione plus sollicitudinis, quam solatii capimus, quod nondum apud vos rem publicam videre liceat eo, quo vellemus, statu pacatam atque florentem. Nam ex una parte, gravia premunt adhuc incommoda: ex altera, anceps animorum motus ad turbulenta consilia complures temere rapit: nec defuere, qui atroci se hominum caede polluerent, quasi fieri possit ut spes felicitatis publicae in dedecore flagitioque reperiatur.

Harum rerum caussa, Vos, Dilecte Fili Noster, Venerabiles Fratres, non minore quam Nos sollicitudine affectos et antea cognoveramus, et nuper etiam perspeximus ex iis, quae a Vobis in postremo conventu Dublinensi decreta sunt. Communis enim salutis trepidi probe docuistis, quid quemque in tam acri momento, in medioque certamine vitare oporteat. In quo sane et convenienter muneri episcopali et e re publica fecistis. Homines enim tunc maxime antistitum suorum indigent consilio, cum, vehementiore aliqua cupiditate acti, emolumenta rerum fallacibus iudiciis vident: ac si quando ad relinquendam honestatem velut impetu quodam feruntur, Episcoporum est, incitatos multitudinis animos temperare, et ad iustitiam necessariamque in omnibus rebus moderationem tempestivis hortationibus revocare. Illud vero optima opportunitate commemoratum a Vobis est divinum praeceptum, quaeri *primum* oportere *regnum Dei et iustitiam eius*: quo iubentur christiani in omni vitae actione atque adeo in civicis etiam rebus salutem suam sempiternam respicere, et prae religione officii mortalia omnia minoris ducere. Haec quidem praescripta servantes, fas est Hibernos fortunae suae afflictæ levationem quaerere: fas est et pro iure suo contendere: neque enim existimandum, quod singulis gentibus licet, Hiberniae non licere. Verumtamen honestate dirigenda utilitas est, ac serio considerandum, caussam quantumvis justam turpe esse tueri non iuste. Abest vero iustitia cum ab omni vi, tum maxime a societatibus clandestinis, quae per speciem vindicandi iuris illuc ferme evadunt, ut rerum publicarum permoveant statum. Illae quidem quanta animi provisione honesto cuique viro fugiendae sint, sicut non semel Decessores Nostri, Nosque ipsi, ita Vos in conventu Dublinensi

opportune monuistis. Nihilominus, his manentibus periculis, erit vigilantiae vestrae idem saepe praecipere, Hibernos universos per sanctitatem catholici nominis, perque ipsam patriae caritatem hortando, nihil ut sibi commune esse velint cum huius generis societatibus: quae et ad ea, quae populus iure petit, nihil prodesse possunt, et nimis saepe ad delinquendum impellunt quos illecebris suis incenderunt. Cum Hiberni homines gestiant, neque id immerito, *catholicos* appellari, quod est, uti Augustinus interpretatur, *integritatis custodes et recti sectantes*,* impleant mensuram nominis, et in ipsa rerum suarum defensione studeant esse quod dicuntur. Meminerint *primam esse libertatem carere criminibus*,† seque in omni vita sic gerant, ut statutas legibus poenas nemo ipsorum luat *ut homicida, aut fur, aut maledicus, aut alienorum appetitor*.‡

Par est autem, vestras in populo regendo episcopales curas Cleri totius adiuvari virtute, labore, industria. Quam ad rem quae de sacerdotibus praesertim iunioribus constituenda censuistis, recta et convenientia temporibus iudicamus. Etenim sacerdotes, si unquam alias, certe in istis procellis popularibus solertes et operosos conservandi ordinis adiutores esse necesse est. Et quia ut optima quisque opinione floret, ita in aliorum animos maxime potest, eniti debent ut approbationem hominum moveant gravitate, constantia, moderatione factorum atque dictorum: nec vero agere quidquam, quod a prudentia aut a studio placandorum animorum alienum videatur. Facile autem intelligitur, talem fore Clerum, qualem temporum ratio postulat, si sapienti disciplina optimisque praeceptis fuerit mature institutus. Nam, ut Patres Tridentini monuerunt, *adolescentium, aetas, nisi a teneris annis ad pietatem et religionem informetur, nunquam perfecte ac sine maximo ac singulari propemodum Dei omnipotentis auxilio in disciplina ecclesiastica perseverat*.§

Hac via et ratione futurum arbitramur, ut Hibernia prosperam rerum conditionem, quam expetit, nemine violando, consequatur. Etenim, sicut alias Vobis significavimus, Hibernis aequa postulanti- bus satis facturos, qui rerum publicarum administrationi praesunt, confidimus. Quod non solum veritas suadet, sed spectata etiam ipsorum prudentia civilis, cum dubitari non possit Hiberniae incolumitatem cum tranquillitate totius imperii esse coniunctam. Nos interim hac spe adducti minime intermittemus Hibernam gentem consiliorum Nostrorum auctoritate iuvare, et incensas studio et caritate proces ad Deum fundere, ut populum tot iam virtutum nobilitatum laude propitius respiciat, compositisque fluctibus, optata tandem pace et prosperitate muneretur. Horum autem caelestium munerum auspiciem et praecipuae benevolentiae Nostrae testem Vobis, Dilecte Filii Noster, Venerabiles Fratres, Clero ac populo universo Apostolicam Benedictionem peramanter in Domino impertimus.

Datum Romae apud S. Petrum die 1 Augusti An. MDCCCLXXXII. Pontificatus Nostri anno quinto.

LEO PP. XIII.

* Lib. "De Vera Religione," n. 9.

† 1 Pet. iv. 15.

† S. Augustinus, Tract xli. in Ioan, n. 10.

§ Sess. xxiii. "De Reform." cap. 18.

[TRANSLATION.]

LETTER OF OUR MOST HOLY FATHER, LEO XIII.,

By Divine Providence POPE, to EDWARD MACCABE, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, of the title of St. Sabina, Archbishop of Dublin, and to the other Bishops of Ireland.

BELOVED SON, VENERABLE BRETHREN, HEALTH AND
THE APOSTOLIC BENEEDICTION.

THE loving goodwill with which We embrace the Irish people, and of which the intensity seems only to increase with the present difficulties, leads Us to follow with singular care and paternal feeling the course of events occurring among you. But this consideration gives Us more of anxiety than comfort, because We do not yet see the public affairs of your country in that condition of peace and prosperity which We desire. On one hand the pressure is still felt of grievous hardships; on the other, perplexing agitation hurries many into turbulent courses, and men have not been wanting who stained themselves with atrocious murders, as if it were possible to find hope for national happiness in public disgrace and crime.

We already knew, and have again recently seen from what you decreed in your late meeting in Dublin, that from the same causes, you, Beloved Son, Venerable Brethren, are no less anxious than Ourselves. Trembling for the common welfare, you very properly laid down what every one must avoid in so difficult a crisis and in the midst of conflict. So doing, you certainly both acted according to your duty as Bishops and for the public interest. For men need the advice of their Bishops most of all when, under the impulse of some violent craving, they measure the value of things by false judgments; and if ever they are impetuously driven, as it were, to relinquish the right course, it is the duty of the Bishops to moderate the excited feeling of the people, and by timely exhortations bring them back to justice and the moderation necessary in all things. You seasonably recalled the divine precept to *seek first the kingdom of God and His justice*, by which Christians are commanded in every action of life, and consequently in their actions also as citizens, to keep in view their eternal salvation, and place religious fidelity to duty before every temporal consideration. So long as these rules are observed it is lawful for the Irish to seek relief from their misfortunes; it is lawful for them to contend for their rights; for it cannot be thought that what is permitted to every other country is forbidden to Ireland. Nevertheless, interest must be directed by justice, and it must be seriously pondered that it is wicked to defend by unjust means any cause, however just. And justice is not to be found in violence, and especially not in those secret societies which, under pretext of vindicating a right, generally end in violent disturbance of the public peace. As Our predecessors more than once, and We Ourselves have done, so you in your Dublin meeting have now given a timely warning, with how much caution every good man should keep aloof from such societies. Still, so long as the danger lasts, it is for you in your watchfulness often to repeat authoritatively the warning, exhorting all Irishmen by the holiness of the Catholic name and by

the very love of their country, to have nothing to do with the societies of this sort, which are powerless to obtain what the people rightly ask, and too often impel to crime those who have been fired by their allurements. Since the Irish are proud, and deservedly, to be called *Catholics*, which means, as St. Augustine explains, *guardians of integrity and followers of what is right*,* let them bear out to the full their name, and even when they are asserting their rights let them strive to be what they are called. Let them remember that *the first of liberties is to be free from crime*,† and let them so conduct themselves through life that *none of them may suffer the penalties of the law as a murderer, or a thief, or a railer, or a coveter of other men's things*.‡

But it is fitting that your episcopal solicitude in governing the people should be assisted by the virtue, the labour, and the industry of all the clergy. With reference to this subject, all that you thought proper to decree concerning priests, especially the younger clergy, We judge right and suited to the circumstances. For priests, if at any time, certainly in these popular storms, must be watchful and laborious co-operators in the preservation of order. And as in proportion to the high estimation in which one is held, is his influence on the minds of others, they must endeavour to gain the approbation of the people by their gravity, constancy, and moderation in word and deed, and never take any step that may appear wanting in prudence or the spirit of conciliation. It is easily understood that the clergy will be such as the circumstances require, if they are early trained by wise discipline and sound direction. For, as the Fathers of Trent admonished, *youth, unless it be formed from its tender years unto piety and religion, never will perfectly, and without the greatest and well-nigh special help of Almighty God, persevere in ecclesiastical discipline*.§

In this way and by these means We believe that Ireland, without any violence, will attain that prosperity which she desires. For, as We signified to you on another occasion, We are confident that the statesmen who preside over the administration of public affairs will give satisfaction to the Irish when they demand what is just. This not only reason suggests, but also their well-known political prudence; since it cannot be doubted that the well-being of Ireland is connected with the tranquillity of the whole Empire.

We meanwhile, with this hope, do not cease to help the Irish people with the authority of Our advice, and to offer to God Our prayers, inspired by solicitude and love, that He would graciously look down upon a people so distinguished by many noble virtues, and, calming the storm, bless it with the longed-for peace and prosperity. In pledge of these heavenly blessings, and in token of Our great affection, We lovingly impart in Our Lord to you, Beloved Son, and Venerable Brethren, to the clergy, and to the whole people the Apostolic Benediction.

Given in Rome at St. Peter's on the first day of August, MDCCCLXXXII. The fifth year of Our Pontificate.

LEO PP. XIII.

* "De Vera Religione," n. 9.

† S. Augustinus, Tract xli. in Joan, n. 10.

‡ 1 Peter iv. 15.

§ Sess. xxiii. "De Reform." c. 18.

Science Notices.

The British Association.—The British Association this year has, after all, been a very quiet affair. Dr. Siemens, in his presidential address, was nothing if not practical, and seemed rather disposed to patronize “those ardent students of Nature who, in their devotion to research, do not allow their minds to travel into the regions of utilitarianism and of self-interest.” Electricity naturally occupied a prominent place in the President’s discourse, but almost all branches of applied science received their due attention. In speaking of the bye-products of gasworks, these products, which only a few years ago were the serious drawback to profitable gas manufacture, Dr. Siemens points out the remarkable fact, that were gas to go out of use for lighting purposes, it would still be profitable to manufacture it for the sake of these products. Taking the coal used at 9,000,000 tons per annum, at 12s. a ton, equal to £5,400,000, he shows that with this outlay the bye-products alone would realize £8,370,000 a year. The shareholder in gas companies may well congratulate himself that his evil day is still far distant.

The proposal to name two new units of force was the one original topic of the address. Of the desirability of creating a unit of magnetic quantity there can be no question, but we fancy there will be some difficulty in inducing the scientific world to agree upon the nomenclature proposed. Two of the names, “Weber” and “Joule,” are decidedly objectionable, from the fact that they are already appropriated by existing units. The term “Weber” has already been rejected by the French *savants*, and its reintroduction to do duty for another force will be needlessly perplexing to the students of electric science.

Dr. Siemens’ theory of the nature of solar energy, of which we gave an outline in the last number of this REVIEW, seems to be sinking under a shower of blows of hostile criticism. The author, however, has not yet surrendered. He professes to see in the observations of the late solar eclipse some confirmation of his views. But we fear that the brilliant hypothesis is already doomed. Against the onslaughts of mathematicians Dr. Siemens may well steel himself by reflecting that “the exclusive mathematician contemns everything that cannot be made amenable to his methods.” But when chemistry goes over to the opposition we may well despair of the “regenerative furnace” theory. Professor Liveing, in the opening address to the Chemical Section, could not close his discourse without referring to the theory of the President. His objection is temperately put, but it is crushing. “If it is true that the compounds can be decomposed by the action of the sun’s rays, we ought to find in our atmosphere the products of combustion; we ought to find in it free

hydrogen, carbonic acid, and acetylene, or some other hydrocarbons. The hydrogen, from its small specific gravity, would not be concentrated in the lower regions of our atmosphere, in the same proportion as the denser gases; but carbonic oxide, and hydrocarbons could not fail to be detected in the air if they formed any sensible proportion of the gases in interplanetary space." "Peace to its bones!" Let the theory now be put to rest. Dr. Siemens must be content that he has achieved a very "brilliant flight of the scientific imagination."

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.—It was only natural that the scientific treatment of the Channel Tunnel should evoke a discussion on the general merits or demerits of the scheme. Were the geological question the only point to be considered, Prof. Dawkins's paper would give ample assurance to all interested in the work, that it is perfectly feasible. But Sir Frederick Bramwell steps in, and treats the outside world to a severe lecturing for our childish fears as to the military dangers of the tunnel. Sir F. Bramwell might have been at the pains to ascertain his opponents' arguments before treating them as beyond the pale of discussion. According to him the only ground of opposition to the project is a silly fear that the tunnel might be captured by a *coup de main*. But we would remind the engineers that there are other and more formidable objections. We contend that were an enemy to effect a landing on our coasts, a supposition by no means impossible, the force might possess themselves of the tunnel-forts, pour in a continuous stream of reinforcements free from all perils of sea and landing, and the conquest of England would be assured. Nor is it by any means a fantastic idea to suppose that England might, at some future date, have to undergo the humiliation of suing for peace from a foreign foe, and one of the conditions of peace might well be to hand over the Channel Tunnel to the possession of our enemies. It was, indeed, high time for the Government to step in and stay so mischievous a project. The whole enterprise, it is well known, was started, not to spare a few invalids the agony of an hour or two's sickness, but to make a big thing for our engineers, and to enable them to hand down their names to posterity on the same page that tells of the achievements of Smeaton and Stephenson.

THE CANADA MEETING.—In the remaining Sections we find little that would interest the general reader. The reports of the Committees show that solid and careful work is being carried on out of the funds of the Association. But there is one Committee whose status seems open to question. The Committees on Underground Temperature, and on the Circulation of Underground Water, seem to be fully entitled to any grant the Association can spare; but what are we to think of subsidizing a Committee for collecting information on the migration of birds?

The decision of the Association to meet in Montreal in 1882 has met with almost universal disapproval. Captain Bedford Pim may congratulate himself on the tactics by which he has wrung a vote from a reluctant majority; but we are very much mistaken if the

meeting of 1883 does not rescind a resolution, so damaging to itself and so unwelcome to the scientific public at large.

The Lunar Atmosphere.—The question of the Lunar Atmosphere has again been raised from the observations of the solar eclipse of May 17th of this year. To understand the full purport of these observations, we must lay a few general facts before our readers. The sun's rays before reaching the earth must of course pass through our atmosphere, in which the great absorbing agent, aqueous vapour, plays so prominent a part. It follows, then, that owing to the absorbing powers of our atmosphere, certain rays of light, chiefly among the red and orange groups, will be checked or stopped, and thus in the solar spectrum will be represented by dark lines or spaces.

Now the sun's rays may come to us, as at midday in summer, almost vertically, and then they must traverse simply the height of our atmosphere; or they may come to us, as at sunset and sunrise, through layer upon layer of the densest part of the air, that which rests close to the surface and is highly charged with aqueous vapour. In the case of the vertical rays that have been absorbed, we can well understand that they will be represented in the solar spectrum by sharp thin black lines. Those rays that come to us from near the horizon will suffer more absorption, and their lines or spaces will be thickened and spread out, or, as it is technically termed, "reinforced."

We are now in a position to enter into the details of the eclipse observations. If the moon has an atmosphere, we should expect to find in an eclipse, as the Solar rays graze the surface of the approaching moon, that the atmospheric lines, just referred to, will be thickened or reinforced as they pass through the absorbing layers of the lunar air. To settle this problem, two French astronomers, MM. Thallon and Trépied, armed themselves with two of the most powerful spectroscopes hitherto made, and directed them one tangentially, the other vertically, to the limb of the moon, and awaited the moment of contact. As the time drew near, the great spectroscopes behaved marvellously; beautiful, clear images of the sun appeared. M. Thallon looked carefully among the B group of the spectrum, where the atmospheric lines most appear, and to his great surprise he perceived a most decided strengthening and reinforcement of these telluric lines. The phenomenon lasted but a few seconds and then disappeared. In the meantime his colleague, M. Trépied, cried out that he had seen in a marked manner the reinforcement of the absorption lines in the B group. Mr. Ranyard, the English astronomer, was called, but either he came too late, or for some other reason, he was unable to see what M. Trépied was so energetically pointing out. All that he saw, he declares, was that the lines seemed to be slightly intensified near the edge of the spectrum where they were sharply cut off by the moon's limb. After totality, as the moon was leaving the sun's disc, the same observations were renewed, but entirely without success. This then, in short, is the evidence on which the theory of the lunar atmosphere at present

rests. It is not altogether satisfactory, but the method of observation once being established, it will not be difficult to repeat the experiment. It will not be necessary to wait for another total eclipse, a partial one will afford the requisite conditions.

M. Trépied undertook to estimate roughly the degree of thickening observed in the absorption lines, and it would appear to correspond to about $\frac{1}{40}$ th of the height of the spectrum. This would give a height of something like six miles for the lunar atmosphere.

We may add, however, that the spectroscopists of the Royal Observatory of Brussels declare that they perceived during the eclipse no change whatever in the B lines. The photographs taken by M. Janssens at Meudon at the moment of contact, give to the lunar disc the sharpest definition, as well as the granulations, and the least detail of the solar surface come out quite brilliantly. It is not impossible that the lunar atmosphere may be of so rare a nature as not to interfere with the results of photography.

Notices of Catholic Continental Periodicals.

GERMAN PERIODICALS.

By Dr. BELLESHEIM, of Cologne.

1. *Katholik*.

CANON STOEKL, professor in the episcopal academy of Eichstaett, Bavaria, comments on "German Enlightenment" (*Aufklaerung*) in the eighteenth century. Since the present is rooted in the past, we may trace the Liberalism, whether theological, or philosophical, or social, of our age to certain doctrines proclaimed both in England and in Germany in the course of the last centuries. Starting with John Edelmann (1698–1767), who clung to Spinoza, our author treats at great length of the philosophical system of Lessing. Lessing published the so-called "Fragments of Wolfenbuettel," who declared revelation to be nothing more than an experiment in educating man to what he might have attained without it. There is perhaps no other German Protestant of the eighteenth century who has so strongly insisted on the principle of authority in matters of religion, or sustained greater labours in supporting it against the attacks of Protestant clergymen (the little popes, as he styled them), or who was brought nearer to—without being brought into—the Catholic Church than Ephraim Lessing. Next comes the German poet, Herder, preacher to the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, distinguishing between religion and dogma. Dogma he pronounced to be not an unalterable declaration of some Church authority, since Protestantism is deprived of any such standard, but simply a conclusion held by one who has arrived at it after long and painful re-

searches in matter of religion. He denies the divinity of our Lord, and declares Christianity to be merely the result of human investigations. Herder's theological and philosophical system is all the more dangerous that it is clothed in such fascinating language as would easily delude an incautious mind. But the foremost champion of "German enlightenment" in the eighteenth century was Immanuel Kant. He laid the foundation of a most perilous philosophical system. Denying to the mind the faculty of arriving at true and solid knowledge of the external world, he necessarily rejected the principle of causality. Hence, as the human mind is not ready-furnished with the perfect idea of God, but with only the faculty of ascending to Him from creatures which bear testimony to His power and wisdom, Kant came to assert that the existence of God was not a matter of absolute necessity. And even to the present day German philosophy labours under the hardships of Kant's system, which put to death the noblest faculties of the human soul, and inaugurated the reigns of idealism and pantheism. Another able paper in this July issue deals with the decrees of the great Pope, S. Zachary (742-752). The author selects those bearing on the state of serfs and their relation to the feudal government, and also those on the "*Impedimentum Spiritualis Cognitionis*." S. Boniface, from his epistles (29, 30, and 31), was apparently not cognizant of this impediment. And we meet about the same period with bishops in Italy expressing their doubts about it in their letters to Pope Zachary. Bishop Theoda, of Pavia, laid them before the Pope, whose answer has been inserted by Cardinal Bartolini in his work "*Di S. Zaccaria Papa e degli anni del suo Pontificato*," p. 77. Other decrees of S. Zachary, heretofore unknown, were discovered by the author of this paper in Cod. Vatic., 1343, fol. 169, and in Cod. Vallic., B. 66. Both of them refer to the same impediment. The August issue contains a long account of Professor Hettinger's recent book, "*De Theologiae Speculativae et Mysticae Connubio in Dantis Praesertim Trilogia*." The author of this learned paper, besides enjoying the reputation of being one of the most eminent apologists of Christianity in our age, is also held in high esteem for his extensive knowledge of Dante. In the work before us, dedicated to the University of Würzburg on occasion of her third centenary, he strenuously defends Dante's "*Divina Commedia*" against its most modern interpreters. Dante may boast of finding in Germany, after England, his most ardent admirers and intelligent interpreters. For the most part they unfortunately are either Protestants or scholars quite indifferent to Christianity. Hence we may explain the curious fact that Dante is so frequently held up as a pre-Reformation reformer, and is said to have embodied in his grand work those germs which two centuries ago were developed by Luther and his disciples. Suffice it to point out these assertions; they are their own refutation. We also see great stress laid on the supposed conflict between the mediæval scholastics and mystics. Professor Hettinger fully establishes the complete harmony between mysticism, philosophy, and mystical theology. As far as Dante himself is con-

cerned, there is not the least reason for doubting but that he faithfully follows S. Thomas and S. Bonaventura, and is very far indeed from entertaining such ideas as could develop into sixteenth century revolution.

2. *Historisch-politische Blaetter*.—The July and August issues contain weighty criticisms on the learned work of Baron von Reumont on Vittoria Colonna; which may be here mentioned as having a special interest for England generally, and English Catholics particularly. Vittoria Colonna, so well known in Italian history of the sixteenth century as being the wife of Ferrante d'Avalos, Marquis of Pescara, who won the battle of Pavia for Charles V., was born at Marino, 1490, married to Ferrante 1509, and was left a widow 1524. Vittoria may doubtless be styled the most eminent poetess of Italy; certainly few of them equalled, and none excelled, her. The high esteem in which she was held by Charles V. may be gathered from the fact that the great Emperor, when staying in Rome, paid her a visit. But there were two men in Italy who, from being intimate with her, claim special attention, Bernardino Ochino and Cardinal Reginald Pole. Ochino, the learned, industrious, but selfish and proud Capuchin of Siena, became imbued with Calvin's doctrine, and, when summoned before the Inquisition, stole from Siena, put off his religious habit, fled to Switzerland, thence to England, and settled in Cambridge. From having been an able preacher of Catholic doctrine he became a *magister erroris*, was unfortunate enough to marry, and died unhappily in a Bohemian hamlet. It has been gratuitously asserted that Vittoria favoured Calvin's opinions, and especially entertained the new doctrine of justification by faith alone—quite an unfounded assertion. Baron von Reumont, unsurpassed by any European scholar in his knowledge of Italian history, after a most accurate examination of Vittoria's letters, poems, and other writings, gives us most peremptory proofs to the contrary. He has succeeded in unveiling the whole truth. Certainly Vittoria was deeply impressed with the idea of reform within the Church, but she never thought of effecting this by disclaiming the Church's authority, by interrupting the current of ecclesiastical tradition, by establishing a new Church with a new doctrinal system. She remained to the end what she had ever been—a faithful Catholic. At Viterbo, Vittoria Colonna made the acquaintance of Cardinal Pole, at the time when his own mother was being dragged to the scaffold by Henry VIII. Vittoria Colonna died at Rome July 7, 1546. A translation of Reumont's work would afford very solid and interesting reading for English Catholics. A most useful contribution appears in the September issue. It examines into the two sentences of the Roman courts in July and August, 1881, on occasion of the abominable attacks on the body of Pius IX. The writer unanswerably establishes the fact that the courts did not conscientiously fulfil their duty. The police shrank from arresting the most guilty culprits; whilst both courts, although both incompetent (since the assizes exclusively had the right), sentenced only a few of the defendants to short imprisonments. This paper deserves

notice as being based on the juridical observations of a learned Italian lawyer.

3. *Historisches Jahrbuch der Goerres-Gesellschaft*.—Dr. Galland, after extensive and diligent researches in the Roman libraries, contributes an able treatise on “The Election of Pope Clement XI. (Albani, 1700), in connection with the general situation of Europe.” The history of this election affords a very striking example of the immense interest taken at one time by European Governments in the election of a Pope; of the subtle and crafty means adopted by Louis XIV. for elevating a person of his choice to the throne of S. Peter; and also of God’s watchful providence over His Church. Dr. Cardanus, in the same issue, comments on some recent German investigations into the history of Mary, Queen of Scots. Of late years our German historians, many of them being Protestants, have repeatedly examined this perplexing history. Professor Gaedike, of Heidelberg University, appeared as a strong accuser of the unfortunate queen. But his work, full of historical mistakes, inconsiderate conclusions, and manifest antipathy to everything Catholic, was not in the least approved of in Germany; it was, on the contrary, severely but deservedly censured. Mr. Opitz’s work on Queen Mary (Freiburg, Herder, 1881), on the contrary, is a standard work, and for long will occupy a very respectable place in German literature. Comparing these works with English and Scotch writings both for and against Mary, I feel sure I am quite justified in asserting that Mr. Hosack’s, up to this day, remains by far the most able biography of Mary, Queen of Scots.

ITALIAN PERIODICALS.

La Civiltà Cattolica. 15 Luglio, 1882.

Mission of the Catholic Laity.

IN this number of the *Civiltà Cattolica* there is an article on the mission of the Catholic laity, which the writer believes to be called in the present day to replace the State in the defence of the Church. A great change, as all know, has been effected, and is in process of completion, in the relations subsisting between the State and the Church. In past times Christian society was regarded as one body under one head, Christ Jesus, the Eternal King, who ruled it by means of His representatives in the spiritual and temporal orders; the spiritual principedom, held by the Church, being established for the attainment of everlasting blessedness, and the civil principedom having for its object the possession and enjoyment of temporal goods. And since it is plain that nothing could be for man a real good save what harmonized with his ultimate end, it was universally recognized to be an obligation of the State to co-operate by its laws and authority with the action of the Church. Hence the Gospel law was the standard even of civil law, and the sword was to be drawn in defence of the crosier. Such was the Christian ideal of civil power, which was so admirably expressed by

that type of Christian sovereignty, Charlemagne, who thus heads his capitulars : "Karolus, Dei gratia Rex, Ecclesiæ defensor in omnibus Apostolicæ Sedis adjutor fidelis." These two words, "adjutor" and "defensor," define the idea of Christian principedom in its attitude towards the Church. All this has been not only rejected, but reversed, by modern Liberalism. The Liberalistic State, in virtue of its principle of separation from the Church, ceases to recognize any religious belief or religious duties. "For the State," says the Senator Cadorna, in a recent publication, "the religious authority recognized by the various religious societies, is as non-existent;" a maxim which not only is repugnant to the end of a society composed of Christians, but would have been hateful even to Pagans. The State, then, according to Liberals, is Atheist, and such also must its representatives show themselves, so far as they act in its name. It ceases thus to be the aider and defender of the Church. But this is not all. Since it is as absurd to aim at two discordant ends as it would be for a ship to make sail for two different ports at once, it necessarily follows that the Liberalistic State, separated from the Church, ends by seeking to subjugate it in all that concerns the practical life of society, and, under the pretence of order and legal rights, arrogates to itself the power of interference in the most sacred things. Thus, from being an aider and defender, the State is transformed into an obstacle and an assailant.

The Church having now lost its natural ally, its loving children are by Divine dispensation summoned to its assistance, and the writer sees hopeful signs of their obedience to this call, in the increasing readiness of the Catholic laity to co-operate with the clergy in all that concerns the welfare of the Church, and in the progressing spirit of union and association for the defence of the rights of the Holy See and the religious and social interests of Italians. He proceeds to suggest some of the chief duties which this new mission imposes on the Catholic laity. They are called to help by their good and open example, not satisfying themselves with merely obeying the Church's laws, but taking care to manifest publicly their obedience to them and their zeal for their maintenance. Some instances that are given would not be equally applicable at home, where we Catholics form so small a proportion of the population, but the advice is no less excellent in spirit; and, limited as are our numbers, our influence, such as it is, must be always greatly diminished by any attempts to keep our religion in the background. For the defence of the Church, the writer points out to Catholic laymen the importance of availing themselves of all those rights which they possess as citizens, and taking advantage even of those very principles which Liberalism promulgates, such as liberty of conscience, social equality, the sovereignty of the people, and the like, in order to utilize them as weapons against those who uphold them, thus resisting their encroachments on grounds which they cannot gainsay. The State ignores the Church, but it cannot ignore its subjects, or

the rights of the people of whom it professes to be the delegate. We have an instance in the glorious struggle sustained by the Catholics of Germany. Some may say that their example does not apply to Italy, for that, although unjust laws have been promulgated by the Government in Germany, the Government itself being legitimately constituted, the struggle can be lawfully carried on by Catholics in Parliament, while in Italy the case is different, and they are accordingly forbidden to enter the political arena. The writer, however, considers that by their universal abstention they accomplish objects in an equally powerful way. This protest of the vast majority of the Italian people is, indeed, greatly superior in its effect to what would be that of a few deputies sitting at Monte Citorio, supposing that, when put to the trial, they had the courage to make it. And well do the Liberals understand the value of this abstention, as the Deputy Ferrani did not scruple to declare lately openly before his colleagues. "So long," he said, "as a Catholic minority does not sit here"—more than a minority they would never permit—"you are not a national representation; you are but a Provisional Government." The Liberal party, in fact, though not always confessing it with so much frankness, have no more earnest desire than to see Catholics taking part in the elections. Nothing could better contribute to fortify the new kingdom of Italy. Sooner or later Europe will be compelled to occupy itself with the abnormal condition of the Supreme Pontiff. Now, in diplomatic deliberations, the fact that legal Italy does not represent real Italy, but only a party, must have great weight.

For the fulfilment of the mission to which the laity are called, the writer considers it most important that it should everywhere show itself, and show itself strong. It has been said that union is strength, but this is only on the condition of its being organized. We need scarcely add that remarks on this necessity of organization are, in their measure, of universal application.

The Ideal in Art.

A THOUGHTFUL and suggestive article on the above subject is to be found in the same number of this review. It is directed against the theory of the so-called school of Verismo in Italy, which is doing its part to corrupt the minds and morals of the present generation by degrading the faculty of the imagination. The question at issue, reduced to its simple elements, is this: Which does best in the field of art, he who only copies or he who originates? The fine arts have always been reckoned to be the manifestations of genius, and mankind has been in the habit of paying a species of homage to such manifestations, especially in the case of great poets, considering their works to be exhibitions of creative power. But this modern school wishes to reduce art to a mere reflexion or repetition of truth, that is, of Nature as seen in the material or visible order with all its defects and blemishes. The enemies of the ideal say, truth is

beauty. But truth must not be confounded with beauty, as if they were synonymous terms, for, according to Plato's definition, than which a better has not yet been found, beauty is the splendour of truth. But is every true or actual thing resplendent? Assuredly not. Accordingly, by the mere fact of being true and real a thing does not necessarily become a proper subject for art, at least not directly so; for what is in itself ugly may be introduced by way of contrast or as a set-off to the main object. It is true that art cannot attain to the beautiful without imitation of Nature, but not by that servile copy of all its parts and details which the Verists insist upon. In an adequate conception of art, the empirical and the ideal ought to combine in a just measure, but the Verist would exclude the ideal entirely, and have nothing but the naked and crude reproduction of existing realities. A tame and tiresome monotony would be the least of the evil consequences of such a system, and, in point of fact, nothing can be more remarkable than the sameness of the works of these writers save their grossness and immorality. Take up, for instance, the *Assommoir* of Zola, one of their celebrities, and you may dispense yourself from looking at *La Nana*, the *Ventre de Paris*, and the *Pot Bouille* by the same pen, if disgust alone does not deter you, so closely do they resemble each other in a repetition of the same vile intrigues and obscenities. And these writers are all alike in their tedious triviality and turpitude. Their claim to having discarded idealism is, however, futile. As the Classicists and Romanticists had each their ideal, so have the Verists. It is the Jacobin ideal. Pride, independence, hatred of all authority, above all, that of the priest and of God, such are the ideals of this modern school of art. Hence we have just witnessed the apotheosis of Garibaldi and the quasi-idolatrous pagan worship offered to him and his remains. In him they behold the republican and the enemy of priests—quite enough reason for these moderns to admire in him the ideal of humanity.

La Civiltà Cattolica, 5 Agosto, 1882.

Apotheosis of Arnaldo da Brescia.

IN this number we have a notice of the contemplated apotheosis of Arnaldo da Brescia in his native city. The ultimate object of the Masonic Revolution which has usurped political power and thus installed itself as an Anti-Christian Government of Christian people, is to transform itself into a religion, substituting the worship of Satan for that of Jesus Christ, the Man-God. As yet, however, the conception of that monster in the popular mind is too abominable to allow of his being proposed openly as an object of adoration; it is the policy, therefore, of the Masonic Revolutionists to seek out models representing the devil in their characteristics, and to make demigods of them in the name of civilization, progress, humanity, patriotism, and so on, of which these heroes are held up as the patrons. Italy is thus called to witness a new kind of worship, with its liturgy, its ceremonies, pilgrimages, *agapes*, veneration of busts

and relics, &c. The writer takes a rapid glance at the life, character, and opinions of this Arnaldo da Brescia. A fanatical disciple of Abelard, he shared his errors without sharing his repentance. He veiled the deep corruption of his heart under the most insidious hypocrisy, by which he misled the people, and did such incalculable mischief, that S. Bernard tells us that he did not dare to return to the places in which he had once set his foot: "Tam fœda post se, et tam sæva reliquit vestigia, ut ubi semel fixerit pedem, illuc ultra redire non audeat."

Having captivated the populace by his arts, he rebelled against the Church's authority under the usual pretext of heretics in those times, the prevailing disorders among the clergy; an utterly futile pretence, for the Church herself was diligently labouring to remove abuses. His career, in which feigned submission alternated with open revolt, finally closed on a scaffold. There can be no doubt that the villainous deeds which merited for Arnaldo this end would have fully entitled him to a high place in the Masonic circles of our day, but, in point of doctrine, it must be observed that his only claim to the sympathy of modern revolutionists is his bitter animosity against the Church and her head; for Arnaldo of Brescia was certainly not a "Liberal" in the modern acceptance of the term, but a decided "Regalist," and, as D. Giacinto Gazzia says in his important work, "a Regalist in the hardest and most illiberal sense of the word." Arnaldo, while holding that no cleric of any order possessing property could be saved, held also that everything belonged to the Prince, and that the laity could only enjoy the use of their possessions at the sovereign's good pleasure. Now, if the first opinion is calculated to elicit the applause of Liberalism, can the second be acceptable to them? Yet it is evident that Arnaldo's political ideal was a detestable Cæsarism, which he desired to resuscitate. His own letters, still extant, attest this fact, and never, as Gazzia observes, was the liberty of Italy in greater peril than when the Romans, acting at that time under Arnaldo's influence, were soliciting Conrad, King of the Romans, to cross the Alps and make Rome the seat of his Imperial power, an invitation to which, fortunately, he did not give heed.

Such is the hero whom the Masonic lodge of Brescia delights to honour, proclaiming him, in the programme of the feasts prepared to celebrate his memory, as "the most illustrious citizen of Brescia, the glory, not of Brescia alone, but of the whole world." His sole and sufficient merit in its eyes is his hatred of the Church and of the Papacy. What does the rest matter? What does it matter that he would have betrayed Italy into the hands of strangers, sacrificed its liberties, and worked its political ruin? For the Masonic sect all this counts for nothing. He alone is a patriot, a friend of civilization and of progress, who strives to beat down the kingdom of Christ upon earth in order to instal in its place the reign of Satan. To obtain this the sect would give Italy to the Turks.

FRENCH PERIODICALS.

Revue des Questions Historiques. Juillet, 1882.

Tarshish : a Study in Biblical Ethnography and Geography.

IN this article, bristling with erudition, M. François Lenormant deals with a problem that, as he says, is far, even at the present day, from being solved. He follows in the main Bochart's opinion, according to which Tarshish (the Tharsis of the Vulgate) is the Aramaic form of Tartessus, the ancient Greek designation of that Southern Spain whence the Phœnicians from a very remote period drew such immense commercial treasures, and of which they so jealously kept the monopoly. The notion of Tartessus is consequently very vague in the ancient authors. Nevertheless, Movers has clearly established that Tartessus in the most ancient and best authorities is not a city or circumscribed place, but an extensive district. The inhabitants (Tartessians) dwelt about the river Tartessus, known later as the Bætis, and still later as the Guadalquivir; they possessed the north coasts of the Straits of Gibraltar and the European Pillar of Hercules, and stretched as far as the river now called the Segura, north of Carthage. Festus Avienus calls them rich, and credits them with a fleet that trafficked with the Cassiterides. The Phœnicians founded several purely Phœnician colonies there, such as Gades, Abdera, &c. The history of this people, traced with great patience by the writer, is well worth perusal. We hasten to summarize those parts of it bearing on the Biblical narrative. Most of the places where Tarshish is mentioned, especially in the Prophets, square with this identification of it with Spanish Tartessus. M. Lenormant shows this at length with regard to Jonas ii. 3, and iv. 2; Psalm lxxii. 10; Ezech. xxxviii. 13. Thus, "ships of Tarshish," originally ships of a large size and peculiar construction, destined by the Tyrians for the long voyage to Tartessus, came soon to mean any large ship, the μέγα πλοῖον φοινικικόν of Xenophon (as formerly our English "East Indiaman" meant a large vessel, though it often enough never went to India), and is used in many texts in that wider and loose sense (Isa. ii. 6, &c.; 1 Kings x. 22; 2 Kings xxii. 49, &c.). The text, Ezechiel xxvii. 12, wherein the Vulgate has Carthage as the translation of Tarshish, is a very conclusive proof of his theory with M. Lenormant, since of the riches there enumerated silver and tin point plainly to Southern Spain. He sees a proof of his contention also in Isa. xxiii. 6, though he entirely omits reference to verse 7, where "her feet shall carry her afar off to sojourn," supplies, we think, exactly the statement his proof lacks. About a century after the taking of Tyre and the date of chap. iii. of Isaias, the prophet Ezechiel has the above enumeration of articles that composed the active commerce of the Tyrians from their Tartessian colony in "afar off" Spain. But, as Movers has remarked ("Die Phœnizier," b. 2, part 2), the very terms employed by Ezechiel indicate clearly enough that in the interval the condition of Tarshish with relation to the Tyrians had changed.

In Isaias, Tarshish is a direct possession of Tyre. In Ezechiel it is spoken of in the same terms as other independent countries, having commercial relations only with the Phœnicians. And this indicates a historical fact. The grand colonial empire of Tyre in the basin of the Guadalquivir had come to an end. The writer's next proof is philological; the forms Tarshish and Tartessus correspond. But Tarshish is not, he contends against Bochart and Gesenius, a Phœnician formation. The two forms, Tarshish and Tartessus, are independent and parallel, each founded in the indigenous appellation of the Tartessians by themselves.

But Tharsis, or Tarshish, of the tenth chapter of Genesis, which appears among the descendants of Japhet as one of the sons of Javan, cannot be the Tartessus of Spain. First, because the enumeration of names in that list is ethnographic, and "construit sur des notions fort exactes à cet égard:" and Tarshish cannot have been intended for the indigenous inhabitants of South Spain, differing as they did both in type and language. Tharsis, descended of Javan, should belong to the Pelasgic or Hellenic peoples. Secondly, because the enumeration of the sons of Javan in that tenth chapter follows a regular geographical order from west to east, and Tarshish is placed between Elishah (Elisa, Greece proper, especially the Peloponnesus) and Kittim (Cetthim, Cyprus). Its geographical position is therefore undoubtedly in the Egean, either in the islands or on its Asiatic coast, or in both together. Knobel believed that the Tharsis of Gen. x. was the Tyrrhenian, or Tyrsenian Pelasgians, and M. Lenormant adopts this opinion, although "d'une manière indépendante et pour d'autres raisons." His first reason is the linguistic and phonetic *rapprochement* of the names; Tyrrhenian and Tarshish, no less than E-trusc-an being traceable to one radical *tyrs* or *turs*. At some length—quoting largely from M. d'Arbois de Jubainville's "*Les Premiers Habitants de l'Europe*"—he shows that the expressions, Tyrsenian and Pelasgian, are convertible terms among the most ancient Greek authors; that though frequently Pelasgian is a generic term including the other, yet they are oftenest distinguished as different branches of the same race. Among the Greeks the Tyrrhenians are the eastern branch of the Pelasgic race who inhabited a part of the islands of the Archipelago (Lemnos, Lesbos, &c.) and of the littoral of Asia Minor. The Tyrrhenians of Italy are represented by a well-founded and most widespread tradition to have come from Lydia. This migration westward (which some modern writers quite reject) M. Lenormant proves at length, invoking even recent Egyptian testimony, and places it (though it was accomplished neither at one time nor in one direction) about the end of the eighteenth Egyptian Dynasty.

"It is a fact," he says, "that about the fifteenth or sixteenth century (B.C.) the Tursians, or Tyrsenians, whom the Egyptian monuments call the Toursha, and the tenth chapter of Genesis Tarshish, who had hitherto been established on the west coast of Asia Minor and in the islands of the Egean, emigrated *en masse* towards the West," in Central Italy rapidly attaining a high degree of development,

civilization, and power. "Their name naturally went with them, and thus, geographically, Tarshish, which first was found among the sons of Javan, interposed between Elishah and Kittim, as in Genesis, became 'the West' in the geography of the Phœnicians, and through them of the Hebrews." And thus when the Tyrians discovered Tartessus, or South Spain, they naturally called it "the West," Tarshish. Henceforward, Tarshish became a geographical, not an ethnological expression, just as for three centuries with us "the West Indies" embraced the whole American continent. Tarshish was not Spain only, but the countries of the Europeans of the West, that is, from the Egean and Sicily, along the Mediterranean, to the great ocean which opened beyond the columns of Hercules. This is its meaning in the Prophets.

A brief summary like this can convey no notion of the abundant notes and references to all manner of authorities with which the article abounds; nor can it do justice to the author's minute reasoning and patient presentment of detail. M. Lenormant's spelling of proper names follows the Hebrew, and not the Vulgate. But there is surely pedantry in spelling familiar names by unfamiliar and uncouth-looking attempts at phonetic reproduction of Oriental originals. Why burden us with Yescha'yâhoû for Isaiah? And Ye'hezqêl for Ezechiel is even worse. Perhaps, however, Nabou-koudourri-ouçour is a most appropriate name for the proud and haughty king.

Le Contemporain. 1er Août, 1881. Paris.

Célébrités Catholiques Contemporaines : La Comtesse Ida de Hahn-Hahn.

THIS sketch of the late Countess of Hahn-Hahn, by M. J. Turk, the translator of many of her writings into French, contains details that will perhaps be new to not a few English readers of her works. She came of an ancient Franconian family, the Hahns, of Neuhaus, and used to like to trace back her ancestry to the thirteenth century. She was the eldest daughter of the Hereditary Marshal Count Charles of Hahn, and of Sophia of Behr, and was born in 1805, at their château of Remplin, in Mecklenburg. Whilst her father, caring little about home and its affairs, made frequent "voyages d'art," and even made it his occupation to train and direct troupes of dramatic artists, the young Countess lived with her mother, sometimes at Remplin, sometimes at Neubrandenburg, at Rostock, at Greifswalde, on the banks of the Baltic. In 1826, when scarcely twenty-one years old, she was married to her cousin, the rich Count Frederic of Hahn—a marriage made to suit the families rather than from any sympathy or mutual regard. It was an unhappy union. The Count of Hahn was a fine-looking man of Herculean build, having the manners of a country nobleman (un gentilhomme campagnard), but without any taste for home life, for art, or for science, and caring only for his magnificent stables. The young Countess was famous for graces of person, but still more for the charm of her

mind (*esprit*) and distinguished manners. In 1829, using the privilege of their religion, they were divorced, and the Countess went to live with her mother. In her novel, "Corona," she has depicted the miseries of a marriage without love, such as hers. And now, her ardent nature, bright imagination, guiding or guided by her natural inclination, led her into "literature." From 1838 to 1848 she travelled through Switzerland, Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, the East, and England. From 1835 to 1847 may be placed the first part of her literary career, during which she published a quantity of works, poetry, novels—as "Society," "The Countess Faustine," "Ulrich," &c.; and books of travel—as "Beyond the Mountains," "Spanish Letters," "Eastern Letters," &c. Her writings had none of the cloudy obscurity frequent with German genius, and her style was marked with a *cachet* of elegance and distinction, often wanting even to the most cultivated of her countrymen. She had a remarkable appreciation of art, what the writer calls "un instinct psychologique très profond," and a quick appreciation of the beauties of Nature. Her voyage in the East prepared her mind for the great step of her life. In the Holy Land she had occasion to see for herself the life of a Catholic convent, and was convinced of the abnegation, zeal, and charity of its inmates. She appears to have been further impressed by an incident during her stay in Palestine, connected with the Anglican bishop sent by England and Prussia to Jerusalem to look after the needs and interests of the Protestants of Syria. "Whilst I was at Jerusalem," she says, "this truly worthy man had enough to do to look after his own interests, as his nine children were struck down with fever, and he had to go with them to the seaside." This appeared to her very unlike an apostolic episode, and she goes on to compare this sort of thing which she sees elsewhere among Anglican bishops with what she has read of the lives of a few other bishops, S. Augustine, S. Charles Borromeo, Bossuet, Fénelon, and other *grandes âmes*, who are heroes of Christian charity in her eyes. She wrote, when a Protestant, some severe words on Anglican prelates as apostolic men. A long sojourn in a convent on Mount Carmel influenced and moved her still further, and on her return to Germany, in 1844, she began with her accustomed ardour the study of Luther's writings, which, we are told, only produced aversion. Her attraction for our holy religion was further increased by her visit, in 1846, to England, Scotland, and Ireland; "the contrast was too striking between the rich Anglican Church, with superb but deserted cathedrals (themselves once Catholic), and the poor churches in Ireland, always filled." The political movements of 1848 at home excited her antipathy, and still further helped her on. The winter of '48-'49 she passed in retirement at Dresden, hearing Mass every Sunday, and occupied in examining Luther's Catechism and the confessions of the Reformed Churches, and comparing them with the decrees of the Council of Trent; and on the 26th of March, 1850, she made her abjuration in the church of S. Hedwig at Berlin, and was received by Mgr. Kettler. In the following year she published "From Babylon to Jerusalem,"

a history of the journey of her soul from exile, "*à la patrie*," from unrest to peace, from the world to God. The work had a great success: her conversion had caused a sensation through the public press. And now, whilst Catholic journals welcomed her book, there was an explosion of violence against it on the other side. It was assaulted in newspapers and in reviews; in *brochures*, articles, epigrammes; in prose and in verse; but in spite of that the book has produced, and still produces, salutary fruit.

The story of her literary labours as a Catholic we pass by. Catholic readers are familiar with her works; as also with her efforts during many years for the foundation of Convents of the Good Shepherd. The details are to be found in M. Turk's memoir. She consecrated to the poor and to good works the rich profits of her literary labours, as well as the greater portion of her private fortune, which was large. She lived simply, having few needs. For many years she was President of the "*Mères Chrétiennes*," and of many other charitable associations. Her great devotion was for Our Lord in His Sacrament; and she passed long hours of adoration before the tabernacle in the Cathedral of Mayence. During her last years she suffered much sickness, but preserved all her elasticity and freshness of mind. For a long time she had lost one eye, and suddenly she was threatened with complete blindness. At the same time a heart disease showed itself, which after a long agony ended her wonderful life. She died January 11, 1880. Naturally, her character was quick and irritable; but, fortified by her frequent reception of the Sacraments, she bore her sufferings with touching patience and complete resignation to God's holy will. A great consolation was granted her a few days before death. Leo XIII. sent her his apostolic benediction, at the request of her brother, who had taken up his residence at Rome, where he also had become a Catholic.

As long as the Countess Hahn-Hahn wrote in keeping with the "taste" of her time, she was proclaimed to be a celebrity *hors ligne*. Her talent was incontestable, her opinions novel and acute. It must also be allowed that the eccentric life she led for ten or twelve years gained her some renown, and held people interested in all that she did. The grace departed from her to the eyes of the critics when she entered the Catholic Church, and they vented on her their contempt and rancour. And many never pardoned her anti-democratic and anti-liberal tendencies. Of course the perusal of her twenty-eight novels begets very diverse impressions, but everywhere one finds a poetic nature and a penetrating mind, unusual knowledge of life and the human heart, and great delicacy of sentiment. But her life after her conversion preached more eloquently than could the most eloquent of books.

Notices of Books.

The Groundwork of the Christian Virtues. A Course of Lectures. By BISHOP ULLATHORNE. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

IT is only a year and nine months since we welcomed the venerable Bishop of Birmingham's great and fundamental work which he modestly named "The Endowments of Man." The sequel to that book has followed without delay, in a volume almost precisely the same length. The two books together form a very complete treatise on the science of the Christian life. A more useful or fruitful task could not have been set to himself by any pastor or teacher. Elaborate works on spiritual science are not rare in Catholic literature. There is hardly a point in the philosophic exposition of Christian life and action which has not received extended treatment from one or other of the Fathers or the great mediæval monks or doctors. More recently some of the greatest names of the most practical of all religious Orders, the Society of Jesus, have given us encyclopædic treatises on Christian perfection. In our own day there are works like that of Mgr. Gay, "*La vie et les vertus chrétiennes*," which attempt to unite ancient argument with modern points of view. But this book of the Bishop of Birmingham has a place of its own. First of all, it is an independent English work. It is the work of a man who has thought for himself on every subject which he discusses. It is the ripened wisdom of a pastor who has watched human nature for fifty years, and watched it with a very keen eye indeed. It holds the utterances of a writer who has a characteristic gift of pungent language, and who has consistently dedicated all his abundant mother-wit to the treatment of those themes alone which are of the gravest and highest interest. Not that the work is eccentric or novel in the ordinary sense. Spiritual comedians abound at the present hour. Outside the Church the easiest way to attract an audience is to be irreverent, or grotesque, or unconventional. A Catholic pastor has his matter, and to some extent his modes, ready prepared for him. Catholic truth already exists, and the preacher cannot make any new truths, but only dip his vessel into the well of the ancient traditions. No book of the present half-century, perhaps, has more fully given us the thoughts and words of the early Fathers on the spiritual life than this present work. Yet the form and turn and salt of the work are unmistakably the writer's own. The reader feels he is dealing with a man of the world who has not forgotten what century it is because he turns to speak to him with his finger on a page of Cyril or Chrysostom.

The other characteristic of the work is that its subject is confined to the "foundations" of Christian virtue. It is, therefore, scientific in its treatment. First principles and their immediate consequences

are the subjects of the writer's analysis, and he concerns himself rather with these than with practical exhortation or devout exposition. There is more, however, in this new volume than in the former which will gratify those exacting minds who are never satisfied in spiritual matters unless they find handy little rules and recipes for the ordering of their life without and within. But the striking aspect of the whole work is its calm, painstaking, and fertile exposition of the fundamental facts and laws which constitute the relations between man and his Creator. We find an admirable summary, towards the end of the volume before us, of its scope and purpose.

The science of Humility rests upon the knowledge of God and of one's self; it fills the whole distance between the creature and the Creator. . . . The fundamental facts of this science are the spiritual nature of man, considered as he is made for God, and God Himself as He is the Object and the End of man. Its principles arise from the subjective relations of the human soul to the light, the grace, and the bountiful providence of God. . . . The first of these relations is the absolute dependence of the creature on her Creator. The second is the relation of the intelligent image of God towards its Divine Original. The third is the relation of justice, which our Divine Redeemer has re-established by His grace, between the fallen spirit of man and the sanctifying Spirit of God. The fourth is the relation of human subjection in all things to the Divine power, bounty, and supremacy. The fifth is the relation of utter need and want on the part of the soul towards her Divine Illuminator and Provider, who gives to all according to the measure of humility with which they own and confess their wants. The sixth is the relation of humble self-surrender in reverential faith and love to Him Who is our Everlasting Good. And the seventh is the relation of gratitude to Him Who has given to our native poverty all that we have. There is one unrivalled master in every science, and our Lord Jesus Christ is the Supreme Master of Humility (pp. 360, 361).

This extract gives a fair idea of the range of the writer's exposition. The volume comprises sixteen lectures. "It took its beginning," he says in the touching dedication, "from instructions directed to the formation of the first members" of the English Dominican Congregation of S. Catherine of Siena. It represents, therefore, the matured views of its author on the deepest matters of spiritual science. Before coming to humility in particular, we have three preliminary introductions—on the divine law of Probation, on the nature of Christian Virtue, and on the difficulties of Virtue. The Bishop considers that there are few truths more obscure to the general mind than the truth that God has a definite and most beneficent purpose in allowing men to be tried and in sending them trials. The five reasons for this divine law and purpose which he discovers in the teaching of the Holy Scriptures and of the Fathers, are developed at some length. It would be no compliment to say that there is much novelty in them; but the doctrine that the rude blows and buffets of temptation and pain are intended, not to make us suffer, but to make us turn to God, rouse those spiritual energies by which we give him our whole hearts, and throw ourselves into His arms, is sufficiently overlooked to warrant us in saying that

many readers will find these pages new and interesting. One of the Bishop's leading "motifs" in his spiritual teaching is that the beginning of all holy living is that a man be "drawn out of himself." The corresponding axiom, which completes the truth here indicated, is that a man can only be perfect in proportion as he "clings to the supreme excellence of God." These two principles are the text of the present book.

The fourth lecture—on the nature of humility—is the principal chapter in this volume. Here the Bishop examines the different definitions or descriptions of this fundamental virtue, as he finds them in the Fathers and in S. Thomas of Aquin. His own definition, with which he concludes the lecture, we may give in the first place. "Humility," says the Bishop of Birmingham, "is the grateful acknowledgment to God of all that we are and have, and the grateful sacrifice and surrender of our whole being to God, that He may reform it to perfection by His goodness" (p. 106). This exhaustive definition expresses the very deep importance which he attaches to the knowledge of the virtue of humility and to its practice. And it must be confessed that it is, in a certain sense, a new definition. The truth is that Humility, being generically lowliness on the part of one's self, may be defined in as many different ways as there are departments of self, or defects of self, or relations of self with the Creator, or with human beings. Thus, there is humility of the mind, of the will, of the heart, of the imagination, of the affections; humility, as of a creature, of a fallen creature, of a sinner; humility as a weak, or blind, or dependent being; humility as a recipient of God's benefits, and specially of His grace and the inheritance of Heaven; humility of belief, of obedience, of meekness; humility towards superiors, towards inferiors, in respect of gifts, or talents, or virtue. The definitions of humility, as we meet them in the works of the Fathers, are therefore, as the Bishop observes, most frequently only partial or special. Even the definition of S. Thomas seems, at first sight, limited and inadequate. He defines it as the virtue which "tempers and withholds the soul from tending immoderately to high things." Yet no definition could better express the *repressive* side of humility. Examine it as you will, you find that nothing more full and accurate could be said. The "high things" he here speaks of, are the gifts or excellences of one's own being. But to repress one's self-elation is, according to the Bishop, only one half of humility. To be truly humble, the soul must not only leave herself, but must turn in loving nothingness to God, and devoutly long to be taken up by Him. It would be absurd to call this a new view. But the merit of this work is, that the idea is systematically worked out in every direction.

After the chapter on the nature of humility, there comes one on its grounds; and here the Bishop mentions twelve foundations of this most necessary virtue, in a fertile exposition which will be found full of matter for preachers. A lecture, more practical in its scope, follows, on "Humility towards our neighbour." The following

excellent remarks on Superiors may be quoted as an illustration of the useful matter contained in this lecture:—

Superiority cannot be better expressed in a few words than as a humble but magnanimous obedience to the best lights of what is best to do, and to direct under each circumstance as it arises. But this implies a thorough renunciation of one's own spirit to the spirit of duty; and that spirit is imbibed from the whole objective character of the law, work, and commonwealth over which the superior presides. The substance of Christian superiority is service—service to those who are subject, service to higher superiors, and service to God. . . . Honour is a grace added to authority, that gives it strength and reverence; but the true Christian superior will refer that honour to God (p. 150).

To one who is well founded in humility, nothing can be more humbling than the exercise of authority. It discovers to him his weaknesses and his limitations, and reveals to him his defects and shortcomings. The light he seeks for others may turn to his own rebuke, and the simple and perfect who are under his care teach him many a silent lesson, whilst his froward and difficult subjects give him many a humiliation. The burden of responsibility makes him sensible of infirmity, and his failures reveal to him his deficiencies, and the great need he has of help from God. Undeserved praise strikes his soul with reproach (p. 151).

The seventh lecture, in which the Bishop compares the humility of man with "the benignity of God," is a complete treatise on the fatherly providence of Almighty God and the "divine humiliry," to use S. Thomas's phrase, of His dealings with His creatures. Next comes a chapter which by many will be considered the finest in the whole work. It is entitled the "Divine Master of Humility;" and it is a survey, in terse, luminous and warm language, of the life and spirit of our Blessed Saviour. As a specimen of the style and treatment, we quote the following devoutly expressed apostrophe to the soul as she contemplates our Lord upon the Cross:—

Oh soul, redeemed by that fast-flowing blood, look well to thy salvation! In that bowed head, so venerable; in that sweet face, so livid; in that august brow, so wounded; in those lightsome eyes, so worn with weeping; in those authoritative lips, so pale with thirst and suffering—contemplate the cost of thy salvation. In that virginal body, bruised with buffets, rent with scourges, wet with the slaver of the wicked, worn and wan with pain and labour, behold the expiation of thy sensual sins. In those gaping wounds on which thy Saviour hangs, see the open doors through which the ruddy price of thy salvation streams upon thee. The life exuding with that blood is thy life. Pass through those wounds to the heart from which the stream of life is flowing. See how that heart is abandoned, by an interior crucifixion, not of man, but of God, to darkness and desolation of spirit, for the expiation of all sins of the spirit. Listen to the cry of that afflicted heart: "I thirst!" Listen again to the cry of charity: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" Listen once more, and listen with awe, to the cry of desolation from the heart of the Sacred Victim: "My God, My God, why hast Thou abandoned Me?" (p. 212).

The ninth lecture, in which humility is shown to be (as the Bishop of Birmingham puts it) the "receptive foundation" of the Divine gifts and virtues, develops the leading idea of the book. We may remark here how the writer uses and handles illustrations

from the external world. He compares humility to an empty vessel, emptied of self to receive God's gifts; to a tree on which the other virtues are engrafted; to a foundation on which they are securely built; to the earth which is softened by the rain and warmed by the sun, and so becomes the nourishing mother of every plant. Not less observable is the fulness of his references to Holy Scripture. "A history of Humility," he says, "drawn from the Sacred Scriptures, would be the most instructive of books—a most wonderful record of the way in which God at all times blesses the humble and repels the proud" (p. 229).

In the lectures on "Magnanimity," on "Pride," and on the "World without Humility," there are many admirable passages. For example, the description of "Softness," at p. 247, and the warning so strongly given (pp. 293 *sqq.*) in regard to the "virtues" of the heathen world. "Much care is taken, and justly taken," he says, "by every truly Christian teacher to guard the minds of youth from the impurities of the classics; but who ever thinks of cautioning them against the false foundation of their virtues" (p. 294)? The thirteenth lecture, on the "Foolish Vice of Vanity," is marked by a very shrewd and sententious analysis of vanity, and is full of practical pastoral instruction. A very important chapter follows on "The Humility of Faith." One of the most necessary lessons which can be taught our own countrymen is, that to believe is an act of obedience and humility. The Bishop of Birmingham's marshalling of Scripture passages to this effect is very telling and useful; and his very broad treatment of the gift of faith, with its results in the soul, will be found to be a real lesson in the understanding of the supernatural life.

The fifteenth lecture is called the "Schools of Humility." It treats chiefly of the religious Orders and their saintly founders and propagators. It includes an excellent commentary on the famous twelve Degrees of Humility set forth by S. Benedict in his Rule. Of these the Bishop says:—

The twelve degrees of Humility which form the seventh chapter of S. Benedict's Rule, are an expansion of the ten signs of the progress of humility contained in the Institutes of Cassian, which he declares he heard delivered in Egypt, by the famous Abbot Pynuphius, the history of whose humility he has recorded. These twelve degrees of S. Benedict have been contrasted by S. Bernard in a special treatise with the twelve degrees of Pride; and S. Thomas ("Summa," 2, 2, q. 191, a. 6) has scientifically vindicated the sufficiency of S. Benedict's twelve degrees. The comments on them are very numerous (p. 374).

The sixteenth and last of these lectures is one in which the writer shows how Humility is the counterpart of Charity. That is to say, wherever Humility empties the human heart Charity comes in and fills the void.

From this rapid analysis of its contents, the reader will perceive that this is a volume which is even more likely to be popular than its author's former one. It is by no means a treatise for superficial readers. It must be taken steadily in hand, and read chapter by

chapter and paragraph by paragraph. Neither is it a book that is easy to quote, although our extracts, even as they stand by themselves, will probably make readers anxious to go to the book for themselves. But there is no "fine writing" in these serious and pregnant pages. True eloquence there is, as well as true wit, epigrammatic force, and an infusion of humour. But the language, whether rising towards sublimity or breaking off in picturesque quaintness, gives one that most invaluable of all impressions to a reader—the idea that the writer is in downright earnest. There is a style which has the air of being elaborated for its own sake, as a work of art; and there is a style which seems to be shaped by the thoughts as they take form in the workshop of the imagination. Decidedly of the latter class is the style of this book. No one need be afraid of trying to master it. There is no philosophic or technical apparatus. The Bishop uses hard words and scientific phrases not unfrequently; but part of his business is to explain whatever difficulty they present. If these two volumes tend to promote an intelligent study of the foundations of the Christian life and ethics, a great good will have been attained; and it may be confidently predicted that Christian virtue will be both more real and more solid in proportion as its essence, its sources, and its relations towards Almighty God are more thoroughly studied and better understood.

Angliiskaya svobodnaya trgovlya. Istoricheskiy ocherk, &c. English Free Trade. A Historical Sketch, &c. By J. YANZHUL. Moscow: 1882. 8vo.

IN a volume of very nearly five hundred pages Professor Yanzhul has given his countrymen a carefully written account of our Free Trade policy, and the various arguments of English economists for and against it. Nearly all the author's previous works have been studies in English political economy, and doubtless to their preparation is due in no small measure that extensive acquaintance with the literature of the subject which is evinced by the present work.

The scope of the book is to trace out why, and with what results for national weal and wealth, England adopted Free Trade, and, incidentally, to show the influences which have been at work in bringing about the diminished esteem, in which, the author considers, Political Economy is now held by the public and men of science alike. Of the six long chapters which compose the work, five are occupied in tracing the development of Free Trade principles, and the opposition to the movement, and consist largely of quotations from English economists or of analyses of their works. The author has not confined his references to writers of prominence and repute, but has consulted many less known specialists. Any sources, in fact, on either side of the question, which could supply valuable information or cogent argument, have been impartially laid under contribution. In reviewing the different school of

political economy in England, Dr. Yanzhul devotes some thirty-five pages to an account of the Christian Socialist movement, in the leadership of which Charles Kingsley took such a prominent part, and that author, who is less known in Russia than most English writers of eminence, is fully noticed.

The last chapter is the one of greatest interest, at least to an Englishman. In it the author sums up the various arguments for and against Free Trade, and arrives at the conclusion that the great mass of the people would not have been very much better or very much worse off had a policy of protection been followed during the last thirty years instead of a policy of Free Trade. The Professor, however, considers it probable that with a policy of protection the financial and industrial crises might not have been so numerous nor so severe, and that consequently the poorer classes might have endured less suffering; yet he is very far from saying that Free Trade was not the best, perhaps the only, policy which her circumstances made practicable for England, still less does he hint that it would be feasible to retreat from it now, even if she wished. Free Trade, however, he considers has by no means brought all the benefit to the poorer classes which was expected. "Financial reforms in the direction of Free Trade," he remarks, at p. 417, "have been carried out only as far as they were advantageous to the governing classes."

1. *London University Matriculation Papers in English for Twelve Years, worked out in full as Models.* By the Rev. G. B. Cox, O.S.B. London: W. Stewart & Co.
2. *Catechism of Modern Elementary Chemistry.* By E. W. V. Volckxsom, F.C.S. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

IN these days of examinations a candidate must not only be well posted up in his subject, but he must be trained in the received ways and styles of answering the questions set to him. Two of the Professors of St. Gregory's College, Downside, in the two works named above, have, from a long and varied experience of London University examinations, undertaken to show a student how best he can throw his ideas into shape. For this purpose they have gathered a large number of questions from the University Calendar, and to these questions they propose to offer satisfactory answers. Whether the examiners would be satisfied or not with such answers, is of course quite another matter. Examiners are believed to look unfavourably on such books, and report speaks of their handling very severely certain candidates whose answers were too plainly extracted from a well-known crammer's work. Although both works hail from the same college, their methods of procedure in drawing up their answers seem to be at variance. The author of the English handbook gives a fulness of detail and treatment which would almost entitle his work to be considered a treatise. The author of the chemistry, however, discarding

every grace of style, sets out his answers in so concise a phraseology as at times almost to amount to crudeness. On this account the work can hardly be of any assistance, except on the eve of examination, to one who has already mastered the subject. The absence of diagrams is, we consider, rather a drawback to the work, for a simple outline of a piece of apparatus gives a clearness and consequently a merit to a student's paper. Take, for instance, Question 144, on the analysis of the air by weight; the answer is confused and defective from the absence of a simple sketch; glass globes and pumice-stone suddenly appear in the answer without any previous reference to their presence or their mechanical arrangement. But with these little drawbacks the work may be confidently recommended; the statements, as far as we have been able to verify them, are strikingly precise and correct, no mean merit in a scientific work; and the arrangement of the formulæ and type is excellent.

The Foray of Queen Meave, and other Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age,
By AUBREY DE VERE. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.
1882.

MR. DE VERE'S recent volume of verse is but one of a series devoted to the illustration of the traditional lore of his native country. He evidently aims at doing for these ancient Irish sagas what the Laureate has so successfully achieved for the legends of the Arthurian cycle, revivifying them in a form suited to the requirements of modern taste. The dim border-land of truth and fable, the twilight of tradition prelude the dawn of history in which figures loom shadowy and gigantic, has always been the favourite field for the poet's imagination, and never more so than at the present day. Thus we have seen the national epic of the Teutonic races adopted by the great genius of modern musical drama, while Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne seek inspiration in the legendary age of Britain, and Mr. Longfellow has recast in English verse the myths of the aborigines of North America. Irish bards have, it would seem, an inexhaustible store of material of this description to draw upon, for Mr. de Vere tells us in his preface that the ancient manuscripts preserved in the public libraries of Dublin would fill 30,000 quarto pages. From this mass of literature he has selected for reproduction some of the principal fragments bearing on the Heroic Age of Ireland, whose best epoch is placed by him shortly before the Christian era.

"The Foray of Queen Meave" is a reconstruction of what scholars regard as the great Irish epic, handed down as they believe from a very early age, and first committed to writing by St. Kieran, in the sixth century, on parchment made from the hide of his favourite cow. The earliest extant copy of St. Kieran's version is attributed to a scribe who died in 1106, so that the tale comes down from a very venerable antiquity.

Its subject is the invasion of Ulster, by Meave, Queen of Con-

naught, with the assistance of 3,000 exiles from the country assailed, headed by Fergus Roy, its dethroned king.

The immediate object of the campaign is the capture of a wonderful black bull, coveted by Meave, the property of Conor, reigning king of Ulster. This somewhat unworthy motive of heroic action suggests the idea that these legendary wars, despite the magniloquent descriptions of contemporary bards, were mere border raids for lifting cattle and general plunder, like those of the Scottish Highland clans. The Irish Achilles, the hero of the poem, is Cuchullain, the watch-dog of Ulster, whose realm of Murthemné, the country round Dundalk, lay right across the threshold of the larger kingdom, barring the invader's path.

Meave's first care, after summoning her host, is to invoke supernatural assistance, and betake herself to the dwelling of a prophet.

And straight her charioteer the horses smote
And tamed them with the reins: and lo! what time
The noontide sun with keenest splendour blazed,
Right opposite upon the chariot's beam
There sat a wondrous woman, phantom-faced,
Singing and weaving. Shapely was that head
Bent o'er her web, while back the sun-like hair
Streamed on the wind. One hand upreared a sword:
Seven chains fell from it. Sea-blue were her eyes,
And berry-red her scornful lip; her cheek
White as the snowdrift of a single night;
Her voice like harp-strings when the harper's hand
Half drowns their pathos. Close as bark to tree
The azure robe clung to that virgin form,
Sinewy and long, and reached the shining feet.

Then spake the queen: "What seest thou in that web?"
And she, "I see a kingdom's destinies;
And they are like a countenance dashed with blood;
Faythleen am I, the witch." To her the queen:
"I bid thee say what seest thou in my host,
Faythleen, the witch!" And Faythleen answered slow,
"The hue of blood: sunset on sunset charged."
Then fixed that Wild One on the north her eyes,
And Meave made answer: "In those eyes I see
The fates they see; great Uladh's* realm full-armed
And all that Red-Branch Order as one man."
Faythleen replied, "One man alone I see;
One man, yet mightier than a realm in arms!
That Watch-Hound watching still by Uladh's gate
Is mightier thrice than Uladh: on his brow
Spring-tide sits throned; yet ruin loads his hand.
If e'er Cuchullain rides in Uladh's van
Flee to thy hills and isles."

The witch promises her assistance, and forthwith reduces the warriors of Ulster to a state of lethargy and semi-imbecility, while Cuchullain alone keeps the invaders at bay at the ford of the Neeth. Here he overcomes in ninety successive days as many of

* Ulster.

Meave's best champions, until at last his bosom friend Ferdia, the only survivor of the Firbolgs, early occupants of the soil of Ireland, is induced to undertake the combat by the wiles of Finobar, the queen's beautiful daughter, and the promise of her hand in marriage. Cuchullain vanquishes and kills him after a three days' struggle, but between grief at his death and the exhaustion of his wounds is himself placed *hors de combat*, and while he languishes between life and death Meave and her confederates enter Ulster, and ravage and pillage unmolested. The warriors are retreating in full security, and have only halted for the division of the spoil, when they are assailed at last by the hostile army, the spell which paralyzed the heroes of Ulster having been dissipated by the direct intervention of the War goddess. During the battle, Cuchullain lies in a miraculous trance, from which he wakes, fully restored to health and vigour, just in time to retrieve the day, and turn the threatened defeat of Ulster into a decisive victory. Meave is driven in headlong rout across the Shannon, and has to purchase an inglorious peace by the restoration of all her booty.

This is the outline of the poem, which Mr. de Vere has transmuted into elegant and picturesque blank verse, thereby conferring a substantial benefit on English literature. So venerable a relic of the legendary life of a nation has an interest over and above its artistic value, from the gleam of light it casts on a dim page of history and the record it transmits of the manners and ideas of a long-forgotten past. It is very remarkable as showing a tone of feeling and a moral standard little to be looked for at an epoch so early as it is ascribed to, and in a country so isolated and remote as Ireland then was. The chivalric sentiment pervading it, at a time when chivalry, so-called, had no existence, is conspicuous in several incidents, as in Cuchullain's refusal to fight with feebler warriors until the combat is forced on him; in the terms of his duel with Ferdia, the two champions exchanging courtesies and embraces after each day's strife; and in his defence of the fugitive Meave, when after her defeat at his hands he bars the way of the pursuing host by exclaiming: "One day I shared her feast; she shall not die!" There is moreover throughout the poem a total absence of vindictiveness or ferocity, not to be found in any other similar record of so early a date.

Many of the episodes have a striking similarity to those of the Homeric battles, particularly the protection afforded to the hero by Mor Reega, the Hibernian Minerva, who appears to him at critical moments of the fight, sustains him by clutching his crest, and nerves his arm to deal slaughter to his foes. And the way in which this divinity and Faythleen, assisted by the spirits of the sea, range themselves on different sides in the war, recalls the factions in Olympus, in favour of Greeks and Trojans. Cuchullain is assisted too by the spirit of an ancestor, who appears to him in a dream, and takes his place in the combat for three days, during which his forces are restored by a charmed slumber. The horses he harnesses to his war-chariot are, like those of Achilles, of supernatural origin, lake-

born steeds, one white, one black. Early Irish mythology is thus illustrated in interesting fashion by these poems.

To the other legends narrated by him Mr. de Vere has given more of the ballad form. Of these, "The Sons of Usnach" deals with incidents slightly anterior to the Foray of Queen Meave. It opens with the birth of Deirdré, the Babe of Destiny, at the moment when Conor, King of Ulster, and his courtiers, are at a banquet at the house of her father, Felim, the minstrel. The infant is forthwith introduced to the assembled company, as follows :—

But when an hour had passed and somewhat more,
The feasters heard far off a dulcet strain,
And soon to them there entered damsels four;
With measured step advanced they twain by twain,
Bearing a cradle. On a low raised throne
They reared it, bowered in silk, and blossom strewn.

Therein a little maiden-wonder lay,
Unlike all babes beside in mien and hue,
Bright as a lily-bud at break of day
That flashes through the night's unlifted dew;
Beaming her eyes; like planets glad and fair;
And o'er her forehead curved a fringe of hair.

The tender fairy hand, whose substance fine
Glimmered as of compacted moonbeams made,
With such a stealthy smoothness did it shine,
Above the coverlet unquiet strayed;
And some one said, "It knows the things to be,
And seeks its wand of destined empyr!"

From bannered stalls the Red-Branch Knights drew nigh
Circling that cradle. 'Neath the raftered roof
A far-sunk window opened to the sky,
While purple twilight wove with warp and woof
O'er deepening heavens its dewy mantle dark,
And dusky woods that hour unseen; when hark
Outside that casement rang a piercing wail;
Then past it slow, a dread and shrouded Form
On demon wings was seen of all to sail;
Shriek after shriek outswelled into a storm;
And o'er that flower new-born of infancy
All heard the Banshee's death-denouncing cry.

Nor is this the only portent attending the appearance of the ill-starred babe, for an aged Druid advances and predicts that she will be the cause of much woe and bloodshed, whereupon the nobles present demand that she shall be put to death. The King, however, rejects this cruel proposal, and declares that he will take charge of her, and have her reared in seclusion, in an island castle, to be his own bride when old enough. Deirdré is accordingly placed under the care of an old dame, Levarcam, and grows up in her solitude a high-couraged, merry-hearted maiden. In due time chance brings to her islet the fated lover Naisi, one of the three sons of Usnach, who woos her on the instant, and bears her off in triumph, escaping to Scotland with his brothers and their whole clan. Here they live

very happily for three years, leading a life of freebooting and hunting in the Highlands, until they are lured back by the false promises of Conor, who persuades the ex-king, the loyal and stout-hearted Fergus Roy, to be his ambassador, pledged to their protection. Once landed in Ulster, however, they are separated from Fergus by stratagem, and finally slain, after a struggle in which Druid spells contribute to their defeat. Deirdré dies after singing their dirge, and Fergus arrives too late to save, but in time to avenge them by the burning of Eman, the modern Armagh, Conor's capital. Mr. de Vere has woven this tale into a spirited narrative, and has contrived to individualize and invest with special interest Deirdré, the heroine, in whom he portrays a strong, bright-hearted woman, full of playful courage, keen-sighted in foreseeing the approach of danger, yet calm and fearless in confronting it when inevitable. The poet's picture of her playing at chess with her husband in the halls of the Red-Branch Knights, while fully conscious that the King's treachery has sealed their doom, might furnish a suggestive subject for an artist.

The third of these legends is that of the "Children of Lir," the most poetical and best known of the old Irish romances. It is the story of four royal children, a girl of eight, Finola, and her three little brothers, transformed into swans by a jealous stepmother, and condemned to bear that form, though with human consciousness, for nine hundred years. Their term of penance is divided into three separate periods, or woes, of three centuries each, the first passed on the Lake of Darvra, the second in more bitter banishment on "the dark sea-strait of Moyle," between Ireland and Scotland, the third on the still wilder ocean west of Connaught. Their song by night affords them some consolation, and has, on all who hear it, the effect of lightening care, and making men dream of a great deliverance. Here is Finola's lament for her home :—

Whilome in purple clad we sat elate :
 The warriors watched us at their nut-brown mead ;
 But now we roam the waters desolate,
 Or breast the languid beds of waving weed ;
 Our food was then fine bread ; our drink was wine ;
 This day on sea-plants sour we peak and pine.
 Whilome our four small cots of pearl and gold
 Lay side by side, before our father's bed,
 And silken foldings kept us from the cold :
 But now on restless waves our couch is spread ;
 And now our bed-clothes are the white sea-foam ;
 And now by night the sea-rock is our home.

Their deliverance is effected on the arrival of the "Tailkenn," or tonsured man (St. Patrick), by the first sound of the bell for Christian worship in Ireland. No sooner is it heard than, making their way to the land, where an altar is erected on the beach, they are restored to human form, but in the ghastly decrepitude of their nine centuries of existence. They crave baptism from St. Patrick, and on receiving it are released by death.

Now hear the latest wonder. While low-bowed,
 That concourse gazed upon the reverend dead
 Behold like changeful shapes in evening cloud,
 Vanished those time-worn bodies; and, instead,
 Inwoven lay four children, white and young,
 With silver-lidded eyes and lashes long.

Finola lay, once more an eight years' child:

Upon her right hand Aodh took his rest,
 Upon her left Fiacre;—in death he smiled:
 Her little Conn was cradled on her breast:
 And all their saintly raiment shone as bright
 As sea-foam sparkling on a moonlit night:

Or as their snowy night-clothes shone of old

When now the night was passed, and Lir, their sire,
 Upraised them from the warm cot's silken fold,
 And bade them watch the sun's ascending fire,
 And watched himself its beam, now here, now there,
 Flashed from white foot, blue eyes, or golden hair.

Though this beautiful legend has many distinctive features, it has a parallel in German folk-lore, where the transformation into swans by a cruel stepmother is the subject of a story. In this version the sister, too, plays the most important part, escaping metamorphosis, and effecting her brothers' deliverance by the endurance of a protracted penance. The original home of the fable was probably Scandinavia, where the flight of the wild swans and their annual return might easily suggest a supernatural interpretation.

It is no small tribute to Mr. de Vere's poetical imagination to say that he has succeeded in infusing warmth and colour into subjects so remote from modern thought, not only in time, but in the absence of any intermediate link of association. His power of individualizing his personages gives vitality to his narrative, and the truth of his types is proved by the fact that they are not only characteristic, but characteristically Irish. Thus Fergus Roy, the exiled King, large-souled, laughter-loving, and generous, but so careless that he allows his realm to slip from him in mere indolence, has his prototype in many a modern Irish gentleman. Deirdré, too, with her half-sarcastic humour veiling tenderness, is a poetic creation based on knowledge of genuine Irish character. For these and its many other merits, Mr. de Vere's volume will, we doubt not, be welcome to readers on both sides of St. George's Channel.

Die pseudo-aristotelische Schrift ueber das reine Gute bekannt unter dem Namen Liber de Causis. Im Auftrage der Goerres-Gesellschaft; bearbeitet von OTTO BARDENHEWER, Doctor der Philosophie und der Theologie. Freiburg: Herder. 1882.

IN 1876, when the *Goerres-Gesellschaft* was instituted for promoting Catholic science, it at once undertook a new critical edition of the celebrated "*Liber de Causis*," and commissioned Dr.

Bardenhewer, Professor of Catholic Theology in Munich University, to perform a task beset with uncommon difficulties. Being an Arabic scholar, and familiar with scholastic philosophy and theology, the editor has succeeded in a way that will command the respect and admiration of students. After a critical introduction on the authorship of the "*Liber de Causis*" and the vicissitudes of its history, he gives us the Arabic text. And this last he supplements with a German translation. In the second part of this work he deals with the various Latin translations published in the Middle Ages, and largely employed by the great scholastics. Lastly, he examines the Hebrew versions. The author of the "*Liber de Causis*" was probably a Mahommedan philosopher in the middle of the tenth century; and he based his work on the *στοιχείωσις θεολογική* of the celebrated Proclus, the Neo-Platonist. The Arabian text is beyond doubt the original; the copy presented by Dr. Bardenhewer was transcribed by him from a codex in the library of the University of Leiden. It is further stated that John of Cremona, a priest widely renowned for extensive knowledge of the Arabian language, translated the book into Latin, by command of the Archbishop of Toledo, between the years 1167 and 1181. Many Hebrew versions were published soon afterwards. It might be asked why so great importance is attached to the "*Liber de Causis*," or, as it is styled in the Arabian original, the "*Liber purae bonitatis*," consisting as it does of only thirty-one chapters? Due answer to this is given by the editor. Alanus ab Insulis, Alexander of Hales, Albert the Great, S. Thomas, and S. Bonaventura, Duns Scotus, and Ægidius Colonna, the great doctor of the Augustinian order, all of them either wrote commentaries on the book, or used it largely in their writings. And in the second part of Dr. Bardenhewer's work, he enumerates the passages in the various scholastic writings, where such use is made of the "*Liber*." It has been asserted that Michael Scotus, the well-known Scotch priest attached to the Court of the Emperor Frederic II., translated the "*Liber de Causis*," and that Robert Greathead, Bishop of Lincoln, was conversant with its contents; both opinions are solidly refuted. On the other hand, Dante Alighieri in his "*Monarchia*" quotes the "*Liber de Causis*;" and the German mystics, as Meister Eckhardt, frequently make use of it. Dr. Bardenhewer's treatise, as it combines critical sagacity, extensive knowledge of mediæval theology, and familiarity with Oriental languages, will be gladly received by all scholars.

A. BELLESHEIM.

The Life of S. Philip Neri, Apostle of Rome. By ALFONSO CAPECELATRO, Archbishop of Capua. Translated by THOMAS ALDER POPE, M.A., of the Oratory. 2 vols. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

HAVING noticed at some length the original Italian edition of this admirable "*Life*" in a recent number, it is unnecessary on the present occasion to do more than warmly recommend this

excellent translation. There is no need for us to say that it is faithful, exact, and perfectly English. The sonorous and periodic style of the author is not easy to render in natural and flowing vernacular. Archbishop Capecelatro, although he modestly claims, in a new preface to the second Italian edition, to have written this history of S. Philip after a modern fashion, has retained the old-fashioned way of beginning his chapters with a "literary" introduction, and of interposing numerous reflections in the narrative, which are bright and telling in Italian, but not without heaviness when clothed in sober and commonplace English. Father Pope has, therefore, had his difficulties; but he has overcome them with admirable skill.

The following extract, from an interesting preface by the translator, gives a short account of the author :—

Alfonso Capecelatro was born in 1824. . . . In 1864 he was elected Superior of the (Naples) Oratory, an office he retained for many years. Early in 1879 he was named by his Holiness Leo XIII. Sub-librarian of Holy Church, in succession to the Pope's brother, who was then created Cardinal; and in October, 1880, he was appointed by the same august authority to the Archbishopric of Capua. . . . Besides several minor writings and sermons, he has published "*Newman e l'Oratorio Inglese*," a vigorous sketch of the Oratory and of the renovation of the faith in England; an examination of the writings of Ernest Renan, and of Mr. Gladstone's attack on the loyalty of Catholics; "*La Vita di Gesù Cristo*," in two volumes; and three volumes entitled "*La Dottrina Cattolica esposta*," a work pronounced by competent judges, themselves writers of renown, to be both in substance and form a masterpiece. He has also given to the world three historical works which cast light on three great periods of the Church's history, the Lives of S. Peter Damian, of S. Catherine of Siena, and of S. Philip Neri (pp. v, vi).

To those who have not read the original we can say, with the greatest confidence, that they will find in these two well-edited volumes a very large store of holy reading and of interesting history. They will find the familiar picture of S. Philip painted by a fresh hand, with certain new features, and with an artistic completeness which no previous writer has attained, or perhaps aimed at. No former life has given us so full a knowledge of the surroundings of S. Philip; and the book is therefore not only a contribution to the Lives of the Saints, but to Church History as well.

Wetzer und Welte's Kirchenlexikon oder Encyklopaedie der Katholischen Theologie. Zweite Auflage in neuer Bearbeitung unter Mitwirkung vieler Katholischen Gelehrten. Begonnen von JOSEPH, Cardinal HERGENROETHER, fortgesetzt von Dr. FRANZ KAULEN, Professor der Theologie in Bonn. Erster Band. Freiburg: Herder. 1882.

WE have now before us the first volume of this capital work, which deserves special recommendation. Nine other volumes are in course of preparation. The first edition was published some thirty years ago, and to a great extent met a want largely felt inside

and outside Catholic Germany. It gave rise also to a similar work brought out by German Protestants. Herzog's "Real-Encyclopædie," indeed, is not only shaped after the fashion of Wetzer and Welte, but, in most articles referring to Catholic questions, entirely based upon it. The first edition, however, of Wetzer and Welte has, with the course of time and progress of religious thought, come to be insufficient for the requirements of students. Thus, for example, the immense progress made within these thirty years in Biblical sciences, the discoveries in Egypt and Assyria, the researches and discoveries in the Roman Catacombs, &c., show the necessity of a new edition of the "Kirchenlexikon." Besides, innumerable questions connected with the highest problems in theology and philosophy have been raised during the same thirty years; and decisions given by the Holy See have corrected opinion and speculation in matters philosophical and theological, and elucidated and widened certain knowledge. And the relations of the Church herself towards the State and secular Governments, and their mutual duties and offices, have come into prominence, as have other problems bearing on social questions: all which much need to be treated and examined according to the principles of the Catholic Church. The second edition of the "Kirchenlexikon" may therefore be regarded as a new work. Upwards of 200 German divines, historians, and lawyers are among the contributors of articles; and the articles new to this edition will exceed 400 in number. A comparison of the two editions will at once show the immense progress made within thirty years in the Catholic theology of Germany. This progress is, in great measure, owing to the faithful attachment of Catholic Germany to the Holy See, and the veneration with which the decisions and pronouncements of the Pope are now-a-days received. One of the most striking differences between the two editions is in the philosophical articles, which in the former edition were open to complaint. They will now be found accurate, deep, and concise, showing scholarly familiarity with philosophy and its history. The eminent editor whose name heads the list of the contributors, has also very properly laid due stress on exegetical and geographical questions; hence, such articles as those on the Church in Africa, Asia, and America are noticeable, as affording accurate statistics on Catholicity in those remote parts. The first volume includes the articles from "Aachen" to "Council of Bale." Catholic scholars working in the various departments of ecclesiastical science will be glad to consult this standard work.

A. BELLESHEIM.

Church and State as seen in the Formation of Christendom. By T. W. ALLIES, M.A. London: Burns & Oates, 1882.

IT would be quite superfluous at this hour of day to recommend Mr. Allies' writings to English Catholics, or to offer any criticisms on a method and style that have long been familiar to them. And those of our readers who remember the Article on

his writings in the *Katholik*, which we published two years ago,* know that he is esteemed in Germany as one of our foremost writers. That excellent German periodical, we may also recall, passed very high encomiums on his *magnum opus*, "The Formation of Christendom," on its appearance some years ago. The present volume is, as the title-page suggests, a continuation of that former work; we need therefore only give it as our judgment that the hand which wrote the first volumes has lost none of its cunning. The same philosophical generalization, grasp of subject, and lucid cultivated style characterize "Church and State." It may be well also to state, that though forming a part and continuation of the "Formation of Christendom," this volume is entire in itself. This adds to its value, as alone it forms a desirable book on a subject that all over Europe grows more and more in interest and importance. Mr. Allies' volume does not deal with any of that multitude of practical questions which daily arise out of the relations between Church and State in various governments and nations; his work bears little resemblance, for example, to Canon Moulart's very excellent "*L'Eglise et l'Etat ou les deux Puissances*." Mr. Allies is abstract and philosophical rather than concrete or juridical. But we need hardly observe that the study of those great truths and fundamental principles on which the claims of both Church and State rest—or at least ought to rest—is of equal importance to every intelligent citizen who believes that he is a subject also of God and conscience. The present volume is also—as readers of Mr. Allies will anticipate—full of that philosophy of history for which he has a special talent. Indeed, we know of no English work that we would more gladly recommend than this volume. It would do incalculable good if it were read and pondered by not priests only, or so much as by Catholic laymen of education and intelligence, lawyers, diplomatists, Members of Parliament, and the like. A large section of the general public also, as we think, which takes a keen interest in what are called "Catholic questions," would find its erudite and logical pages a source of enlightenment. The perusal of it might also induce the wish to study the raised questions further into the region of the concrete in some such solid work as that of Moulart just mentioned. These together would be a joint source of intellectual pleasure, and form an education as ample as orthodox on the vital and fundamental topics of religious and social obligations.

In the present volume, the author treats, as he tells us:—

First, of the relation of these two Powers before the coming of Christ. Secondly, of their relation as it was affected by that coming in order to show what position the Church of Christ originally took up in regard to the Civil Power, and what the behaviour of the Civil Power towards the Church was. And, thirdly, the question of principles being thus laid down, the remainder of the volume is occupied with the historical exhibition of the subject during the first three centuries, that is, from the Day of Pentecost to the Nicene Council. The supreme importance of that period will appear to all who reflect that the Church from the beginning,

* DUBLIN REVIEW, October, 1880, p. 243.

and in the first centuries of her existence, must be the same in principles with the Church of the nineteenth and every succeeding century. And this volume is, in fact, a prelude to the treatment of the same subject in the last three centuries, down to the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican (Introd. xix.).

It would stretch our notice to too great a length were we to attempt an analysis of each step in the gradual development of his thesis thus sketched by the author. The first chapter, which treats of the divine and human society founded in Adam, and refounded in Noah, is a masterly discussion of the nature of society at the beginning and at the dispersion of mankind; its law, government, and religion, as made known in the pages of Sacred Writ. It is shown that four "goods" were the original dowry of our race—marriage, sacrifice, the vicarial exercise of divine power by civil government, and the alliance of that government with the worship of God. These are "the four central pillars on which the glorious dome of a sacred civilization in the human family, when it should be conterminous with the whole earth, was intended to rest"—and these four original goods remained with Noah and with all peoples of the dispersion through the reign of heathenism. And all the abuse of man's free will and wanton power, although it did impair their harmony and distort their results, could "not avail to destroy the fabric of human society resting upon them" until the Restorer was preached to the nations. Hence the author rejects as a "fiction" the theories of the origin of mankind from men of different races, or from a state of savagery, or from "the ape as an ancestor."

While on the one hand the existence of such tribes is no difficulty in the Scriptural record of the dispersion, where they may be fully accounted for by the causes above-mentioned, the universal existence of the four great goods in the most ancient nations, where they appear also purest at the most remote time, is quite incompatible with either of the three invented origins of the human race (p. 45).

In the next chapter Mr. Allies traces the relation between the spiritual and civil powers after Christ. This he does with much skill, first showing the source and nature of the spiritual power, and next its characteristics as a Society. That this Spiritual Power, existing as a supernatural society in the midst of human society, and for a supernatural end is the institution and ordinance of Christ, is shown fully and with much clearness from the New Testament: and this is the subject of the third chapter. The Spiritual authority thus transmitted by our Lord to the Apostles who have recorded the transmission, is witnessed by the history of the Church to A.D. 325; as shown from S. Clement, S. Ignatius, Tertullian, Irenæus, &c., in the fourth chapter. The fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters grow out of this, and are most interesting, showing the unity of the Episcopate resting on the one sacrifice, and the independence of this ante-Nicene Church as testified by her organic growth and her mode of teaching truth and resisting error. The thoroughness with which these and the last chapter on the struggle of the Church against the Roman Empire are worked out—text and authority

analysed and applied with acuteness and quiet mastery of historical details, is especially worthy of note, and leads one to hope that the gifted writer of them may be enabled without long delay to present Catholic students with that further volume in completion of the theme which he alludes to in the quotation we have made above.

One extract, as showing the author's view and philosophical handling of his subject, may be permitted here; it deals too with the pith of his subject-matter:—

A separate action of the two Powers in their respective spheres, that is, a complete division between Church and State, has been imagined by some as feasible and desirable. But with regard to this, it must be observed that the two Powers rule over one human commonwealth. Again, that they rule conjointly over both soul and body. For if we use accurate language, it is not as if the Church ruled over the soul, and the State over the body. It is, indeed, true that, in order to bring home the relative importance of the two ends pursued by the two Powers, this illustration has been constantly used, by the Fathers first, and by other writers afterwards; but it is only an illustration, not an accurate statement of a real relation. They rule, in fact, over both soul and body, but in different relations; the State over soul and body as to their natural end, the Church over soul and body as to their supernatural end. . . . It is obvious that both these classes of things belong to soul and body. How, for instance, can rule over the soul be denied to the State if it can demand of its subjects, for the defence of country, the sacrifice of life, in which the condition of the soul as well as that of the body is involved? How can the rule over the body be denied to the Church, when the body enters into every act of worship and receives the sacraments? When the inward belief requires to be testified by word and deed in order to confess Christ before men? . . . Can the Temporal Power perform rightly the duties which belong to it without considering the rights appertaining to the Spiritual Power?

To answer this question, let us take the case of the individual man. Is it possible for a man rightly to perform his Duties to the State without consideration of Duties to God? As we have before seen, all the duties of man in life are subject to his supernatural end. Every particle of natural right rests upon the authority of God the Creator; and if God has created man for a supernatural end, to discharge the civil duties of life without regard to that end is simple impiety.

But in this the case of the individual in no respect differs from the case of the collective mass. The State has been created with a view to the ultimate end of man, as much as the individual. In fact, the cause of its creation was to establish an order in human things which should help man continually to attain that end. The society of man in this life is not the ultimate fact. . . . This is enough to show that the separate action of the two Powers in their respective spheres leads to the disjunction of man's natural life from his supernatural end. This was not the intention of God in creating the two Powers, and placing man's life under their joint government.

Another relation between the two Powers which may be conceived, is that of hostility upon the part of the State to the Church. This cannot be reciprocal. The Church can, indeed, and must resist, with her own weapons, unlawful aggression against the exercise of her rights in administering the "things of God," but she cannot war against the State as such, because it is in her sight "the minister of God." The hostility of the State which invades the Church's exercise of her Priesthood,

Teaching and Jurisdiction constitutes persecution. There are many degrees of this. . . . In the course of centuries every degree of persecution has been exercised by the State, heathen, Christian, heretical or apostate, against the Church, by the permission of the Divine Providence ; but no one will pretend to say that such a relation as hostility on the part of the State, and of suffering on the part of the Church, is the normal relation intended by God in the establishment of the two Powers. On the contrary, the States which persecute the Church, while they fulfil the Divine purpose for its trial and purification, incur punishment in many ways for their crime against God in assaulting His Kingdom, and if they persevere, have been and are to be rooted up and destroyed (pp. 115 seq.).

Bobby and Birdie ; or, Our Lady's Picture. By FRANCES J. M. KERSHAW. London : R. Washbourne. 1882.

THIS is a delightful little story, and Bobby is decidedly the hero of it so far as there is a hero ; that is to say, he is the centre of attraction : and we heartily congratulate Miss Kershaw on her decided success in drawing so interesting and original a little fellow. It is great praise to say that he reminds one of the now famous Herr Baby, except that Bobby is somewhat older and very philosophical. There is no plot in the book, only the simplest of stories ; but it is none the less charming. The authoress describes it on the title-page as "a story for the very little ones," and it will no doubt be a great favourite in the nursery and school ; but we fancy that some of the very big ones will more fully appreciate all Bobby's and Birdie's original ways and innocent quaintness.

Bobbie is Birdie's cousin, or, as he himself put it when he introduced her to the doctor, "Birdie is my very—own—cousin!" Bobbie is always calm, distinct, and conclusive, and even when he finds his argument or assumption landing him in plain impossibilities, has an odd readiness of alternatives that quite satisfies himself and is highly amusing to the reader. When Birdie's mother is dying, the two children having discussed her illness and the need of their doing something to help her, see clearly that they must pray, there and then, for her recovery. The first difficulty is which of them shall say the prayers. This Birdie settles : "You say it all," she says to Bobbie, "'cos you know best how to ask." Then Bobbie suggests : "Shall I call her 'Aunt Hester' or 'Mamma.' You see she's both." This serious difficulty Birdie also solves : "Jesus knows 'her very own self,' Bobbie, so it doesn't make any difference what we call her." Bobbie thereupon offers up a simple and short prayer, ending : "Please do take care of her 'cos of Birdie and me," and they join together in saying a Hail Mary.

The two earnest voices blend in prayer, and then they rise from their knees, a happy content in their faces, and Birdie asks wonderingly : "Did He *really* hear what we said, Bobbie? We are such *very* little children, and He is *so* high up in Heaven!"

"I *know* He heard," replied Bobbie, confidently, and a little reprovingly (Birdie's want of faith is often a source of trouble to him). "You are

always being afraid that Jesus won't do what you ask Him. I should think you make Him very sad sometimes, and your Angel too, Birdie! Why, Birdie, only think!"—and Bobbie's voice grows deep and tremulous with the greatness of his thought—"He came down here to be hurt and killed for us once, you know Aunt Hester says; because He loved us so much! I couldn't do that—not even for *you*, Birdie—it would hurt so terribly much! And if Jesus could love us enough to die for us, I am quite pos'tively sure He will listen to our prayers, Birdie."

"Yes," says Birdie, quietly; "I had forgotten that."

There are some very pathetic passages in the doings of these two inseparable little friends; but oftenest they make one laugh. The drollest incident of all, perhaps, is when they are inspired to adopt, "as their own child," a neglected, half-wild, unchildlike little girl, who had been "born grown-up," and had never learnt to play—unwashed, unkempt, and glaring. How they washed her, after serious doubts from Birdie as to whether she *would* wash; and put her to roost with the hens—and what else they did for her, and with her, must be learned from the book.

If "*Bobbie and Birdie*" is Miss Kershaw's first attempt, she has been signally happy, and gives promise of superior work. She will, we hope, be encouraged by the success of this little volume to write again of and for children. A few defects of style and construction might be pointed out, but they have probably already revealed themselves to her. She pays a poor compliment to her own ability by italicising so many words and phrases—the italics are not needed, and so many of them are irritating; it is a very feminine fault, however, and will doubtless disappear with practice.

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1. *The Youth's Cabinet*. January to August, 1882. New York: D. O'Shea.
 2. *Our Little Ones*. November, 1881, to September, 1882. London: Griffith & Farran.

"*THE Youth's Cabinet*" is a very praiseworthy attempt to provide an illustrated monthly for Catholic boys and girls. Each number consists of thirty-two small quarto pages; the stories and pieces are short, and chiefly suitable for very young people, under twelve years of age; and the illustrations, though of very varied excellence, are for the most part good. The August issue contains a woodcut portrait of Cardinal Newman, from Rajon's etching, and an excellent piece of woodcutting it is. Each number, too, ends with a hymn—music and words. The subscription is only a dollar a year, and we suppose it could be got through English agency. On the whole, however, the numbers that we have looked into of "*The Youth's Cabinet*" only make us regret the more that we have not something of our own a little better in tone, and adapted to more advanced ages, than it is. The column, "*Wit and Humor*," is quite unworthy of children, and beyond their intelligence in this country, and, we trust, also in America. It betrays bad editorship to have such arrant padding.

"Our Little Ones," on the contrary, is just as refined, elegant, and finished as could be wished—would that it were also Catholic! However, having carefully looked over the eleven monthly numbers already sent to us, we are bound to say that it contains nothing in the least objectionable. The elegance and finish of its engravings, and the subtle charm of some of its beautiful pieces of poetry, are such as, we fancy, can be duly appreciated only by adults—that is to say, they are too good for children. Such delicious poems and engravings, for example, as "Little Mishap" (February), "Be Good, Papa" (April), "Shelling Beans" and "What Teddy did" (May), may be cited as examples of what we mean. But it is only fair to add that most of the pieces are really simple and attractive, and exactly suited to the "little ones."

Ostensibly, "Our Little Ones" is an English magazine, published by an English firm; but it only needs a glance to see that printing, type, and authorship are American. And therefrom comes the one objection we should feel against it as a periodical for English boys and girls. Why should they be put to learn insensibly such spellings as "color," "humor," "honor," and the like? Or, still worse, why should they learn such constructions (quite American) as one finds in the following sentences, chosen at random? "He shot a bird on the hill back of the house;" "she helped her brother scatter corn;" or the title of a little article in the March issue, "The boys that helped move." Still more objectionable is the frequent "I guess," as a matter of approved conversational use. In "Our Little Ones" children use it quite naturally to even parents and friends, in a way that in England would be pertness. However, these peculiarities aside, there can be only one opinion about this excellent magazine.

An Apostolic Woman; or, the Life and Letters of Irma le Fer de la Motte, in religion Sister Francis Xavier. By One of her Sisters. With a Preface by M. Léon Aubineau. Translated from the French. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company. 1882.

THERE is no lack of interest and even of amusement in this excellently got-up book. The heroine was a French lady, of an old and most Catholic Breton race, who spent the last fifteen years of her life in the work of a "missionary" sister among the Indians of Indiana. A great part of the volume consists of her own letters. She seems to have been a woman of very great charm, with abundant wit, and one of the tenderest possible hearts. Her earlier letters are those of a gushing young girl, brought up in the kind of sentimental literature which Chateaubriand made fashionable. But there is a piety, a directness, and a depth in her later ones which will amply repay even those who take up the book for devotional reading. The details furnished by the Sister who writes the life, together with the traits displayed in the letters, place before us her character and mind in very distinct outlines. We see her in her girlhood, tempted to vanity and mischief:—

Her nurse having told her that vain little girls who often admire themselves in a glass would finally see the devil in it, she persisted one day in spending several hours before one and in calling up his satanic majesty; although she afterwards confessed that it was not so much the desire of seeing the devil, as of frightening one of her sisters, who, shocked at her audacity, was prostrate in prayer for her conversion (p. 31).

But as she grows older, she naturally grows more sober, and the story of the way in which she gradually comes to give to God the whole of her loving heart and teeming fancy is very edifying and touching to read. One or two of the incidental portraits of the book are so good that there can be no doubt Sister Francis Xavier would have succeeded as a novel-writer. Sister Theodore, who has much to do with our heroine's spiritual formation, is given to the life. She makes the "straightest" and most uncomfortable guesses at her postulant's weakness. "My dear child, I believe you are not vain of your exterior, but you have too much consideration for your intellect." Every letter is full of Sister Theodore; she is so "clear-sighted;" she seems austere but has no scrupulosity; she is "amiable without knowing it." "She has already stopped caressing me, and I have become jealous of her cat 'Laidronne.'" For a time they are separated, and Sister Theodore goes to the missions in Indiana; but Sister Francis Xavier rejoins her before long, and the loving, yet humorous, details are multiplied in every letter home. Then there is the Père Besnoin, "an old and very learned Jesuit priest, but a little eccentric." None of his eccentricity appears in the book, but a great many of his good sayings and doings. Again, there is the good Sister Eudoxie, who maintains that S. Joseph was "a good simple man, common looking and not gentlemanly in appearance," in opposition to the other Sister, who holds that in spite of his plain clothing he was majestic, and showed the royal blood of David. But we repeat that, in this charming "Life," edification goes hand in hand with entertainment.

Animal Intelligence. By GEORGE J. ROMANES. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

THIS book of Mr. Romanes forms the forty-first volume of the "International Scientific Series," a fact which will be a dubious recommendation to Catholic readers who happen to have acquaintance with the former volumes. But although there is in it much that will jar upon the religious mind, there is very much more in which the student of what the author calls "Comparative Psychology," whether religiously minded or not, will be greatly interested. The facts regarding animal intelligence which Mr. Romanes has taken pains to verify, and has here presented to us, are in themselves of singular importance, quite apart from his theories; for surely, as he well observes, "the phenomena which constitute the subject-matter of comparative psychology, even if we regard them merely as facts in Nature, have at least as great a claim to accurate classification as those phenomena of structure which constitute the subject-

matter of comparative anatomy." The author's object is, as he tells us, to give "a trustworthy account of the grade of psychological development which is presented by each group of the animal kingdom," and this object he seems to have satisfactorily accomplished.

The Remote Antiquity of Man not Proven: Primeval Man not a Savage.

By B. C. Y. London: Elliot Stock.

THIS little book deserves a word of commendation. The author has been at considerable pains to gather together into its pages a quantity of reliable scientific testimony telling against the assumption of a very remote antiquity of man on earth, and against that other and incomparably more pernicious theory that primeval man was a savage. Both these assumptions, he says, scientific men themselves acknowledge are not more than inferences which they have reasoned out from a variety of sources, but principally from a study of recent archæological discoveries. From the testimony of caves, river-gravels, clays, peat-bogs, and what not, as is asserted, the remote antiquity of our race is deducible—indeed has unmistakably already been deduced. The author in these pages examines that testimony, and denies that it yields such conclusion. He himself is not, he apologetically says, a member of any scientific society, but none the less he is entitled to discuss the deductions from scientific premises. He quotes, as a sort of text, words of Mr. Pengelly at Manchester, when that gentleman lectured there on "Kent's Cavern." "I have contented myself with giving you the facts," he then said, "you are as capable of drawing the inferences as I am. . . . I will only say as a parting word. . . . Be careful in scientific inquiries that you get a sufficient number of perfectly trustworthy facts, and that you interpret them with the aid of a vigorous logic." The author claims to have drawn his inference, diametrically an opposite one to Mr. Pengelly's; and that, too, by the aid of a logic that appears to be vigorous indeed. Many of the "facts" of recent scientists he shows by the testimony of subsequent authorities to have been far from trustworthy. He is, therefore, somewhat indignant to hear of the need of "reconciling" Holy Scripture to these inferential theories. Such reconciliation may well wait until the theories have been substantiated into fact. The author rightly, therefore, accepts the broad features of the Sacred Text as truth for the scientist not less than for the student of religion; though, of course, he does not consider the chronology of 4,000 years B.C. as either irrefragable or most probable. As for his own two special topics, the remote antiquity of man and the savage condition of primitive man, which are not Scripture truths, he observes:—

They are not inscribed on the face of Nature, nor found buried under the crust of the earth, nor written on the page of history, but are conclusions, drawn not unfrequently from unsound or deficient premises, discredited by new discoveries, and rejected by some of the most cultured and logical minds in Europe and America.

The kind of quasi-evidence which is sifted and discussed in these

clearly written pages may be sufficiently understood from a glance at the headings of the several chapters—"Caves," "Remains of extinct Mammalia associated with remains of Man," "The Three Ages," "Primeval Man—was he a savage?" "Alluvial Deposits," "Peat-Bogs," "The Glacial Period—when was it?" "Egypt," "Miscellanea: Kitchen Middens; Pile Villages; The Mississippi; Cone of the Pinière." The first chapter on Caves leads off with an inquiry into the value of the evidence for remote antiquity found in Kent's Cavern or Hole near Torquay. It contained a layer of black earth, above another of granular stalagmite, &c. :—

The argument drawn from these deposits may be thus stated:—In and under these several beds of cave earths and stalagmite are found implements, weapons, and other objects which bear the marks of contrivance, and man's handiwork: these stalagmitic and other beds or layers in which these relics are found have required an immense time for their formation; the men, therefore, whose works are found in these formations, especially in the lower beds, must have been of remote antiquity.

After stating carefully what has been found, and the position, depth, &c., of the various layers, the author quotes Mr. Pengelly's testimony as to their antiquity and the consequent antiquity of man. Mr. Pengelly considered he was dealing out a generous measure ("we can afford to be liberal," he said) when he assumed that the stalagmite had been formed at the rate of an inch in 5,000 years; and as "we had fully five feet to account for in the granular stalagmite only," we have the appalling total of 300,000 years for the formation of those five feet. This Mr. Pengelly said in 1873, and in 1877 he felt "compelled to believe that the earliest men of Kent's Hole were inter-glacial, if not pre-glacial."

The author shows that the rate of formation of stalagmite may have been, nay, would be, much more rapid in earlier times than in recent. He quotes Professor Boyd Dawkins, showing that in another cave stalagmite since 1845 has formed at the rate of .2941 inch per annum; and other authorities showing that it had formed at various rates in various places; in one at the rate of one inch in twenty years, in another of one inch in four years, in another at the rate of a foot a year! "It is obvious, therefore," says Professor Boyd Dawkins, "that all speculation as to the deposits in caves, which is based on the view that the accumulation is very slow, is without value."

In the Victoria Cave, near Settle, Yorkshire, in 1872, a bone was found, which was pronounced by competent authorities to be human. And another authority appointed to examine the cave testified that the bone had been found overlaid by stiff glacial clay. Here was evidence that man "had lived in England prior to the last inter-glacial period," and this in effect got into such works as "The Great Ice Age." In 1877, however, Professor Boyd Dawkins, feeling uncertain, re-examined the bone, and found it to be ursine, not human! As to the clay, after examination, he says: "This is not proved to be the boulder clay, because there are no boulders in it. Nor is it proved to be glacial clay, because clay of that kind is now being deposited in that very cave." Thus are the several evidences of the

caves disposed of. Then, in chap. iii., our author shows, *apropos* of the association of human remains with those of extinct mammalia, that the point for scientific men to establish is that these mammalia became extinct at a very remote period. Some scientific authorities have, on the contrary, declared that they see no reason why extinct species should not have lived down to comparatively recent times. The fifth and sixth chapters are a very good *resumé* of the evidence for the gradual degeneracy of man from a primitive state of knowledge, and we may say of civilization, which is much more in accordance with revelation. Readers who have no leisure or no ability to make use of scientific treatises, weighing the conflicting evidence for themselves, will find it done for them in this volume, written without technicalities and in unpretending style.

Les Splendeurs de la Foi. Par M. L'ABBÉ MOIGNO. Tome V. Le Miracle au Tribunal de la Science. Paris: Blériot Frère. 1882.

THE fifth volume of M. l'Abbé Moigno's great work, "*Les Splendeurs de la Foi*," has just appeared, and we may take this opportunity of laying before our readers some account of a book which is certainly without a rival in Catholic literature. M. Moigno's studies and knowledge are of that encyclopædic nature which made his friend Arago break out into the playful threat to have him burned as a wizard. The only man of letters we can compare with our Abbé, was the late Cardinal Wiseman. The Cardinal was, perhaps, his superior in languages, though M. Moigno can boast of having mastered twelve; but when we add that the Abbé is not only a first-class mathematician, but is intimately acquainted with astronomy, geology, physiology, and physics, we recognize at once that the author of the "*Lectures on Science and Revealed Religion*" is out-distanced.

Mr. Arthur Reade has lately elicited from M. Moigno certain statements about himself which would be received with incredulity were we not to present them in his own words:—

I have already published [he says] a hundred and fifty volumes, small and great. I scarcely ever leave my work-table. I never take walking exercise; yet I have not so far experienced any trace of headache or brain weakness, or constipation, &c. &c.

Never in order to work, or to obtain my full clearness of mind, have I had occasion to take recourse to stimulants, coffee, alcohol or tobacco, &c.; on the contrary, stimulants in my case excite abnormal vibrations of the brain, unfavourable to its prompt and steady action.

Such being the man, it will not be surprising to find that his work is a marvel of research, wide reading, and patient labour. Sketched out in 1831, the idea of reconciling Faith and Reason, Science and Revelation, was religiously cherished for over forty years. At times he seems almost to have despaired that health and strength would be vouchsafed him to accomplish his task, but, thanks to his wonderful constitution, and the gracious encouragement of the Sovereign Pontiffs, Pius IX. and Leo XIII., the work has at length seen the

light. We fear that we should be accused of speaking the language of exaggeration were we to attempt to treat of the stores and treasures of information in which the work abounds. We can, however, safely say that the Catholic student will find here almost every objection to Christian truth clearly and temperately put; he will find, in reply, a perfect flood of counter-statement gathered from the labours of scientists from every part of Europe and America. It was possible for the Abbé, and for him alone, to collect so valuable a mass of Christian evidence. For well nigh thirty years he has edited the scientific journal *Les Mondes*, in which, as the great chemist Dumas has observed, "M. l'Abbé has been able to establish a sort of intellectual free-exchange between the savants of France, England, Germany, Italy, and America." Nor is there any attempt to shirk the point in dispute, or to envelop a weak reply in sonorous phrases. With the exception of the trick of personifying abstract nouns, a turn of speech by no means unwelcome to his countrymen, his style has that direct, clear, and easy exposition which is the envy of us Englishmen.

Enthusiastic lovers of science, in their attempt to harmonize Science and Revelation, are apt to take broad, easy views of the traditions and teachings of the Church. M. Moigno, though perhaps one of the widest read scientists of our day, and undertaking the difficult task of this reconciliation, can never be accused of a weakness of this nature. "Without making any concession," he says ("Avant propos," vol. i.), "without supporting myself by any hypothesis, without ever compounding with any human system, I have proved to evidence, that on their numberless points of contact, Revelation and Science, Faith and Reason, are perfectly in agreement."

Scientific objections to the faith are often invested with an appearance of strength from the authority of the savant who propounds them. A Tyndal or a Clifford often throw over their attacks an air of invincibility, which is a snare to the unwary, and leads them to overlook the array of scientific opinion in opposition. We can conceive that "*Les Splendeurs de la Foi*" will prove of no little service in this respect. From the vast stores of knowledge at his disposal, M. Moigno is able to give to each objection the names of those who have backed it, and at the same time the array of worthier men who have rejected it. We will quote the shortest passage to this effect that we can find; it occurs under the heading of the "Unity of Origin and Species of Man":—

We call *monogenists* those savants who maintain the unity of the human species; *polygenists* those who advocate the multiplicity of the human species. By the acknowledgment even of its most violent advocates, MM. Broca and Pouchet, the polygenist doctrine is comparatively modern. Among the monogenists we may reckon the founders of Anthropology, Blumenbach, their predecessors and immediate successors; Linnæus, Buffon, Cuvier, Stephens, Schubert, Rudolf and Andrew Wagner, von Baer, von Meyer, Bardach, Wilbrand, Stephen and Isidore, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, de Blainville, Hugh Miller, Serres, Flourens, Quatrefages, Milne-Edwards, Lyell, Huxley, &c., &c. The list of

the heterogenists, on the contrary, is incomparably less numerous and imposing (vol. ii. p. 512).

The first volume of "*Les Splendeurs*" is entitled "*Faith and Reason*." M. Moigno here undertakes to establish the disastrous results to the world from the loss of faith. In drawing attention to the Pagan spirit that is so prevalent, he touches on the decadence of the old classic studies, and incidentally gives us this curious piece of information:—"I have often heard," he says, "at the public meetings in Paris, Latin speeches delivered by the best professors of the University. I declare, without the fear of being contradicted, that the Latin of the best of these discourses was not only inferior to the most negligent of the homilies of the Fathers of the Church, but it was barely that Latin which is ironically termed dog-Latin" (vol. i. p. 89). The abuses and corruptions of democracy furnish him with another chapter on the loss of faith. It is sad to find the volume closing with the "*Loss of faith in the family*," and that he is compelled to draw such marked attention to certain plague-spots of society; but the terrible evils that are ravaging France leave him no alternative but to raise his voice of warning and denunciation.

We should not be surprised to find that the second volume, "*Science and Revelation*," is the favourite of his readers. A most ingenious *resumé* of Biblical science, nomenclature, and policy form the first part. Then he brings all his powers of reason, authority, and research to bear on the burning question of the origin of man. First, we have more than one hundred pages on the anatomical and physiological proofs of the unity of the human species. Next, the question of his antiquity is discussed under the headings:—(1) Formations in which human remains have been discovered. (2) The caves of pre-historic man. (3) Animals cotemporary with man. (4) The fossil remains of man. These subjects are discussed with careful reference to each locality where traces of human remains and fossils have been found. We do not hesitate to say that this volume will prove a perfect storehouse of facts and references on the vexed question of the antiquity of man.

Volume iii. treats of the scientific objections raised upon different passages of Holy Scripture, and gives a very complete account of all the controverted matters. Above three hundred pages are devoted to this object, which will form a most valuable addition to the Catholic Commentary on the Bible. The volume closes with a few historical sketches on certain knotty questions—as the massacres of S. Bartholomew, of Béziers, Pope Alexander VI., &c. &c., which will be found full of interesting and original information.

In vol. iv. he returns to the question of the reconciliation of faith and reason. In this part of his work he has chosen a very happy method of exposition. Following, as he maintains, the plan of our blessed Lord's teaching, he pushes aside all controversy, as a means ill calculated to convince the adversary. In its stead he has chosen some fifteen passages from the New Testament, and, to use his own words, he exposes "in all simplicity, all its purity, all its soft and healing glow, the light of a certain number of words from

the Gospels, which are at once prophecies, miracles, and important facts that have filled the world" (tom. iv. p. 219).

M. Renan has declared : " If miracles have any reality, my book is a tissue of errors." M. Moigno in his fifth volume has accepted the challenge thus thrown down, and has entitled it "*Le miracle au tribunal de la science.*" It is a most original exposition of the miraculous. Discarding controversy according to his method, he simply points out the overwhelming evidence required by the Holy See before accepting the truth of a miracle. For this purpose he has applied to Rome for permission to print *in extenso* the full discussion before the Sacred Congregation of certain miracles preparatory to a saint's canonization. We believe the favour granted is unique ; the public for the first time is made acquainted with all the pleadings, reports, siftings, and discussion that are *de rigueur* in such cases. The miracles chosen are three from the process of St. B. J. Labre. We had always been taught to believe that the care bestowed on the investigation of the miracles of the saints was most scrupulous, but we think no one could form any idea of the labour, criticism, the captiousness even that is encouraged and required, until he has perused the last volume of M. Moigno's work. But while these pages are a splendid monument to the devoted labour of the Church, we cannot but declare them the least readable of all the work. There is such a mass of detail to be gone through, such minute medical questions, such hypercriticisms, that we have found it rather heavy reading.

Such is a brief and imperfect sketch of a work which occupies five volumes of about four thousand pages in octavo. To say more than we have said would perhaps defeat the object we have in view—to urge the claims of the work upon our readers. We would gladly have given more extracts from the work, but it is almost impossible. Each subject is treated with a richness and completeness of detail which does not easily lend itself to an extract.

We may say, in conclusion, that there is one point, and that an unimportant one, which jars upon our English notions. We refer to the very personal revelations, and the extract from the *Français* of the author "*At Home,*" which form the introduction to the fourth volume. It may be that such details are not distasteful to his countrymen ; but to our phlegmatic ideas they are inconsistent with the dignity and repose that should characterize so weighty a work as "*Les Splendeurs de la Foi.*"

The Life of St. Lewis Bertrand, of the Order of St. Dominic, Apostle of New Granada. By FATHER BERTRAND WILBERFORCE, of the same Order. London : Burns & Oates (1882).

THE great Dominican Saint and Missionary, St. Lewis Bertrand, has had to wait more than 200 years since his canonization for a history of his life in English. A well-known preacher of his own order has at length supplied the want, and we have here an original and carefully compiled life, written in excellent English,

full of devout reading, of missionary stories, and of spiritual thought, and at the same time illustrated by a portrait, a useful map, and all needful topographical and historical notes. Lewis Bertrand left his peaceful convent at Valencia for the northern coasts of South America in 1562, the same year in which William Allen first returned to England. Thus, at the very time when the Act of 5 Eliz. cap. i., made it high treason to teach the Pope's supremacy, new districts in another hemisphere were being conquered by the Gospel to the obedience of Christ's Vicar. The history of St. Lewis reads like that of St. Francis Xavier. We find the same heroic mortification, the same zeal, similar miracles and similar success. But the labours of St. Lewis and the Spanish missionaries in South America would have been more fruitful had it not been for the bad example of the Spaniards, who had taken possession of the country. The tyranny of the governors, and the evil lives of so many, made it not only difficult to convince the poor Indians of the divinity of Christianity, but also difficult for missionaries to remain in the country. They were obliged to denounce and refuse absolution to the ruffians who made slaves of the natives, and robbed and ill-treated them; and as the Spaniards always made a show of frequenting the Sacraments, the clergy were frequently involved in quarrels and persecution. St. Lewis, with all his success and reputation of sanctity, came back to Spain after a seven years' apostolate, for the reason which the Bull of his canonization expressly states: "Seeing the oppression of the natives by certain officials . . . and finding he could not prevent whilst he was unable to tolerate such cruelties, he obtained an obedience to return to Spain" (p. 216). The record of his virtues and heroic sanctity after his return, as well as of his spirit and divine wisdom in his duties as novice-master, prior and preacher, is amply set forth by Father Wilberforce. The spirit of the fear of God seems to have been his characteristic gift, leading him to great personal penance, some sternness or strictness in his conduct to others, and a vivid realization of purgatory. In the history of his missionary work we meet with an interesting instance of a heathen woman being sent by an angel, or at least by a very marked interior illumination, to seek the waters of baptism for her child (p. 167). This may remind us of the doctrine of St. Thomas, that God will certainly reveal, either mediately or immediately, all necessary doctrine to a heathen who keeps the natural law.

Lehrbuch der Philosophie: Die Theodicee (1878); *Die Metaphysik* (1880); *Die Psychologie* (1881); *Logik und Erkenntnistheorie* (1882).
 Von Dr. CONSTANTIN GUTBERLET. Münster: Theissing.

TRUTH cannot contradict truth. Truth is one wherever it be found. Contradiction between different truths is only apparent, and arises from the repugnance of will or prejudice of mind.

Empirical sciences have made rapid progress in the last thirty or fifty years, but their never-dreamed-of success has led to their being overrated, and to the dis-esteem of transcendental sciences, especially

philosophy. The result was obvious; materialism became predominant in the world of science. This overstrained state, however, was not to last long; a reaction was inevitable. Materialistic literature is rapidly on the decrease, whilst, on the other hand, sound philosophy is rising from the state of torpor in which it had lain for so long a time. Principles that had been forgotten for a long series of years are recalled to the minds of the learned, and attention has been drawn anew to the well-founded metaphysical speculations of the schools. The scholastics, and especially St. Thomas, have given us principles, and have themselves to a large extent made application of those principles. But still much remains to be done. The progress which natural sciences have made in the meantime cannot be neglected. These results must be made use of; they must be regarded in the light of metaphysical meditation, and thus contribute to the further development of philosophical science.

From this point of view we consider the work mentioned above as quite original. It is based upon the "*inconcussa dogmata*" of St. Thomas, and his great master Aristotle. Its author, moreover, is not only a thorough metaphysician, he is equally versed in the different branches of natural philosophy, and especially in their exact mathematical foundations. The great advantages of his books drawn from this circumstance are plain, and the connection into which they are brought with the different branches of metaphysical science, shows, what we pointed out at the outset, viz., that truth cannot contradict truth. On the contrary, we see many instances in which the results of empirical science, far from contradicting those of metaphysics, clearly confirm them. The skill with which natural philosophy has been combined with moral philosophy to the benefit of both, tends to give to these books an excellence which other works on the same subject have not. The purpose of Dr. Gutberlet's work is to serve as a class-book on philosophy. To this circumstance we must attribute the fact that many questions are treated in a shorter and more concise way than could be wished. But we have the author's promise to publish larger treatises on such questions as either are too subtle or do not allow of full treatment in a "class-book." He has made a good beginning in his able dissertation "on the Infinite from a metaphysical and mathematical point of view."

One objection, however, we think ourselves entitled to make, regarding the scope of the work. We are fully convinced that the study of these books is too difficult for beginners. One who is not yet accustomed to strict metaphysical reasoning, will not be able to follow Dr. Gutberlet through so many labyrinths of error to the crystal fountain of truth. This remark, however, does not deprive the book of any of its real excellences. With these general remarks, we will endeavour to give our readers some idea of each volume, without, of course, attempting to express their full contents.

The volume which was first published, contains Natural Theology, or Theodicy. In it Dr. Gutberlet treats of the existence of God, His essence, life, attributes, and external works. The arguments for the existence of a God are the same as those of St. Thomas, with this

distinction, however, that they receive a further confirmation from the laws derived from natural science. The teleological argument is based upon strict mathematical reasoning; it proves from mathematical principles that the universe must have an intellectual cause, and cannot be the result of blind natural powers and accidental combinations. We give a short extract from this argument, as the application of the theory of probabilities is quite original. We suppose the number of atoms, that are placed in endless space, to be very large, = a . Then the formula for possible permutations, which these atoms can have towards each other, will be $a(a-1)(a-2), (a-3) \dots 3.2.1$ (*cf.* Barnard Smith, "Arithmetic and Algebra," n. 176, "On Permutations"). We express this almost infinite number of possible permutations by the shorter expression = $a!$ Each atom can have an infinite number of changes of position in an infinite line, and again an infinite number of such changes on an infinite plane; and again, an infinite number of changes in an infinite number of such planes; all these permutations are possible in endless space. Consequently, the probability that one certain combination arranged in a certain order would accidentally take place, would be

$$P = \left\{ \left[\frac{1}{(a!)} \right]^\infty \right\}^\infty = \left[\frac{1}{(a!)} \right]^\infty$$

In the universe, however, there is not only one combination of atoms, but an immense number of combinations take place at the same time, and not all of them according to one and the same law as the first combination, but according to an immense number of laws. Now the probability that a certain event and another certain event take place at the same time is obtained by multiplying the probabilities of each event, each probability first calculated separately for itself. Hence, the probability that the combination of elements show not only one law, but an immense number of laws (= n), is:

$$P = \left\{ \left[\frac{1}{(a!)} \right]^\infty \right\}^n = \frac{1}{(a!)^{n\infty}}$$

Further, in case these combinations manifesting so many different laws, take place not only once but twice, three times, many times, always, the probability is:

$$P = \left[\frac{1}{(a!)^{n\infty}} \right]^\infty = \frac{1}{(a!)^{n\infty\infty}}$$

A proper fraction, however, becomes smaller the oftener it is raised to a higher power. If the numerator is very small in comparison with the denominator, the quotient will, after a few multiplications of the exponent of the denominator, be = 0. In our case the letter " a " is supposed to represent a very large number of atoms; much larger is " $a!$ " Even in case we do not raise the denominator to an infinite power, the result or probability would be, according to accurate mathematical rules, = 0, *i.e.*, under such conditions a certain event will decidedly not take place. Hence it follows, that it is impossible, and in contradiction to strict mathematical calculation, that the universe be the result of accidental combination of atoms. Consequently, an Intelligent Power must be admitted as the cause of all

order in the world. With regard to God's metaphysical essence, Dr. Gutberlet rejects the opinion of the Scotists, who maintain the "*infinitas radicalis*" as such; he defends, with most theologians and philosophers, the "*Aseitas*," as this quality is the one which is immediately drawn from the arguments for God's existence, and from which all other attributes are easily derived. As the medium of God's knowledge of the "*futura libera conditionata*," he defends the "*scientia media*."

The volume published next after "*Natural Theology*," contains metaphysics, or what is usually called ontology. The praise due to the first volume must be bestowed on the second. The first chapter treats on "*Being in General*," the second on "*The Transcendental Qualities of Being*," the third on "*The Categories of Being, Substance and Accident*." With regard to the latter, the possibility of absolute accidents is put forward in a most able manner, so that this portion forms one of the best of the whole treatise. Much depends on the possibility of such accidents with regard to the Holy Eucharist. The Council of Trent has defined that after consecration the bread and wine are changed into the Body and Blood of Our Lord, whilst the "*species*" of bread and wine remain. A further definition of the word "*species*" is not given by the Council, and thus it is not dogmatically defined that they are "*accidents*." The schools teach us that these "*species*" are "*absolute accidents*"—viz., such accidents as by God's miraculous interference can exist separated from the substance to which they inhere in their natural condition. Thus, the remaining of colour, shape, taste, smell, touch of bread and wine after consecration is explained as the remaining, of course by miracle, of accidents after the substance to which they naturally belonged has been transubstantiated. Some philosophers, *e.g.*, Des Cartes, denied the possibility of absolute accidents, and maintained that after consecration not only are the substances of bread and wine changed into the Body and Blood of Our Lord, but also that their accidents, as inseparable from the substance, have disappeared with the substance. Thus these philosophers were compelled to explain the remaining of taste, colour, touch, as an effect brought about on our senses by God's immediate operation. But the consequence of such teaching is obvious, since it implies that God deceives us. Hence we find that theologians defend the possibility of "*absolute accidentia*" with great learning and skill. Dr. Gutberlet deserves our thanks for having defended with great ability the same point from the attacks made upon it by the teaching of natural philosophers of our days. Special care is also bestowed on the "*causes*," above all, on the "*causa efficiens*" and "*finalis*." With reference to the question of the Infinite, the author holds the opinion, which he has with much mathematical and metaphysical learning expounded in his treatise on the "*Infinite*," viz., that an actually though relatively infinite extension or number is possible—*e.g.*, the irrational number determining the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter $\pi = 3,141592 \dots$ which is a non-periodical decimal fraction. It is impossible

to enter upon this most interesting but difficult question now; we must refer the reader to the treatise itself. The author's treatment of the definition of space is likewise deserving of special attention. Amongst other definitions of space which are shown to be wrong, we find the strange theory of Riemann-Helmholtz, which has found its way into England (*cf. Nature*, 1878, n. 459, p. 411). A refutation, *ex professo*, of this theory of a more than three dimensional space was, a short time ago, published by Dr. Gutberlet in the *Katholik*.

The third volume contains Psychology. It is divided into two sections—a Physical and Metaphysical section. In the first, he treats of the lower and higher powers of the soul, not proceeding, however, in a pure empirical way, but making certain hypotheses, especially that of the simplicity and spirituality of the soul, which he is going to prove in the second section, but without basing those proofs on his former suppositions. Thus he evades any "circular vitiosus," whilst, on the other hand, the different problems of life are more fully understood in the light of these assumptions. This first section treats, in three chapters, on sensations, sensitive conceptions, and motion. We would invite attention to one or two points. The startling discoveries of that new branch of science intermediate between psychology and physiology, called psychophysics, have been made ample use of. After having given the definition of "sensation," and having proved four propositions regarding the quality of sensations, he enters on the question of the measurement of the strength of sensation. That which, a short time ago, seemed to be a hopeless undertaking, viz., to measure the strength of sensation, has since become another link in that chain of wonderful discoveries which bear so high a testimony to man's genius; we speak of the famous law of Weber: the ratio of increasing sensations to the irritations, whereby they are caused, is the same as that of an arithmetical progression to a geometrical progression. If, for instance, the strength of irritation increases proportionately as 2, 4, 8, 16, 32 ($\frac{2}{1} = \frac{4}{2} = \frac{8}{4} = \frac{16}{8} = \frac{32}{16} = 2$), the sensation caused thereby will increase as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 Now there is the same ratio of dependence between a number and its logarithm, and thus it becomes easy to give to Weber's law a mathematical expression. Thus, supposing s and s_1 to be two different sensations, and i and i_1 the irritations whereby they are caused, then $\frac{s}{s_1} = \frac{\log. i}{\log. i_1}$.

This formula, however, expresses in general the ratio of two sensations, but not the specific measure of their strength. In order to find this, we hold "1" to be equal to the strength of that irritation which is required to bring a sensation to the "threshold" of consciousness; thus we get: $s = k (\log. i - \log. I)$, where k signifies a constant unity, and where $\log. i - \log. I$, expresses the strength of the whole irritation less the amount of that irritation which is necessary to bring a sensation to our consciousness; consequently, this formula expresses the strength of a certain sensation. In order to simplify this formula, we take as constant unity for sensation the base of any system of logarithms, viz., either $2,718$ = the base of

natural logarithms, or 10^{-} the base of the common or Briggs's Tables of Logarithms. Hence we get rid of K. Moreover, as unity of irritation we take the strength of that irritation which is required in order to bring sensation to the "threshold" of consciousness, and thus we get rid of "I." Consequently, in order to express the strength of a sensation, we use, under the above conditions, the formula $s = \log. i$.

From this we find the explanation of some very important facts. As, for instance, we compare a series of increasing sensations and irritations, and we find that in the beginning of the series, sensation is stronger than irritation, but, afterwards, irritation is much stronger than sensation. This empirical observation is confirmed by its mathematical formula; thus, if we attribute consecutive higher values to i in the formula $s = \log. i$, and if we look for the corresponding logarithms of these values (which, of course, represent the strength of the corresponding sensations), we shall find, that first the values for sensations increase in a higher degree than those for irritations, until we reach a point where i receives a value which is 2,718 (or, on the other supposition, 10) times greater than that irritation which was assumed as being necessary to bring sensation to our consciousness. Here, at this point, sensation and its irritation, logarithm and its number, will run parallel for a short while; but after this point of the series has been passed, the number or irritation will rapidly increase in comparison to its logarithm or sensation. Thus it is clear that there must be a point in the series, where the irritation passes from a smaller strength to a greater, and inversely, sensation from a greater strength to a smaller, up to that point at which even the most exquisite irritation is not able to increase sensation in a perceptible degree. That point, where the strength of sensation and irritation are changed inversely, has been called the cardinal point. In the same way and by means of the same formula, also "negative sensations" are measured. Such irritations as have not sufficient strength to come to our consciousness, we call "negative sensations." Supposing we know the strength of irritation, we can measure the strength of the corresponding negative sensation, and consequently that amount of irritation which would be required in order to make such a negative sensation a positive one, that is, to bring it to the "threshold" of consciousness. But we have not space to enter more fully into those interesting questions. With regard to those, as well as to what Dr. Gutberlet says on Localization and Objectivation of Sensations, we must refer to the book. The second part of the first section treats on the intellectual faculties of the soul, on intellect, will, and affections. For the latter, a special faculty has been proposed by German philosophers since Kant and Tetens, whilst according to the teaching of the schools they are derived partly from the intellect, partly from the will, whilst the "Passions" have their seat in the inferior part of man. Dr. Gutberlet does not hold the opinion of Kant, but on the other hand, he says, that he does not consider this question to be of much importance. As to

the "modus cognoscendi," Aristotle's and the scholastic theory of abstraction is defended, and especially the important doctrine on the "intellectus agens," the importance of which—we are sorry to say—seems not yet to be fully understood and appreciated even by Catholic philosophers and theologians.

The second section, which is thoroughly metaphysical, is entirely based on the doctrine of the schools. The first chapter treats on "The Essence of the Soul," the second on "The Soul's Relation to the Body," the third on "The Origin of the Human Soul."

We come to the next volume, just published; it contains "Formal and Material Logic." We mention only one point, the question on "Evidence." This question stands in close connection with the theological question of the Liberty of Faith. Faith must be free in order to be meritorious; on the other hand, faith must have its grounds, in order to be reasonable. These two truths, "God is veracious," and "God has given us a supernatural revelation," must be undubitable. Now, if both of them are evident, it seems that faith itself is based upon evidence, hence necessitating, and, in consequence of that evidence, faith would and could not be meritorious. Dr. Gutberlet solves this difficulty by stating and proving that not every evidence is necessitating, but that a "free" evidence is possible. The fact of revelation is evident by free evidence. Therefore, faith also is free and meritorious. Whenever it is *impossible* to doubt about a certain proposition, this proposition must be true; it is evident; and this evidence is necessitating, consequently, incompatible with liberty. Sometimes, however, it is not quite impossible to doubt, but evidently unreasonable. But whenever it is evidently unreasonable to doubt about a proposition, we have, at the same time, evidence that the proposition is true, because if to doubt is evidently unreasonable, it is *clear* and evident that the proposition *must* be true. Here we have evidence, because we see that the proposition *must* be true. But if the impossibility of the contrary of the proposition is *not* seen with *full* clearness, it is in our power to doubt or not to doubt, although it would be evidently unreasonable to doubt. In this latter case we have *free* evidence, whilst, if the impossibility of the contrary of the proposition were seen with full clearness, such a cognition would cause necessitating evidence. If we apply these distinctions to the question on the liberty of faith, we say that it is not *impossible* to doubt about the fact of revelation, but evidently unreasonable. Whilst, however, the impossibility of the contrary is not seen with full clearness, the evidence of the fact of revelation remains a free evidence, hence faith is free and meritorious.

Dr. Gutberlet's Philosophy will be finished with the next volume on Ethics and Cosmology. Our remarks may, perhaps, serve to lead our readers to enter the lofty building of Aristotelian architecture that Dr. Gutberlet has erected according to the ideal conceptions and plans of the greatest teachers of mankind.

R.

Spain. By the Rev. WENTWORTH WEBSTER, M.A. Oxon. London : Sampson Low & Co., 1882.

THIS capital book on Spain is well worth a perusal. The style is on the whole good, and even in places brilliant. Here and there, however, a little clumsiness is noticeable in it, occasioned apparently by a want of careful revision. For instance, it is hardly admissible for an author now-a-days to repeat himself, as Mr. Webster does on pages 6 and 37, where he twice speaks of "the bare granite ranges" of the Guadarrama, "from whose summits steals down the treacherous icy wind so fatal in Madrid." The aim, however, of the author, presumably that of presenting a clear and thorough account of whatever is noteworthy about Spain, being successfully attained, the occasional weakness in style will deduct but little from the excellent merit and worth of the work itself. The information afforded about this country, so little known to most of us, is varied and interesting. It is certainly, for all practical purposes, about the most complete and exhaustive little manual we possess at the present day on Spain. We may safely rely on the author's accuracy, except in one or two very slight and unimportant matters. For instance, on page 129, Mr. Webster mentions Toledo as being the place where the purest Spanish is said to be spoken. On the contrary, we have invariably heard, and that from most competent and trustworthy authorities, that Valladolid and Salamanca bear off the palm for pure and correct Spanish. To see that this is only natural, we have but to consider that Salamanca was formerly the Athens of Spain, and in close communication with the sister University. Another slip is noticeable on page 141, where the author tells us Valladolid possesses "two colleges for the Scotch and Irish students for the Roman Catholic priesthood." There is no Irish College in Valladolid; there is one in Salamanca. The English College in Valladolid is exclusively for priests preparing for the English Missions. We can confirm much that Mr. Webster says about the corruption that exists in regard to the administration of justice. Last Christmas a barber in one of the provincial towns was put into prison on suspicion of having stolen some money. Two months later we visited the prison and were astonished to see the barber still there, and unable to inform us on what definite charge he had been thrown into such unwelcome quarters, and how long he should be compelled to stay in them. We naturally inquired into the justice of this manner of procedure, and the only explanation forthcoming—an explanation given with charming simplicity and frankness, and without the slightest appearance of surprise, except perhaps at the strangeness of our not knowing such an ordinary, common sense fact—was that the lawyer appointed to defend the poor barber's case had been most likely deterred by other and more lucrative business from turning his attention to such a poor client's affair. Most likely, however, the law is as Mr. Webster states (p. 166), viz., that a Spaniard arrested "must have his case heard within seventy-two hours after the arrest." But not improbably, in

this as in many other things of equal or greater import, Spanish administration exposes its lamentable want of fairness and integrity. In the very prison already referred to, there exists a very striking illustration of the scandalous manner in which justice is tampered with in Spain. About six years ago four men committed a robbery at a neighbour's house near Salamanca. Before doing so, however, they murdered the lady and gentleman of the house, a maid-servant, and a doctor who had the misfortune to be just entering the house as the robbers were leaving it. This latter was dragged in from the very doorsteps, and shared the horrible fate of the others. Horrible in truth was their fate, for a more intensely barbarous and cruel way of butchering than that employed by these monsters has rarely ever been on record. Years ago they have confessed their wickedness, and still they have not received the sentence due to their heinous crimes. Any one intimate with the Spaniards, asking the meaning of this would get for answer, with an accompanying very expressive Spanish shrug, "Who ever heard of any one being executed in Spain till his pocket was emptied?" The leader of the above four heroes is a tall handsome man, who dresses faultlessly, displays jewellery to an unlimited extent, and although the last six years of prison life has eased him of 2,000,000 reals (about £20,000), he is fortunate enough to have another 2,000,000 of reals at his back. This gentlemanly villain, in company with his fellow-plunderers, is still enjoying the sweets of Salamanca jail life, and when the reader is informed that a little while back this monster had the hardihood to offer his remaining millions in exchange for liberty, he may be left to judge for himself as to the truth of Mr. Webster's words on page 170 :—"All pleadings are still conducted in writing in Spain. Suits both civil and criminal are dragged out to an inordinate length. Judges are still suspected of being open to bribery, and confidence in the just administration of the law is as a consequence severely shaken."

Certainly all this exposes a very shady side of Spanish affairs. But we must carefully bear in mind that it is after all but one side, and that its gloomy darkness is greatly compensated for by the brightness and pleasantness visible elsewhere. It is not because the country is Catholic that such lamentable mismanagement prevails, but because the direction and administration of affairs are for the most part in the hands of those unscrupulous self-seeking beings who, having thrown off God and his Church, pride themselves on their enlightenment, their progress, and their liberalism.

Natural Religion. By the Author of "Ecce Homo." Second Edition. Macmillan & Co. London: 1882.

A NEW book by the author of "Ecce Homo" was sure to attract a large circle of readers. And it need occasion no surprise that this discourse on natural religion has in four months reached its second edition, and its "third thousand." But the book has done

more than interest; it has piqued public curiosity. "Ecce Homo" was enigmatical enough, in some respects: so much so, indeed, that the fifth edition of it is prefaced by sixteen pages of introduction, in which the author replies to charges of dogmatism on the one hand, and of concealment of his opinions on the other, and vindicates the title chosen by him against the objection that it was not really descriptive of the purpose of his work. The lapse of two decades does not seem to have tended to clarify or settle his religious opinions. "Ecce Homo," indeed, is plain and conclusive compared with "Natural Religion." In the preface just mentioned to the fifth edition of the former work, while admitting—what, indeed, cannot in good faith be denied—"illustrious instances of virtue in men who are not Christians"—the author observes, "all this may be conceded without for a moment admitting that the world can do without Christ and His Church," an admission which he combats in a page of singular eloquence and suggestiveness. In his present volume he examines with much eloquence, some pathos, occasional flashes of irony, and here and there a paradox, the question whether religion purged of all supernatural element, that is to say, reduced to Theism of the natural order, and that of the most attenuated and shadowy description, will content mankind: whether the work of the world can be done upon it, whether "we may not hope to see a religion arise which shall appeal to the sense of duty as forcibly, preach righteousness and truth, justice and mercy, as solemnly and as exclusively as Christianity itself does, only so as not to shock modern views of the Universe" "by resting on the supernatural." How inconclusive is the conclusion at which he arrives may be inferred from the difficulty which his most careful and candid critics have experienced regarding it. Indeed, in his preface to his second edition, he tells us: "I find that some readers have held that I must be taken to admit whatever in this book I do not undertake to refute, and have drawn the conclusion that I consciously reject Christianity! Others have understood me to confess that on the questions at issue between religion and science, I have nothing to say, a confession which I never meant to make. That some should consider the book adverse in its effect to Christianity, that is, to what they take for Christianity, was a matter of course, but that any one could suppose it was so intended amazes me. . . . I have always felt, and feel now as much as ever, that my ideas are Christian; I am surprised that any one can question it. No doubt, when a writer calls himself Christian he uses an expression which may bear a great variety of meanings." No doubt, indeed. And here let me say that the great defect of this book, judged of as a mere intellectual performance, seems to me to be the extreme vagueness of its terminology; a serious fault in an inquiry which both from its nature and importance demands the utmost precision of which human language is capable. It is of course possible, in most cases, to collect the general sense attached by the author to the words which he employs. Thus in one place he writes: "Atheism is a disbelief in the existence of God—that is, a disbelief in any regularity in the

Universe to which a man must conform under penalties" (p. 27); so that, as would appear, assent to the proposition known as the law of gravitation constitutes a man a Theist. Again: "If we abandoned our belief in the supernatural, it would not be only inanimate Nature, that would not be left to us: we should not give ourselves over, as is often rhetorically described, to the mercy of merciless powers—winds and waves, earthquakes, volcanoes, and fire. The God we should believe in would not be a passionless, utterly inhuman power. He would indeed be a God often neglecting us in our need, a God often deaf to our prayer. Nature, including Humanity, would be our God" (p. 69). So that the Deity which Natural Religion presents in the stead of "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," is reduced, as it would seem, in the last resort to no more than a pantheistic expression, the exact value of which is all that exists in the Universe: the all of forces, of beings, and of forms. Surely, the author is well warranted when in his penultimate page he writes: "When the supernatural does not come in to overwhelm the natural and turn life upside down, when it is admitted that religion deals, in the first instance, with the known and the natural, then we may well begin to doubt whether the known and natural can suffice for human life. No sooner do we try to think so than pessimism raises its head." So far as "Natural Religion" has any conclusion, it would seem to be this, and to me it appears to be a sound conclusion enough. Such, as I observed a few months* ago, in words which I may be allowed, perhaps, to quote here, as they exactly anticipate this conclusion, "such is the goal of 'modern thought;' the last turn in the movement which has destroyed everything, the reality of God, the reality of duty, the reality of man's personality, the morality of science;" and with these things the positive value of life.

W. S. LILLY.

Social Equality: a Short Study in a Missing Science. By W. H. MALLOCK. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

IT is pleasant to meet Mr. Mallock again on the ground of philosophical speculation, after his excursion into the somewhat dubious region of nineteenth century "Romance." His new book, moreover, has a new interest, for in it he breaks new ground. The problems touched upon by him in the "New Republic," in the light and desultory manner to which the plan of that extremely brilliant work lent itself, and subsequently discussed with more precision, and in the way of sustained argument in what we must account his very valuable essay, "Is Life Worth Living," were mainly ethical and religious. In his recently published volume he applies himself to a

* In an article, entitled "The Goal of Modern Thought," which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* of May last—a few weeks before the publication of this book.

political question, or perhaps, as we should rather say in the present degradation of the word "politics," to an economical question—to a question which lies at the root of the great controversy of the day, and which will certainly, at no very distant period, force itself in a very pronounced and unmistakable manner before the minds of men, demanding imperiously a practical solution. "We are living," as he truly observes, "at a moment of fierce political passions, and of social passions thinly disguised by politics, which on the surface connect themselves with many distinct questions, and do in their origin really depend on several. But let us study them where we will, in whatever country and whatever rank of life, and it is sufficiently plain that there is one idea behind all of them. It is an idea which, though it connects itself with national and constitutional movements, does this by the way only; and it rather hides than expresses itself in the local disputes it animates. Its main concern is with a question which, though far more complex in fact, yet appears to be far more simple; and which, partly in virtue of this appearance, appeals to the emotions with far greater directness. That question is the existing structure of society; or, to speak with more precision, its chief structural feature. I refer to its inequalities, partly to those of nominal rank and authority, but principally to those of private life and circumstances. Above are the few who, without manual labour, command, at will, the manual labour of the many. Below are the many whose labour is thus commanded, and who never themselves taste any of the choicer fruits of it. The consequence is that, though in the scale of classes there may at no point be any distinct break, yet life at one extreme and life at the other are practically two wholly different things. Such is the arrangement with which we are all at present familiar. It is common to every civilized country, and is implied more or less in the daily life of all of us. It is precisely on this arrangement that modern thought is fixing itself; and for the first time in history it is being offered to our practical judgment as an arrangement that can, and consequently must, be altered. Before our own epoch, the professed party of progress aimed only at equality in political rights, not at equality in the conditions of private life. The latter had no doubt been dreamed about by a few visionary philosophers; but so little was it contemplated by the common sense of men, that, amidst the wildest excesses of the first French Revolution, '*landed and other property*' was declared '*to be for ever sacred*.' That Revolution attacked the power, but not the riches, of the aristocracy; and it aimed at protecting, not at abolishing, property. Since then, however, the professed party of progress has put a new end before it, and though it still attacks power as it used to do, it does so with a further motive. Its real end now is social, not political, equality; and by social equality it means a very distinct thing—an equality in material circumstances" (p.8).

Such, as Mr. Mallock deems, is the aim of modern democracy. It is deliberately maintained, as he elsewhere expresses himself, that

the key to all social progress is some redistribution of property, and some violation of rights that have hitherto been held sacred. And if property is to be defended at all, it must be defended, he considers, on wider grounds and in a much deeper way than its former defenders have chosen. It must be shown, he argues, that an attack upon it would not injure the few only, but would equally bring ruin upon the many. And this, as he predicts, can be done only by an accurate and scientific demonstration of either or both of two distinct positions:—"One is, that however desirable it might be to equalize property, it would be impossible to do so for more than a single moment; that the equality of such a moment would be one of want, horror, and consternation, not of prosperity; and that the old inequalities would again arise out of it, only changed in having their harsher features exaggerated. The other is that, even supposing that permanent equality were not thus unattainable as a stable social condition, its establishment would be not to the interest of even the poorest classes: in other words, that the inequality now surrounding us is not an accidental defect which we must minimize as far as possible; but that it is, on the contrary, an efficient cause of civilization—that it is the cause of plenty, but not the cause of want; and that want would be increased, not cured, by its abolition" (p. 16).

These positions, or at least one of them, Mr. Mallock contends, the Conservative party are bound to establish, and that by a systematic appeal to fact, if they could place property in a new state of security. His object is to point out the limits and the exact order of the facts to which that appeal should be made. But before offering himself directly to this task he devotes two chapters to the principles of "the Pseudo-Science" of Modern Democracy. The first and foremost of these principles he finds to be that "the perfection of society involves social equality," a principle which he regards as common to democrats of all varieties, uniting "Mr. Chamberlain with Proudhon, and Mr. Bright with Louise Michel:" and which as he observes means, not that equality is in itself perfection—for equality in itself might be merely equality in destitution—but that inequality is essentially an evil and imperfection; that social inequality is identical with social wrong, that progress is essentially a constant approach towards equality. But the importance of this principle, our author considers, depends upon another, which is this: "Not only is inequality an imperfection in theory, but it is an imperfection remediable to such an extent in practice that the more marked forms of it, at all events, can be done entirely away with," by changes in social institutions; by new laws tending to produce equality, just as the old laws favoured inequality. And beneath these principles—the very basis and groundwork of them—lies the doctrine that the cause of wealth is labour. Thus the Gotha programme of the German Labour Party: "Labour is the source of all wealth and all culture; and as productive labour generally is only possible through society, hence the aggregate product of labour

belongs to all the members of society, each member having a right to an equal share, in accordance with his reasonable wants, and each sharing equally the universal duty of work" (p. 42).

Such is the doctrine about labour and wealth upon which the democratic theory rests, the theory that we can re-distribute the wealth of the world, and yet not diminish the amount of it. What, then, is the scientific value of this doctrine of wealth and labour? This, Mr. Mallock observes, is the point at which the democratic theory must be tested. Is labour the ultimate cause of wealth? He argues that labour is not the ultimate cause of wealth; and that, apart from other causes, it would be inadequate to produce it. The democratic doctrine with regard to wealth and labour, he observes, rests upon the proposition that "man is naturally a labouring animal;" that you may count upon him to labour as you may count upon him to eat; that his tendency to labour is an ultimate social fact upon which you may build the social edifice. But this doctrine Mr. Mallock pronounces to be fallacious. The unit of the democratic theory is not man as experience presents him to us, but an abstraction; not a living being, but an *individuum vagum*; not real, but notional. "The democrat," he observes, "starts with two contrasted figures"—lay figures or images—"the man who labours, and the man who does not labour;" and these he takes as types of the whole of human society. Hence there at once occurs to him the extremely obvious reflection that, since plainly nobody can live without labour of some sort, the man who does not labour is supported by the man who does; and further, that if the latter were to cease to support the former, the former immediately would begin to support himself. In the above simple image, and in these simple reflections on it, is to be traced the origin of the democratic doctrine of labour. Now, so far as they go, these reflections are true enough; but the point to be noticed is, that they go only a little way. The democrat's error lies in his failing to understand this. Consequently, he expands them beyond their proper limits, and transmutes them in so doing into a grotesque and preposterous falsehood. Let us consider for a moment how much we can really draw from them. In themselves they amount to this, that if no one else does any work for a man, he is certain, if he lives at all, to do some work for himself; and for the plain reason that he cannot live otherwise. Hence the democrat at once jumps to the generalization that man naturally, and unless artificial conditions hinder him, will always exert his faculties as a paid artisan does now. He will go on producing, no matter what, but something. This is what the democrat means when he says that labour is the cause of wealth, and when he conceives of man as naturally a labouring animal" (p. 66.)

Labour, then, Mr. Mallock argues, is not the cause of wealth; not the original and constant cause. It is only in a very limited sense that labour can be spoken of as natural to man, for man naturally will do no more labour than is necessary for a bare sub-

sistence. All action must have a motive. To supply the primary wants of human nature is a motive which will induce a man to do a certain modicum of labour: so much, that is, as may be necessary for that end. Whatever labour he does beyond this, he does only in virtue of certain variable circumstances, and until we know them we can say nothing about the labour. Apart from circumstances, man can have no motive, and apart from motive he has practically no faculties—for action whereby those faculties are put into play is the creature of motive. The cause, then, of wealth is in the motives of which labour is the outward index, and motive being the resultant of two things—a man's internal character and external circumstances—the cause of wealth is finally to be sought for in these. To connect it systematically with these is the object of the missing science which Mr. Mallock professes to unfold.

Motive, then, is the resultant of circumstances and character; but character divides into desires and capacities. In the capacities of men there is a variety, in their desires there is a variety; but these differences would be practically non-existent unless there were a variety also in the external circumstances which act upon their characters. "We speak of a man being born with great natural capacities; but before these capacities can have any effect upon the work he does, the man himself must take the trouble to develop them. Now, to do this is never an easy task, and it is open to the man to perform it thoroughly, partially, or not at all. A man's natural capacities are therefore the limit, not of how little he will be able to do, but of how much. They merely prevent him exceeding a certain limit; they do not in the least prevent his falling short of it. Within limits, then, his capacities practically are just as much as he has himself chosen to make them. Now, upon what does his choice in this matter depend? It depends on his desire to gain some external advantages; and this desire, in its turn, depends for its force to move him, on the fact that these advantages could be gained by his self-development, and gained more or less completely in proportion to its completeness; whilst without this self-development they could not be gained at all. Our set of propositions will accordingly stand as follows:—Men's capacities are practically unequal, simply because they develop their potential inequalities; they only develop their potential inequalities because they desire to place themselves in unequal external circumstances; and this desire has this effect on them only because the condition of society is such that the unequal circumstances are attainable.

"Thus, in the various motives that correspond to various labours, all the three elements which compose a motive are variable. That the two first are so, however, is a fact, as we have seen already, which in itself no one doubts; we may therefore presume, without re-stating it. All we want to insist on is that part of the proposition which at present we cannot presume—about which people at present do doubt, and which still has to be proved to them; and having now seen what that part is, we may state the doctrine

which I propose to prove in this form. Those personal inequalities, which are admitted on all hands to be involved in the difference between the motives of different labours, are themselves creatures of unequal external circumstances, and for practical purposes would have no existence without them. Inequality, therefore, in external circumstances, or social inequality, which is simply the same thing, is the ultimate cause, not indeed of the lowest form of labour, for we shall have that in any case, but of every form of it which rises above the lowest" (p. 98).

This proposition, then, as to inequality may be called the basis of "the missing science," which Mr. Mallock trusts he may be the means of initiating ; and the remainder of his volume is devoted to the proof of it by an appeal to and comparison with external facts. His "missing science" is the science of human nature, which, as he holds, sociologists, political economists, and democratic *doctrinaires*, occupied with abstractions and not with real men, have overlooked. Thus, even so thoughtful and scientific a writer as Mr. Spencer never reckons back from incorporated human nature to individual human nature, nor connects his generalization as to the one with corresponding generalization as to the other, and loses sight of the fact that, if there be a science of society, if there be a science of history, there must be a science of biography also, or a science, in other words, of the individual human unit. Now, the proposition that all productive labour that rises above the lowest is always motivated by the desire for social inequality, which Mr. Mallock propounds as the primary truth of this science of human character, is, as he puts it, a truth belonging to an inductive science, and embodies, as such, not opinions as to particulars, but knowledge as to permanent principle—knowledge which, indeed, cannot be applied to the present so strictly as to enable us to predict a man's future actions, but which will enable us, suppose a given action predicted, to state as a certainty that a certain cause must produce it. For the full development of his theory we must refer our readers to Mr. Mallock's own pages. We may, however, here ask them to note that he is speaking merely of *productive* labour ; with other forms of activity he is not concerned. There are actions—actions, too, which affect society generally—that are independent of the desire for inequality. But they are not very numerous. Mr. Mallock recognizes four classes of them only—artistic creation, scientific discovery, corporeal works of mercy, and the propagation of religion. And even in them, although the efficient motive is not *necessarily* connected with the desire for inequality, yet, except in the very highest type of the religious life and possibly of the philanthropic, the desire for inequality does, as a fact, usually exist, and is largely operative. Nor need the alliance between the artistic, scientific, philanthropic, or religious impulse have anything mean or degrading in it. Love of fame is a desire for inequality ; and if this be an "infirmity" (as from the highest point of view it must be, or admitted to be), still it is "the last infirmity of noble minds," and need be no slur either

on the artist or philosopher, if he be judged *ex humana die*. The question, however, is not of inequality in personal fame, but of social inequality, by which is usually meant inequality in the material endowments of life; and, as a matter of fact, artistic discovery is but a small part, and scientific discovery no part, of what is commonly understood by productive labour. The inequality desired by the artist and the man of science is an inequality in fame, that desired by the productive labourer is an inequality in riches. "The higher motive produces discoveries, but it does not produce inventions. It may lead to the understanding of economic laws, but it will never lead to the establishment of any special trade or manufacture. It may produce a great architect, but it will never produce a builder. The man who longs for truth unravels the laws of electricity, but it is the man who longs for a fortune who lights up Charing Cross Station with it" (p. 159).

The desire of wealth then, Mr. Mallock concludes, is the invariable motive of industrial endeavour. The discoverers, the inventors, the merchants, the manufacturers, whose lives have marked epochs in the history of material progress, have not only made wealth, but they have been made by it. If wealth had not been attainable, the genius of such men would have been wholly undeveloped. It would have been practically non-existent. Material progress is thus strictly connected with social inequality. And, is there any other desire in the human breast which is capable of supplying the place of this motive? The motive which in the judgment of some is to supersede the desire for inequality, is the desire for the welfare of the human race at large. It is general benevolence, as opposed to private selfishness. Let us therefore ask on what scientific foundation the opinion rests, that this new motive will really do the work of the old one? To ask the question is in itself to refute the opinion. Actions motivated by benevolence have been sufficiently marked in history to show us clearly enough their constant limits and purpose. This purpose has never been the creation of new forms of wealth; it has been simply the alleviation of the existing pains of poverty. Benevolence relieves those in want or sickness, it provides instruction and even amusement for those who would else be without them. It builds hospitals, schools, and almshouses, and it gives playgrounds to the people; but there its work ends. There is nothing inventive in it. It may prompt men to give a cup of cold water to the thirsty; but it will not lead them to manufacture a new liqueur. It may prompt them now to give a poor man some tobacco; but supposing tobacco unknown to Europe, it would not lead them to introduce it from America. Is it conceivable that benevolence, before the days of railways, could have made any one burn to send his fellows travelling from London to York at the rate of a mile a minute? Or had the most ardent philanthropist, before the days of telegraphs, been considering the lot of a happy family in the country, would the wish ever have occurred to him that he could add to its happiness by placing it in communication with every city in Europe? The

answer is plainly, no; and our certainty in the matter comes from our wide experience of what benevolence has accomplished hitherto. That experience is all we have to go upon; and any belief in the matter not supported by that, is nothing better than an idle piece of dreaming" (p. 212).

So much must suffice to convey an outline of the argument of this new book of Mr. Mallock's, which is as closely reasoned as it is brilliantly written. Particular passages of it attain to a very high degree of excellence, for example, the pages in which the author addresses himself to Mr. Herbert Spencer's objections to what that philosopher calls "The Great Man Theory." It is a long time since we have read anything so refreshing as this masterly specimen of destructive criticism. Our object, however, has been to bring out clearly Mr. Mallock's main position, with which we are happy to find ourselves in agreement, although we could wish, perhaps, that he had announced it with less pomp and circumstance. We live in an age, however, in which, unless you blow your own trumpet, you will not easily find any one to blow it for you. And Mr. Mallock seems to have grasped that fact. Still, to put forward his work as an exposition of "the science of human nature" is to claim for it a character to which it obviously possesses but meagre pretensions, and so to give the adversary occasion to blaspheme. The book is, in fact, an exposure of a popular fallacy; a refutation of an error which lies at the root of the speculations of a very influential school of *doctrinaires*, who, as the late Mr. Peacock used to say, have in the last half-century talked more nonsense probably than any other school. Judged of from this point of view, Mr. Mallock's work is excellently done, and the mistake which he luminously exhibits is, as he justly observes, no mere speculative blunder of theorists upon political economy. It doubtless underlies the whole democratic scheme as propounded by the sophists, whose ideas, embodied by the legislators of the first French Revolution, still supply the first principles of contemporary Jacobinism of all shades. As de Tocqueville remarks, the conception of the public order, common to all the French theorists, from Morelly downwards, was "*plus de hiérarchies dans la société, plus de classes marquées, plus de rangs fixes, un peuple composé d'individus presque semblables et entièrement égaux*"—a confused mass, as he justly adds, recognized as the only sovereign, and constituting a democratic despotism tending logically to socialism and chaos. But that not dull and impossible uniformity, but well ordered gradation, is the true conception of the political edifice, that unequal labour motivated by unequal rewards, is the law of civilized life, is no new discovery. It was the common creed of the world until the rise of the school of Revolutionary publicists in the last century. It may be seen stated clearly enough—like most other truths, political and moral—in the verse of Shakespeare:—

O when degree is shak'd
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
But by degree stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string
And hark! what discord follows.

Sanctuary-Boys' Illustrated Manual. By the Rev. JAMES A. MCCALLAN, S.S. Published with the approval of his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co. London: R. Washbourne. 1882.

THE special and striking feature of this Manual is its illustrations. There are diagrams showing how the server should present the biretta, how he should present incense, and how carry thurible or candlesticks. But the chief illustration is one that recurs constantly through these pages, and is a very clever idea. An outline drawing of an altar and *predella*, with surrounding *sedilia*, &c., is so constructed that type can be let into any point of the picture. Thus, for example, as the ceremonies of High Mass are explained, the position of the ministers is shown at every stage by this recurring illustration, in which at one time C (celebrant) appears in the middle, at another at the side of the altar, or again at the step of the *predella*, as the case may be. And the changes of the ministers are similarly shown by the varying positions of T (thurifer), A' (first acolyte), A" (second acolyte), M (master of ceremonies), and so on. It is clear that this very ingenious method of *showing* the changes in the positions of the priest and their attendants will make the reading of the accompanying rubrics attractive to boys, and rouse their interest in a correct ceremonial. How desirable a result this would be, need not be said. It would be a mere commonplace to remark how important to the dignity and impressiveness of the most solemn ritual is an intelligent and reverent service of the altar-boys. We anticipate, therefore, that this Manual will become a favourite with them, and that good results will follow from its perusal. Priests, too, in charge of large sacristies would find the book a great assistance to them in the task of instructing and drilling their young charge.

The author has had a long experience as Master of Ceremonies in the Cathedral of Baltimore, and is consequently—as the Archbishop remarks in his Letter of Approval—eminently qualified for his task. We have looked carefully through the directions for the server at Low Mass, and find them correct and clearly stated: the illustrations here are frequent, in the way already described. The author, properly enough, notes (p. 43) a mistake very common in the States (it is very common here too) of raising the chasuble during the genuflections before and after the two elevations. The chasuble should be held up only when the celebrant elevates the Sacred Species; the

object is to relieve the priest's shoulders of the drag of the vestment in raising his arms. It would have been useful to boys in many places in these countries if the remark had also been made that the server should not kiss the vestment either before or after so raising it. We may note also an excellent item of the chapter on serving Low Mass; the whole of the answers are given in accented Latin. Some general remarks prelude the special chapters, and will be found very useful: on the manner, for example, of presenting cruets or other things to the celebrant, general rules for processions, &c., and on the manner of incensing. This last, we observe, shows the author's accuracy; he inculcates not the method generally in use, even amongst the clergy, but the correct method, we feel sure, and the method of approved use in Rome.

Finally, chapters on The Asperges, on High Mass, Absolution for the Dead, Vespers, Benediction, Masses during Exposition and in presence of a Bishop, &c., complete a book that we anticipate will take its permanent place in every large sacristy. The author promises an explanation of the Ceremonies of Holy Week in an Appendix or supplementary volume, if this, his first effort, should meet with sufficient approval. We think it ought, and we trust it will.

Henri Dominique Lacordaire. A Biographical Sketch. By H. L. SIDNEY LEAR. London: Rivingtons. 1882.

THOSE who have read the author's former lives of eminent Catholics for Anglican reading—the lives of Bossuet, Fénelon, Madame Louise of France, Père Besson, St. Francis of Sales, and others—will know exactly what to look for in this biography of the great French Dominican. There is here the same smooth, polished English style; the same unchanging, almost Catholic, tone when we pass from more indifferent details to incidents peculiarly Catholic. High Anglicans are now plentifully provided with this class of literature, and can read the lives of self-sacrifice and zeal that are so plentiful in the “Roman branch of the Church Catholic,” without being unsettled or disturbed by the revelation in them of that ardent love and attachment to the Holy See, or that obedience to authority which was in such lives as are here spoken of the secret and measure of their holiness and success. We have read “Henri Dominique Lacordaire” with pleasure, and yet must confess that our previous acquaintance with Père Chocarne’s “Vie Intime” spoils our appetite for it. And we fancy that those Catholic readers will share this feeling with us who only know the English translation [“Inner Life of Père Lacordaire,” London: Washbourne], the style of which, though excellent, is inferior to Mr. Lear even when he only translates, as he frequently does. The story of the fervent, mortified religious priest is best told in the warm pious narrative of a brother priest and religious. Yet Mr. Lear’s biographical sketch is faithful and full, and has so much of Catholic tone that it scarcely gives

internal evidence of its source. "I have aimed," the author says, "at producing as true and vivid a portrait of Lacordaire as lay in my power," and we think he has been signally successful. Readers who want a shorter biography than the "*Vie Intime*," will find this agreeable reading.

The Life and Times of the Most Reverend John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam. By the Rev. ULICK J. CANON BOURKE, P.P., M.R.I.A.
Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.

THE first of a series of shilling volumes, the little book before us professes to be no more than a miniature portrait of the late Archbishop of Tuam. The writer was a priest in his diocese, who for twenty-one years was "in close relations with him and who knew his very thoughts;" moreover, he had by reliable tradition a peculiarly interesting knowledge of the scenes of the Archbishop's early life, at a period which has now vanished from experience and become matter of history. In 1798, when the unprotected people of Killala fled before the approach of the French, John MacHale, then a boy of nine, spent at least a day and a night among the mountains, where the mother of the present biographer was also one of the refugees. Afterwards the boy saw the French troops marching through Windy Gap towards Castlebar; and he was present at the funeral of Father Conry, who was hanged from a tree at Castlebar because of his courteous reception of the foreign officers, and because the invaders without his knowledge or leave bivouacked in the thatched house that served as a chapel. The mourning of the people and the horror inspired by Father Conry's execution, made upon the boy an impression never forgotten; it was his first lesson in the long story of harshness and cruelty, the rest of which he was to learn by the vivid teaching of popular tradition. To the end of his ninety-two years he was to be an earnest advocate in the cause of Ireland, but "he had a horror for revolutions, French or Irish." In the history of Ireland in our own times, his venerable figure owes its splendid place to the facts that, in his sacerdotal character, he realized the highest type of the Irish bishop, the father of a people whom he intimately knew; that at the same time he was a patriotic watcher over his native land, the reviver of its language, and the guardian of its highest interest during the long period when the penal laws were indeed withdrawn, but when the priesthood was suffering from such dangers of reaction as the plan of government subsidy, and when the work of restoring education and building churches were dreams of the future or slow struggles of the present; and lastly, as the devoted bishop and patriot, his years were prolonged far beyond the ordinary span of life to an age that gave him a kind of patriarchal authority. To see by contrast the advantages the Catholics of Ireland have at last achieved for their country, we may take the remarks upon the period of the birth and baptism of John of Tuam in his father's house at Tuber-na-Fian:—

In those days Catholic clergymen had no churches wherein to celebrate the sacred mysteries, to administer the sacraments, to baptize, much less to have such a thing as a registry. With the advent of peace, with the withdrawal of the murky clouds of penal punishments, those useful church accessories have come to light. In the year 1790 or 1791, and of course before that time, the local clergy blessed the marriage and administered baptism in the houses of the people, and on Sundays celebrated Mass on the hill-side, under the shadow of a projecting cliff, or in the dry bed of some meandering stream. Of the generation of Irishmen still living, many have witnessed liturgical and devotional administrations such as those, performed by the people's clergy. The present writer, when a boy of ten years, was present at a Mass celebrated at the gable end of a house, the people kneeling uncovered in the open air; and eighteen years later, when a priest, he offered at Headford, in the county Galway, the Holy Sacrifice in the open market square of that little town.

John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, lived to be the senior of all the prelates of the Church, and to govern longest of all Irish prelates since the days of St. Patrick. He witnessed Catholic Emancipation, the campaign of Father Mathew, the long struggle for Catholic education, the disestablishment of the State Church, the Varican Council, the grant at last for the Irish Catholic University. Every one of these events suggests a centre of peculiar interest; and during his long and eventful life he had directly or indirectly his share in them all. It is well for such a life to be kept in sight at a time like the present, when those who have Ireland's welfare at heart must desire to see preserved the intimate union between her priesthood and her people. The character of the faithful pastor and the ardent patriot are fused into one conspicuous figure in John MacHale; his life ought to strengthen the devotion of the people to their guides and pastors in these perilous days, for it tells the old, old story—that he who loves best the interests of God will have thereby only the more room in his heart for the true interests of his country.

National Pictures from the Spanish of Fernan Caballero. By the Author of "Tasso's Enchanted Ground." London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

THIS bright-looking little volume is not to be mistaken for a book for children's reading. It is fiction for mature minds, and fiction the very best of its kind. The stories of Fernan Caballero are popular all over Spain; they are more than light, imaginative romance; they are, in a very simple and graceful form, the embodiment of the spirit, the manners, the half quaint, half devotional stories, the conversation all pointed with proverbs; the dwellings, surroundings, and family histories of the Spanish people. In the four short tales in this volume, we can only get glimpses of all these things; but, like all work of the same writer, they are veritable "Spanish Pictures." No Spanish novelist has a greater fame than the author of these unpretending tales. Though with less genius,

Fernan Caballero has in Spain the position won by George Sand in France, and George Eliot in England; but her grand distinction is that, herself a devoted Catholic, she gives us pictures of a Catholic people whose life is deeply imbued with their religious spirit. The real name of the writer was Doña Cécilia Böhl de Faber, of German extraction on her father's side, but by her mother descended from a noble Spanish family. She was born in 1797, and died at Seville in 1877. She was three times married, and was to the end as remarkable for her Catholicism as for her genius; while her social position was as brilliant as the fame she won in Spanish literature.

Reminiscences, chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement. By the Rev. T. MOZLEY, M.A. In Two Vols. London. Longmans. 1882.

AT the age of seventy-six, with only a small remainder of his eyesight, Mr. Mozley sends forth to the world what he can remember of the famous men he has known and the remarkable events in which he has had some share. He went into residence at Oriel College, Oxford, after Easter, 1825. He took part in most of the writing, discussing, translating, and preaching, of which Oxford was the head-quarters from 1835 to 1843. After that he became a leader-writer on the staff of the *Times*; he acted also as Roman correspondent of that paper during the greater part of the time of the Council of the Vatican. The two volumes before us are full of interest and amusement, but they add very little indeed to what was known before of the men concerned in the Tractarian movement. In one or two points the writer has, we think, overstepped the limits of courtesy and good taste with no other purpose than that of pointing a story. There was some utility in bringing out Wheateley's self-sufficient rationalism, but what was the use of recalling his greediness? There is also a suspicion of padding; for a sample of which the reader is referred to the chapter on Keble, in vol. i., and especially to pages 222 and 223.

Looking through the book we may note one or two matters of interest. We are glad to see that Mr. Mozley calls by its right name the conduct of the late Bishop S. Wilberforce in the case of Dr. Hampden's Bampton Lectures:—

Samuel Wilberforce, divided, distracted, and beset, after signing a futile episcopal remonstrance against the appointment (to the See of Hereford), allowed himself to be drawn into the difficult path of persuasion pointed with menace, and negotiation concurrent with hostile acts. Acquiescing in legal proceedings, he besought Hampden to give him an easy victory by explaining away his lectures. . . . Hampden did nothing; and was unassailable. As peace there must be on the one side he would not submit, others must. S. Wilberforce took the lectures seriously; at least, as he had never done before. It was an apology to Hampden for all he had him-
self of ignorance (pp. 375-6).

II. [*Third Series.*]

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Another apology reached Bishop Hampden, much to his surprise, many years after he had laid aside the lance and shield, and was vegetating peacefully in his pastoral seclusion on the banks of the Wye. This was a letter from Mr. Gladstone, who had taken a part in condemning the lectures, but who now begged pardon for doing so, confessing that he had not understood them, and could not understand them even then! This letter, discreetly kept concealed by the Bishop, was unfortunately published in the innocence of her heart by his biographer.

Mr. Mozley, as far as we observe, only once refers to the name of Pusey, although the celebrated Anglican leader who died the 16th of last month was an Oriel man. "I heard Pusey's great sermon on Hebrews vi. 4, 5, 6 (on Sin after Baptism). It was at Christ Church, and every corner of the church was filled. One might have heard a pin drop, as they say. Every word told. The keynote was the word 'irreparable,' pronounced every now and then with the force of a judgment" (p. 146). The pages are crowded with the names and doings of personages whom few can now remember, and fewer still can take an interest in. Surely Mr. Mozley might be expected to have some "reminiscences" of a man who was all but the greatest among those to whom his book refers.

As for the name of Newman, it fairly pervades the two volumes. We find one or two interesting traits of one in regard to whom every additional detail must possess interest. "It never was possible to be even a quarter of an hour in his company without a man feeling himself to be invited to take an onward step sufficient to tax his energy or his faith; and Newman was sure to find out in due time whether the step had been taken" (p. 39). But, although we are told of his early life, of his Oxford beginnings, of his relations with his pupils and with his famous contemporaries, of his taste for music and his love of flowers, of his books, his tracts, and his sermons, it need hardly be said that no important revelation is made, and that this work will not materially modify the estimate already formed of Cardinal Newman by those who have followed his career. As to what the author's own religious opinions are, he gives us the idea of a man who has "gone into" ecclesiastical matters in early life with the zeal of Sir James Brook himself, and like that gentleman settled down in his maturity to a perfectly commonplace contentment with things as they are.

An Argument for the Divinity of Jesus Christ. Translated from "*Le Christianisme et les temps présents,*" of the Abbé Em. Bougaud. By C. L. CURRIE. London: John Murray, 1882.

IN this most useful volume, which is a fragment of a much larger work not yet completed, Abbé Bougaud draws out the "character" of Our Lord Jesus Christ as he finds it in the Gospels, and points out the conclusions to which this exposition inevitably leads—that Jesus of Nazareth is God. Theological students are familiar with the argument as it stands in text-books; but for the

general reader it had to be put into the modern dress of a living language, and M. Bougaud has done this in the most skilful way. His style is a French style of the best kind—clear, flowing, fervent, and eloquent, yet without verbiage or mere sentiment. It is true, the interrogatory form of argument is a little too frequent. “Could He, the wisest, best?” &c., “How can we?” &c. But this is a very slight drawback to as fine an example of “apologetic” reasoning as we shall readily meet with in recent literature. The book, which is about 160 pages long, is divided into ten chapters. The writer discusses Our Lord’s Miracles, His perfect Holiness, His assertion of His Divinity, His claim to Worship, His prophecy of persecution for Himself and His followers, and the transformation of the world by His doctrines; and he concludes that history is inexplicable and human faith impossible unless we believe in His Divinity. There is hardly a page of the work which is not useful and admirable. It is written for Agnostics; it uses proofs which depend for their strength on testimony, common sense, and human nature. But it will be found an excellent and complete manual to be placed in the hands of those Catholics who wish to study in a popular treatise the proofs of Our Lord’s Divinity, and of those very numerous Protestants who have only the vaguest notions as to Who or what He is. The translation is really good and idiomatic, and carries the reader smoothly on; and the whole external presentment of the volume is worthy of Mr. Murray, who, we are glad to see, has brought it out in its English dress.

Essays on Various Subjects, chiefly Roman. By MONSIGNOR SETON, D.D. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.

“PROSE and Poetry of Ancient Music,” “Italian Commerce in the Middle Ages,” “Scanberbeg,” “Vittoria Colonna,” “The Jews in Rome,” “Early Persecutions of the Christians,” “The First Jubilee,” “The Charities of Rome,” “The Apostolic Mission to Chili,” “The Palatine Prelates of Rome,” “The Cardinalate,” “Papal Elections:”—this enumeration of the essays contained in this volume will show how various are the topics treated. Most of them, however, have reference to, if not actual connection with, Rome, and this gives them their charm; they have that peculiar air and colouring that can only come from the familiarity of experience. Mgr. Seton resided, he tells us, for many years in Rome: he quotes Horace’s

Romæ nutriri mihi contigit atque doceri;

and he has learned to love the venerable city, and has from long studies become imbued with its history and archæology. Every road leads to Rome, and, he adds, “we may say that every subject, whether of literature, art, or science, has some connection with Rome.” During his long residence in the eternal city, he says, he kept a commonplace book, and the present essays are “based on notes taken at the time.” This is just their charm and just their defect. Their defect; for the

joining of the notes together in an encasement of text is a little too glaringly mosaic; the reading, consequently, is not quite smooth; facts and references are strung together, much as they were noted at the time, instead of being digested, re-ordered, and clothed with some charms of style. Yet the book is very readable, and would not at all deserve the epithet which the author gives to the speech of a certain senator, of having been made by "eviscerating encyclopædias." There is a charm about it that could not be distilled from encyclopædias or any book whatever, and that could come only of familiarity with the men and scenes described. The book has an attraction, too, from being studded with bits of information, that can scarcely have been picked up except at first hand, on curious points of local histories, details of the by-paths of literature, and the like.

The first six essays are more general in their character, but Italian if not Roman; those on Italian commerce, on the Jews in Rome, and on the early persecutions, being particularly interesting and very instructive. The last six are more especially Roman, and containing an amount of unusual information on Ecclesiastical matters—especially the three on "The Palatine Prelates," "The Cardinals," and "Papal Elections"—that we feel sure will be specially interesting to many of the clergy. We will only add that pages teeming as these do with fact and incident ought to have been supplied with a good index.

Poems. Original and Translated. By H. I. D. RYDER, of the Oratory. Dublin: Gill & Son.

THESE little poems have been jotted down at different periods within the last twenty-five years. Fr. Ryder, we presume, would hardly advance a serious claim to be considered a poet; but, as far as we can judge, he has found verse an elegant recreation from severer studies, and a vehicle for graceful or devotional outpourings to his friends and disciples. The poems are of rather unequal merit; this is inevitable from the long period over which their composition has extended; they are chiefly weakened by the occasional insertion of very prosaic phrases and commonplace sentiments. But some of the pieces are of great beauty, and here and there a verse sparkles with true poetic diction. We shall not be surprised to hear that the two poems, "A Legend from Rodriguez" and "Two Children Breakfast with the Child Jesus," are great favourites with all readers. As an example of the author's facile flow of diction take this verse from the first-named poem. A gay youth in the well-known story hears the enchanting singing of a poor leper in the last stages of decay. The song has ceased:—

The weeping youth upon the ground
Bends low his humbled head,
Till in the air the last sweet sound
Has into silence fled;
He knows that angels stand around
That dying leper's bed.

We cannot refrain from quoting the concluding lines of the second mentioned poem. The author seems so admirably to have caught the innocent spirit of the mediæval legend :—

The children come with hands and faces washed,
And tunics white, while Bernard says the Mass
At the old altar of the Virgin's shrine.
Serving, they often turn their prayerful eyes,
And fix them on their sometime little guest,
Lest in his mother's arms He might forget.
They thought the Child Divine, with friendly nod,
Bid them prepare, whilst Bernard's soul is rapt
In breathless joy above the starry heavens.
The "Ite Missa est" is hardly said,
Lo! gentle sleep upon the three come down
And by a painless death their souls, released,
Fly to the nuptials where the Lamb Divine
Forever is the Table, Feast, and Host!

One of the most happy ideas in the book is the "Novena of Sonnets" in honour of S. Philip Neri. The poems are sure to be welcomed and cherished wherever the author is known, and his own personal claims will not fail to throw a charm over a little production so simple and so graceful.

The Parthenon Frieze, and other Essays. By THOMAS DAVIDSON.
London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882.

IT would, we imagine, interest few readers to peruse any lengthy criticism of this volume, of which 130 pages are devoted to demolishing the accepted and establishing a new interpretation of the figures on the Parthenon Frieze. *Cui bono?* all but a few scholars will doubtless exclaim. And this is done with animation, zeal, and much display of scholarship, but, above all, with as profound earnestness as if the *minutiae* were the seeds of knowledge, and the mysterious figures held, Sphinx-like, some secret which it much behoved the world to learn. Vehemently does Mr. Davidson first prove that the Frieze has no connection with either peplos-procession or sacrificial-procession of the Panathênaia, and next establish his own view, that it represents a sacrificial-procession which never took place—that is to say, a procession that was to have been part of a convention of various Greek nations, whom Perikles invited to Athens, as related in the seventeenth chapter of his "Life," by Plutarch, and which—thanks to jealous and narrow-minded Sparta—"never took place." The double procession and double group of gods manifestly on the Frieze are thus very ingeniously shown to be the Ionic and Doric, or, what is the same, the Athenian and Spartan. Perikles' Frieze was prepared beforehand by a too-confident potentate to celebrate an event which was never realized; just as was the triumphal column by Napoleon I. at Boulogne to commemorate his conquest of England. We have not looked into the other two essays, which are on cognate topics. The fourth and last essay is an attempt to give "a more

rational interpretation" of the "Oidipous Tyrannos"—to use the author's spelling—than is current among scholars. This also is very ingeniously and cleverly done—with what *vraisemblance* we scarcely like to judge after only a cursory perusal; but our impression is that it is not altogether satisfactory. The characters of the famous old play are, it is attempted to show, *very* ordinary men and women. Oidipous is a "weak, sentimental, well-meaning despot;" the Queen, "a prosaic, strong-minded, robust woman;" and Kreón is "a Jesuitical churchwarden." Mr. Davidson is an American, and may be forgiven this and other startling freedoms of speech.

It concerns us comparatively little that he should rob a Greek play of adventitious charms; it concerns us much that, being a Rationalist, he should rob Christianity of a Divine completeness, as he does towards the end of his book.

Historically considered, the *Oidipous* sets vividly before us a most interesting bygone phase of human consciousness, one of those gigantic aberrations which the natural tendency to objectify mere subjective postulates, and clothe them in institutions, from time to time produces. From this fatalistic aberration men were in some measure freed by Christianity, which taught freedom by the grace of God; yet, inasmuch as it left God paternally capricious, the task of entirely breaking with fatalism and asserting man's unconditional moral freedom was left for modern rationalism. The poet of simple fatalism is Sophokles; the poet of the Christian, predestinarian modification of the same, is Shakespeare; the poet of true freedom, absolutely refusing obedience to fancies or abstractions, has not yet appeared.

And, we may add, it might be worth while to postpone the advent of this hope of Rationalism until men, whose abilities and training well enable them to do so, shall have studied the spirit and letter of Christianity with the earnestness and thoroughness they bring to the study of every other form of religion and philosophy. Students, however, will read Mr. Davidson's essays with great interest for their scholarship and independent criticism.

The Altus of St. Columba. Edited, with a prose Paraphrase and Notes, by JOHN, Marquess of BUTE, K.T. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1882.

THAT the great Irish Saint and Apostle of Scotland wrote sacred verse is stated by most of his biographers, including Dr. Reeves and Montalembert. Lord Bute has no hesitation in accepting the very curious "prose," here reprinted, as the genuine work of St. Columba. The reader will be inclined to think that few students of early Scottish hagiology have as good a right to be heard on the subject. The poem itself is a series of rough dimeters, sometimes trochaic, generally iambic, sometimes full and sometimes catalectic, written by accent, without any attention to strict prosody, and rhymed throughout. It contains twenty-three *capitula*, all of twelve lines each, except one, which has fourteen; and it is *abecedarian*, running through all the letters of the alphabet, thus reminding us of the *A solis ortus cardine* of another Irishman,

Sedulius. But it has no pretensions to the finish and delicacy of the hymn from which the Church has borrowed her Christmas Lauds. Some of its want of polish is perhaps owing to the corruptions of copyists. The versification is rude, the construction is irregular, and even the inflection of words frequently violates the rules of Latin grammar. But there is real poetry in it for all that. Here is a favourable specimen of the poem :—

Regis regum rectissimi
Prope est dies Domini,
Dies iræ et vindictæ
Tenebrarum et nebulæ,
Diesque mirabilium
Tonitruorum fortium, &c. (p. 32).

Its subject is the Being of God, the Creation, Paradise, Hell, Judgment, &c. As Lord Bute observes, the poem shows “a certain proclivity to the terrible,” which recalls the notable austerity in the character of St. Columba. The editor’s work is ample and admirable. The prose translation successfully grapples with the stupendous difficulties of the text. In his Commentary and Notes, Lord Bute, among other things, has compared the poem with the texts of Scripture to which it refers. This Commentary will be considered the most valuable part of the work before us. The easy marshalling of so much reading and such wide erudition makes it a distinct acquisition to Catholic hymnology. We only wish he had given us a little more of the history of the poem, and had referred to the circumstances of its composition.

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1. *The Organization of the Early Christian Church.* Eight Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford in the year 1880, on the Foundation of the Rev. John Bampton. By EDWIN HATCH, M.A., Vicar Principal of St. Edmund’s Hall, &c. London : Rivingtons. 1881.
 2. *The Beginnings of the Christian Church.* By W. H. SIMCOX, M.A., late Fellow of Queen’s College, Oxford, &c. Rivingtons. 1881.

A CATHOLIC reader will naturally sympathize with the object of Mr. Simcox’s book. He writes as an orthodox High Churchman, and on the whole there is very little to be found in his treatise which is inconsistent with Catholic doctrine. Unfortunately, we are obliged to add the opinion that he has written very little that is worth reading. He has brought no new light to bear on his subject : his quotations and his facts have been made and stated over and over again, and he shows no sign of wide reading either in ancient literature or modern criticism. There is indeed a wearisome straining after novelty and paradox in his book, but his conjectures and suggestions are for the most part singularly infelicitous. Even when he does enter on fresh and interesting ground, as when he compares the General Intercession in the

portion of St. Clement's Epistle, recently discovered, with the Liturgy of St. Mark, and the modern Jewish Prayer-book, his treatment is so slight and flimsy that it has no real value. Mr. Simcox gives no proof of his assertion that the lections from the Prophets regularly occurred in the Roman Liturgy and are "dropped" to make room for the Epistles. No doubt the regular occurrence of a lection from the Old Testament formed a regular feature in the old Gallican and Spanish liturgies. But a high authority (Mr. Hammond, "Ancient Liturgies," p. lxxiii.) enumerates this among the traces of "Oriental Affinities," which these rites exhibit. "At Rome and its neighbourhood," writes Le Brun (*Explication de la Messe*, tom. iii. p. 35), "and in Africa, it was usual to have only one lection—viz., from St. Paul, which lection was called therefore the Epistle or the Apostle; then they chanted a Psalm, followed by the Gospel;" and he quotes St. Augustine: "We have heard the first lection of the Apostle. . . . Then we sang a Psalm. . . . After this (came) the reading of the Gospel" (*de Verbis Apost. Serm. 176 al. 10*). This is really proof conclusive, for it is admitted on all hands and has been proved over and over again (*e.g.*, by Mone, *Griechische und lateinische Messen*) that the African and Roman liturgies were closely allied. Nor can it be pretended that the Old Testament lection had been omitted before St. Augustine's time in the Roman Liturgy, for absolutely the first authentic information which we have about the Roman Mass (*i.e.*, about the Latin Liturgy of the Roman Church) is in the letter of Pope Innocent to Decentius, in the year 416. Besides, before Mr. Simcox writes about the Roman Liturgy, it would be well for him to consult that very accessible book, "The Roman Missal." If he will turn to the Masses for the Vigil of Pentecost, Ember Saturday in Pentecost week, Ember Saturday in September, all of which contain both Old Testament lections and Epistles (on the Vigil of Pentecost the New Testament lection is from the Acts), he will see the gratuitous absurdity of his allegation that in the Roman Mass the Old Testament lections "have been dropped on all other days" (other, *e.g.*, than Holy Saturday) "except a few, when the Epistles have been dropped to make room for them." This sentence includes three separate blunders, but we content ourselves with noting two of them. We have one more remark to make on Mr. Simcox's book. His style is dull, and is not made less dull by the constant recurrence of feeble epigrams. But it is better to enliven, or try to enliven, a dull style by epigram than by vulgarity. This latter, however, is a favourite expedient with Mr. Simcox, whose manner is singularly out of keeping with his subject and with the audience of educated gentlemen to whom his lectures were addressed. And surely it is much worse than mere vulgarity to describe the Holy Communion as a "dessert" after the Lord's Supper. No apology or half apology can excuse such a miserable instance of bad taste and profanity. It is needless to say that the comparison is as nonsensical as it is revolting.

Mr. Hatch is a writer of very different calibre. He is far further removed from all sympathy with Catholic doctrine, for his book is

nothing less than an attempt to prove that the priesthood, nay, all distinction between clergy and laity, the unity of the Church, belief in her infallibility, are of merely human origin. His arguments would have to be met in a treatise and not in a brief notice like the present. We will only point out in passing that the author of the Acts of the Apostles attributes the institution of ἐπισκοποι (the meaning of the word does not matter here) and their authority in the Church, not to the will of the people, but to the Holy Ghost. Nor did the unity of the Church come from general councils. The unity of the Church and the "charisma Veritatis," which belongs to Bishops, was insisted on, long before a general council was possible, by St. Irenæus and St. Cyprian. It was that belief in the Church's unity and authority which led to the Convocation of Councils, not *vice versâ*. But we gladly acknowledge that Mr. Hatch has written a book intensely interesting, and full of learning and of information which will be welcome to every scholar. The number of references to modern authorities on the one hand, to the inscriptions and codes of Roman law on the other, would serve of themselves to make his work a valuable one. And his genuine sympathy with the moral character of Christianity now and again raises a style, which never lacks clearness or force, into genuine eloquence.

History of the Egyptian Religion. By Dr. C. P. TIELE. Translated from the Dutch, with the co-operation of the author, by JAMES BALLINGAL. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

THIS volume, which is complete in itself, is the English translation of the first portion of the author's larger work, "Comparative History of the Egyptian and Mesopotamian Religions." And, should the volume find a favourable reception from English readers, the second portion will succeed it, in which Dr. Tiele deals with the Babylonian-Assyrian religion and the religions of Phœnicia and Israel.

And, although the book does not pretend to be an exhaustive history of Egyptian religion, but only a view of it from the point of comparative religious history, yet it is a complete and sufficiently full survey of the subject. And for its conciseness, clear style, and the well-known ability of the author we should recommend it as just the book for students who wish for reliable and methodical information in moderate compass. The volume is an octavo, of only 230 pages. There are two excellent chapters, which we may call prefatory; one on the ethnography of the Nile Valley, and the other an account of the "sources" for the study of Egyptian religion. Then, in six chapters, the author traces the account of the religion of Egypt at various epochs of its history. These are too full of details, forming together a compact and coherent story, to admit of such extracts as would be acceptable.

In his last chapter Dr. Tiele treats of the "Character and Moral Results of Egyptian Religion." And as to its character, he deals with

the well-known difficulty of reconciling the two classes of apparently antagonistic phenomena that are so abundant in Egyptian records: the evidences of knowledge of the spiritual nature of the Deity combined with sensuous representations of the various gods; and a knowledge of the Oneness of God conjoined with the greatest variety and number of Divine persons. He rejects the explanation offered by the hypothesis of an esoteric and exoteric theology. The explanation which he proffers is very ingenious, and deserves to be read:—"The cause of the phenomena to be explained lies in the symbolic-mystical tendency of the Egyptian religion, which is a development from the mythological principle." That is to say, the Egyptian people, as would appear from their history, soon passed from the hunter or shepherd life (the period of a people's myth-formations) to the settled agricultural condition, when the myths become symbols. Or, in still other words, their epic period was of brief duration. To this is to be added, that the Egyptian, like the other nations most akin to him, had "a certain hesitation about representing the Deity in human form;" whence it came that even a non-human representation, monstrous to our minds, was deemed more reverent. Symbols of the Deity were multiplied, to convey new thoughts of his nature or works. Thus we Christians are, on the one hand, not quite satisfied with human representations of the Heavenly Father, however artistic; and, on the other, are not offended by emblematic figures of, *e.g.*, an eye, for the omniscience of God, nor of a dove, for the operation of the Holy Spirit. There was this monotheism in polytheism in the Egypt of old, because, to the Egyptian mind, that "God is One" was bound up with the truth that His manifestations are numberless. The learned Dr. Tiele adds, regarded the divine persons of the Pantheon only in the light of manifestations, or revelations of the One God; while, as he admits, the people held a multiplicity of gods. Apparently, however, he claims for these uninstructed people that they—indistinctly, at least—understood that the gods symbolized something higher than themselves; "that a deep sense lay hidden behind them." Finally, as to the morality of the Egyptian religion, Dr. Tiele does not agree with those who think that the pure morality there is evidence of was independent of religion. The moral maxims of that religion were very beautiful; but, he says, they never rose to the rank of principles.

It only remains to remark that the translator's share in this volume deserves the highest praise. The book may be read, from first chapter to last, without any suspicion of translation from another idiom being raised. We may repeat, therefore, our very favourable opinion of this volume, as an excellent *résumé*, by a competent scholar, of most recent opinion on the subject of Egyptian religion. We do not trouble to say that the notion of the growth of religions is here implied, as in most scientific works of the day. When we find a book of high standing in science acknowledging the fall of man from God's revelation of Himself into the vagaries of heathen systems, rather than his pretended rise through dim shadowings,

myths, and vagaries to saner and purer creeds, we shall note it with rejoicing.

Protestantism and the Church. Lectures delivered in St. Ann's Church on the Sundays of Advent, 1881. By the Right Rev. Monsignor T. S. PRESTON, V.G., LL.D. New York: Coddington.

THE great controversial battle-ground at the present day is without question the Church. The old topics which so keenly roused our fathers, the Bible, the Rule of Faith, the Inquisition, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the rest, have ceased to interest the present generation, in spite of Dr. Littledale's effort to galvanize them into life. It was doubtless these considerations that moved Monsignor Preston to publish four excellent little lectures on the "Catholic Teaching and the Protestant Theories on the Church."

That Christ came upon earth and established a divinely organized body to carry on His work to the end of time is a doctrine admitted by the Ritualists, High Church, and Anglican party generally. It has always puzzled us to understand how the Anglicans persuade themselves that an institution, so manifestly the work of a Divine author, can ever fail or fall into error. We believe, however, that it is the fashion now to contend for what is termed the "branch" theory—that there are three great communions, the Roman, the Anglican, and the Greek, all, as it were, branches or offshoots from the Church of Christ. Monsignor Preston has devoted a considerable portion of Lecture Three to this question, and he exposes most forcibly the absurdity of this branch theory of the Anglicans. We will venture to give a short extract from this part of the work:—

In the beginning there was one family, one Church. . . . After a time this Church, like a very unchristian family, was broken into parts. . . . It broke into parts quite early, and then its voice was hushed. It had the good fortune to keep together until six general councils were held, and the great rent took place, and it never spoke again except by a queer kind of *documentary* voice. . . . But these parts are all *one* Church. They condemn each other and call each other *Antichrist*. Still they are *one*. They are all wrong because they do not agree; and they are all right because they belong to the same family. They profess creeds which contradict each other, but these creeds are of no consequence. . . . There is a singular heading to this broken and breaking Church. All the Bishops throughout the world are the *Vicar of Christ*. There are more heads than there are parts, and every head has a mouth; but we must get all these mouths together, and make them speak the same thing, and then, thank God, we have the truth (Lecture iii. p. 248).

Equally admirable is the parallel he institutes between the Donatists and the Anglicans; and he pushes home the unmistakable utterances of St. Augustine. On the whole, then, we have found Lecture Three the most instructive and interesting in the volume. One great charm about the lectures which will not fail to commend itself is the author's gift of strikingly clear and lucid style. Every sentiment is expressed with that directness which carries the reader

on in spite of himself. We suspect that this very easy reading implies some very hard writing. In a controversial work, however, such a quality is nearly the most desirable of all. The author's selection of quotations from the Fathers and controversial writers is also most happy; the translations have all the ease of an English idiom. One might make merry, if mirth were not out of place, over the extraordinary utterances of Luther, quoted from p. 90, onwards. If ever man answered to Thiers' happy epithet, *fou furieux*, it was surely Luther. We have no hesitation in recommending the work as a valuable contribution to latter day controversy.

The Future of Islam. By WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT. London : Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

MR. BLUNT has the courage of his convictions; and this volume, written last year, has been supplemented by the notorious article in the September *Nineteenth Century*. In this last he has boldly acknowledged himself "in violent sympathy with the enemy," and speaks of his "love, respect, and sympathy for Arabi and his rebels; patriots fighting for freedom." The present volume declares that the Ottoman Empire is to fall, and Constantinople with it. Islam will lose power in Europe and Western Asia, and our grandchildren may live to see the "revenge of history" in the Ottoman Turk, having been absorbed by Russia, ceasing to be Mahomedan. But the future of Islam—and the triumph is not now to be by temporal but by spiritual arms—lies in Eastern and Southern Asia; while as to Africa, "Islam and not Christianity will be the form under which God will eventually be worshipped in the Tropics." England has a great future before her in this connection—Constantinople having fallen, she is to become the political head of Islam. But we need trouble ourselves little about Mr. Blunt's political predictions; and we need say nothing of his religious sentiments on so grave a matter. We end, then, with one extract; the *animus* is too salient, and comment need not be expressed. The italics are our own:—

Christendom has pretty well abandoned her hopeless task of converting Islam, as Islam has abandoned hers of conquering Europe; and it is surely time that moral sympathy should unite the two great bodies of men who believe in and worship the same God.

England, at least, may afford now to acknowledge Mahomedanism as something not to be merely combated and destroyed, but to be accepted by her and encouraged—accepted as a fact which for good or evil will exist in the world whether she will or no—encouraged because it has in it possibilities of good which she cannot replace by *any creed* or philosophy of her own. She can do much to help these possibilities, for they depend for the moment on her political action (p. 172.)

An Etymological Dictionary of the English Language. By the Rev. WALTER W. SKEAT, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1882.

IT would be difficult to speak too highly either of the labour and care bestowed on the compilation of this dictionary or of the success of the work. It is a new departure in dictionaries and not merely a *réchauffé* from previous similar works, trying to unite their excellences and involuntarily perpetuating their defects. The success of such an original attempt is not, however, more signal than one would have anticipated from Mr. Skeat's scholarship; he has long been *facile princeps* in his own line, and perhaps the most able editor we have of "English Dialect" and "Early English" literature. His labours, indeed, as an editor have had a large share in gathering together the vast stores now available, and from which alone a truly scientific guide to English Etymology may be compiled. The scholar need only read Mr. Skeat's admirably modest preface to see the difficulties he has had to conquer, and to get some idea of how largely, in most English dictionaries, guesswork, that entirely ignored rules, long usurped the place of anything like scientific investigation of words to their philological source. We are now living in a transition period to sounder and more authentic views on matters of etymology, and this admirable volume is the vanguard of our progress. We are quite sure also, that—to use his own expression of hope with regard to his book—it will "prove of service, not only to students of comparative philology and of early English, but to all who are interested in the origin, history, and development of the noble language which is the common inheritance of all English-speaking peoples;" for the student, indeed, it will be simply indispensable. Besides the Dictionary proper there are most valuable appendices of prefixes, suffixes, list of Aryan roots, list of examples of sound, shifting, &c., with not less valuable "Canons of Etymology," "List of books consulted," and a very useful key to the plan of the work. The volume before us is an excellently printed quarto of some eight hundred pages, but a smaller volume, titled, if we remember, "A Concise Dictionary," has also been prepared by Mr. Skeat himself, and for classes and junior scholars will be found a boon. English students, both young and old, owe the learned author a debt of gratitude.

Ave Maria; or, Catesby's Story. A Story for Children. By Rev. FRANCIS DREW. London: R. Washbourne. 1882.

THIS is the only one we have read of a series of stories called the little books of St. Nicholas. The chief remark that occurs to us after persuing this one is that it is decidedly misleading to call it "a story for children." It is a story of public school life and suited for the younger classes of schools boys—who certainly would not like to be classed as children. Children proper—beings of the nursery and governess' class, the prattling romps at home—would fail to understand it. The author writes with skill and taste, and

would do good service by undertaking some higher work on the same lines. The boy Catesby is well drawn, and his devotion to Our Lady told with much pathos.

The Faiths of the World. A Concise History of the great Religious Systems of the World. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Son. 1882.

THE twelve lectures that compose this volume were delivered in St. Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh, and in the Cathedral Glasgow during the winter of 1881-82. Their purpose is to popularize the study of "comparative theology." Where so many lectures on as many different religions are by various authors, and each lecturer is independent of the others and alone responsible "for the views expressed by himself," it is obviously impossible within a short notice to discuss the views of each, and difficult to judge independent witnesses on any one principle. There need, however, be no hesitation in saying that all the lectures are well written, thoughtful and clear, and generally summarize successfully the present state of knowledge on the great Oriental, the old Egyptian, and other systems. We may say, too, that the general tone is less doctrinal than declamatory—the points of resemblance between the ancient systems and the Christian truth being largely dwelt on, as also the superiority of Christianity as a full response to the needs and longings of the human heart. This is something to be grateful for and to mention here, though we have to regret a general tendency to enlarge and emphasize the points of contact between those erroneous systems and the truth of revelation, and to speak lightly of the grossness and portentous error that everywhere marked them. There is too no hint, that we notice, of a primal revelation to man of which, since the dispersion, all these fragmentary and divergent systems are the decadence and corruption. Principal Caird, in the first lecture on Brahmanism, speaks of those "who shrink from any such notion as that the religious history of the world is the expression of a natural process of development," in a context that seems to hint there is no need to so shrink. Our sentiment about this theory, which is that of a "childhood of religions," is sufficiently emphasized in the article with this heading in our present number. Hence we should not recommend this volume to the readers for whom it is intended: and that not so much for, special statements as for the general *animus*. We are not without some fear lest the constant study of, growing fondness for, and laudation of false religions—going beyond the needs of either student or missionary—is only another manifestation, as it is a result, of indifference to dogmatic teaching. It is not intended to deny all value to comparative study of religions; but these pagan systems may only be called religions improperly; for, to predicate the term univocally would be to put truth and error in the same genus. So, too, pathological anatomy is a useful study for the better knowledge of normal and healthy states; but

the abnormal states are what the surgeon only tolerates before him, and that for the prospect of good.

The last lecture of the series is perhaps intended to rectify the balance of esteem and stultify somewhat admiration for error in the preceding ones. And "Christianity in relation to other Religions," by Professor Flint, is a very excellent lecture—not of course going so far in its assertions as a belief in Catholic theology would have enabled the learned and eloquent writer to do. Still his thesis that "Christianity is in a higher and broader than merely historical manner, the centre of the system of the world's religions"—first, because it alone is the perfect realization of the idea which underlies all religions *i.e.*, communion between a worshipping subject and a worshipped object; and, secondly, because it is the only religion which rests on a complete revelation—is very well worked out.

Extracts from the Civil and Ecclesiastical Laws regarding Marriage in this Country. Burns & Oates.

THIS is a convenient little handbook for the use of lay persons, giving in brief all that it is necessary to observe before marriage. Under the heading, "Forbidden Times," we find it laid down: "If, for special reasons, marriage is to be contracted during these (forbidden) times, leave must be obtained from the Bishop." Surely the author is in error here. We believe such to be the custom in certain dioceses of Germany, but it is only a local custom. We are not aware that it has obtained in England.

Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus. Vol. VII., Part I., &c. By HENRY FOLEY, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

HERE is another thick volume of the now familiar "Records," and still the materials from which Brother Foley, with much zeal and patience, continues to draw are, he tells us, far from exhausted. The present volume is composed of an Historical Introduction, in which is given a complete statistical history of the English Province, together with its colleges and residences at home and abroad. This covers about 170 pages, and is composed of statistics, such as: Notices of Colleges and Houses; Lists of their Superiors; Numbers of Inmates at various periods from the commencement of the English Vice-Province until the suppression of the Society. Among the catalogues inserted are several that give the accounts of temporalities of the Province; these the editor inserts as calculated to be an effectual reply to the "traditional ideas, or, old wives' tales, regarding its fabulous wealth." Among the statistics we find, also, two cipher keys used in correspondence in the year 1696; these are extremely interesting.

This Historical Introduction is followed by what forms the body of the book, a very full "Collectanea," enumerating, in alphabetical order, each member of the English Province, with short biographical

and genealogical notices. These notices doubtless represent incalculable labour on the part of the unwearied author, and they will be found invaluable as *memoirs* for future historians, &c. In this list the real names of members during the days of persecution have been, as far as possible, inserted. The writer acknowledges that it would be difficult to conceive the labour this has entailed, a day being frequently spent in unearthing a single name. But these *aliases* were a necessity in their time if the lives were to be spared of any of those devoted apostles; for, as the writer observes, if, on the one hand, it be matter of wonder to many how religion in England lived through the persecution, on the other, it is a mystery—attributable to God's protection, with their own great prudence—how so many of them escaped the government pursuivants maintained ever on their track, and stimulated to the utmost activity by the enormous pecuniary rewards offered by the Government. One instance he mentions is of Father Ralph Gower, who laboured all his life in Lancashire—in 1724 his address was, "Mr. Gower; to be left at the White Bull, Preston,"—and who has quite recently been discovered to be really Ralph Hornyold, one of the old Catholic family of Blackmore Park, in Worcestershire; he took his mother's name of Gower. This alphabetical list goes in the present volume from A to Q, and is adorned with nineteen photographs of the old portraits of as many priests who were put to death for religion. Opening this list at random, we lit on the martyrdom of Father Francis Page, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered, at Tyburn. It is salutary, if saddening, to read such an account of his last moments as that given by an eye witness. Butchery—in these days of kindness to animals—is altogether a mild term for "quartering," as practised on him and other victims of that seventeenth century persecution. Most of these martyrs suffered at Tyburn, but every part of our land saw their heroic deaths, and was watered with their blood. Ashton still has Father Arrowsmith's hand, who fell at Lancaster. Father Edward Oldcome suffered at Worcester; Father John Ogilvie in distant Glasgow; while Father Philip Evans was martyred at Cardiff. There is still another martyr for South Wales, Father Lewis, or Baker (yet doubtful), a relative of Father Augustine Baker, the writer of "*Sancta Sophia*," who shed his blood for the faith at Usk.

BOOKS OF DEVOTION AND SPIRITUAL READING.

1. *The Truths of Salvation*. By Rev. J. PERGMAYR, S.J. Translated from the German. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1882.
2. *The Works of the Seraphic Father, St. Francis of Assisi*. Translated by a Religious of the Order. London: R. Washbourne. 1882.
3. *A Saint among Saints; a Sketch of the Life of St. Emmelia, Mother of St. Basil the Great*. By S. M. S. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.

4. *Half-Hours with the Saints and Servants of God; including Notes and many Translations.* By CHARLES KENNY. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.
5. *Golden Sands.* Third Series. Translated from the French. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1882.
6. *Saints of 1881; or Sketches of the Lives of St. Clare of Montefalco, St. Laurence of Brindisi, St. Benedict Joseph Labre, and St. John Baptist de Rossi.* By WILLIAM LLOYD, Priest of the Diocese of Westminster. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.
7. *Solid Virtue.* By the Rev. FATHER BELLECIUS, S.J. Translated from the French by a Member of the Ursuline Community, Thurles. With a Preface, by the Most Rev. Dr. CROKE, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly. Second Thousand. London: R. Washbourne. 1882.
8. *The History of the Blessed Virgin Mary.* Translated from the French of the Abbé Orsini. By the Very Rev. T. C. HUSENBETH, D.D., V.G. A New Edition, with Illustrations. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.
9. *The Spirit of St. Francis de Sales.* By MONSEIGNEUR CAMUS, Bishop of Belley. Translated from the French. New Edition, Revised. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.
10. *All for Love; or, from the Manger to the Cross.* By the Rev. JAMES J. MORIARTY, A.M. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.
11. *The Daily Prayer-book.* London: Burns & Oates.
12. *The Office of the Holy Ghost under the Gospel.* London: Burns & Oates.
13. *The Catholic Child's Complete Hymn-book.* London: Burns & Oates.
14. *Verses on Doctrinal and Devotional Subjects.* By the Rev. JAMES CASEY, P.P. Dublin and London: James Duffy & Son. 1882.

1. Father Pergmayr was a Bavarian Jesuit who flourished in the early part of last century. He wrote in German a book of meditation for an eight days' retreat, on the usual plan of the Exercises of St. Ignatius. This translation, which reaches us from the United States, is well done. The work is by the Bishop of Newark, and will doubtless prove useful. The affective prayers which are placed at the end of each meditation are a pleasing feature in the book.

2. This interesting book contains a translation of all the remaining works of St. Francis of Assisi—his letters, the three rules, the short colloquies or conferences which are reported in the history of his life, and his poems. The translator states that the translation has been made from the edition published at Cologne in 1848. We are sure it will be welcomed by English-speaking clients of the

holy Patriarch, and will be a valued memorial of the festival which is celebrated on the 4th of October. The poems are well translated, though they read a good deal more like prose in their English dress than in the original. The "Canticle of the Sun," or more properly the "Song of the Creatures," which is the only undoubted and genuine verse left by St. Francis, and which is one of the most interesting fragments of mediæval literature, is here given in a readable version. We miss, however, the broken and irregular rhythm of the rude and touching Italian vernacular. Moreover, it does not appear that it is right to translate the recurrent "per" as "for"; it surely ought to be "by"—"Praised be Thou, O Lord, by our sister the moon," &c. We are aware that Ozanam has adopted the former rendering, but we must submit that it is not right.

3. What the authoress's idea of a "sketch" is we have no time to stop to inquire; but we may as well say that this elegant little book contains all that is known about St. Emmelia, and a good deal more. It begins thus:—"Spring! It is not much of a word, this little homely knot of five commonplace consonants and one insignificant vowel; yet talk of instantaneous photography," &c. When we get to St. Emmelia herself, we have the following:—"A beautiful young girl stood by a low wall, gazing sadly over the gloomy surface of the Euxine Sea. Around her on either side stretched the dark forests," &c. (p. 10). From these citations it will be seen that this "sketch" is not by any means a dry article for a biographical dictionary. We may add that, allowing for a certain "picturesqueness" of presentment, the book is pleasing and instructive; and the latter part, being taken chiefly from Cardinal Newman's "Church of the Fathers," is authentic and excellent.

4. Mr. Kenny frankly confesses that he has mostly taken the originals of these half-hour readings from Père Houdry's "Bibliothèque"; but not the less is his book a happy idea, well carried out. The notes added by the compiler are very useful, every author who is cited having a brief biographical notice. The book is recommended by the Very Rev. Father Gordon, Superior of the London Oratory, in a short preface.

5. The third series of "Golden Sands" will be found as suggestive and as full of pious thoughts and devices as the former ones. It is a little book that will be found most useful in the work of sanctifying daily life in the world.

6. In a little book of 120 pages we have excellent and devout lives of the four Saints canonized on the 8th of December last year. Father Lloyd has made the sketches of nearly equal length. Doubtless, the purpose of the book—as a memorial of the Canonization—has suggested this idea; but of the four servants of God, one affords materials so much more interesting than the others, that some readers will regret that more space was not devoted to St. Benedict Joseph. The "Lives" have been carefully put together, and the writer has evidently gone to good and original sources. It would have added to their value to have mentioned where the bodies or relics of those servants of God are preserved at the present time.

And there are one or two statements which are curious, and which we should like to see further illustrated; for instance, that the theological system of St. Laurence of Brindisi was "adopted later by Thomassinus of the Oratory, and Petavius the Jesuit" (p. 30).

7. We noticed the first edition of this well-executed translation of Bellecious's admirable treatise in our number of July, 1880 (p. 241). We need here only extend to the second edition the welcome we then gave to the first, and express also our pleasure to see that it must have been well received to render a reprint of it so soon necessary. The print, paper, and get-up of this edition are excellent. We trust a third thousand will soon be required; it is a treatise that will prove valuable not only to religious but equally to the clergy and the laity. There is only one test of a spiritual book like this—the test of experience, gained by reading and re-reading it, meditating on it, trying as occasion serves to carry out its precepts, and finding in its pages in the hour of need the golden counsel that brings resignation, content, or peace. And we feel confident that others may find this "Solid Virtue" to be what we have long felt it to be—even such a friend as this.

8. Many years ago Provost Husenbeth's translation made its first appearance—a large volume containing, besides the "History" which is here reproduced, a "History of Devotion to the Blessed Virgin," through the different epochs of the Church's history, "Meditations on the Litany," of Loretto, and "Poems on the Litany" translated by the same hand from the German of the Countess Hahn-Hahn. It was a large and beautifully illustrated, but bulky and heavy, book. The most popular part of it, the "Life of our Lady," is brought out in this edition, in a much smaller and very handy volume, also illustrated. Orsini's "Life of Our Lady" is written in a very poetical style; while as to its matter,—it is now too well and widely known to call for analysis or criticism here.

9. In our article on the works of St. Francis de Sales, last quarter, mention is made of the famous "Spirit" of the Bishop of Belley, as being the only record we have of not a few of the Saint's ways, principles and sayings. A good Catholic translation we said was needed. The present edition is a revision of a fairly good but not first-rate translation. The flavour of other idioms than ours is too strong betimes, and a certain cultivated choice of language observable in the otherwise inferior Anglican edition, is here a desideratum. Still the reading of it is sufficiently pleasant and can scarcely fail to be profitable. Who can take up this volume of short sections—reflections and anecdotes—depicting every phase and manifestation of the Saint's inner life and charming spirit, without finding something appropriate and striking? It is a winning form of spiritual reading—a short lecture at a time, bearing a pointed and sweetly persuasive lesson, or starting a train of serious thought. The volume is to find favour with even those who dread the run of spiritual books as dry or severe.

10. A series of seven studies, half sermon, half meditation, on the love of the Incarnate Word for man. The writer disclaims all

desire to imitate learned treatises. The majority of readers, he rightly remarks, do not relish very deep or learned treatises on the life and example of Our Lord. He has aimed rather at bringing home a few truths in "clear, simple, and reverent language"—and, we may add, he writes in a clear, dignified style. Controversy, we are pleased to say, is absent from his pages, and the treatment of subjects is devotional rather than doctrinal. The author has produced a pleasing volume, food for devout minds. "A Voice from the Manger" and "Love's Banquet" (this last on the Holy Eucharist) are especially good.

11. Exactly what its name imports—a small book of such prayers as will be daily needed. It is the sort of Prayer-book to buy for boys or young men whose time for devotional exercises is, for one reason or other, limited; the prayers are short. The type is fairly large and quite clear, and yet the book is neither large nor bulky, whilst it contains morning and night prayers, devotion for Mass, for confession and communion, the chief Litanies, &c.

12. This tiny book contains a concise statement from the pen of Cardinal Manning of the office of the Holy Ghost in the new dispensation, briefly but clearly stated in a few pages. Bound up with it is "The Divine Interpreter of Holy Scripture," a sermon preached by His Eminence at Hereford.

13. The advantages of this issue are that it contains all the hymns in popular use, and that it costs only a penny. The drawback is that the type is extremely small and—but our eyes are no longer young—difficult to read.

14. We may becomingly end our notices and our number with verse. Father Casey can apparently write verses on any subject. The greater portion of those in the volume before us are devotional. One on "Gladstone and the Vatican Decrees" is doctrinal, as is perhaps another on "Professor Tyndall and Materialism;" but following these we have a series of temperance lays, with such exhilarating titles as "Bacchus Dethroned," "Tippler Machree," "The Toper and his Bottle," "Jubilee Ode," &c.; "Education an Extract" and "Sligo Cathedral Bells" are not easily brought under a heading; but a piece titled "Boycotting" is not, as might be imagined, "on the debateable border-land," being, in fact, an invitation to boycott drink. The religious pieces, with which is our present concern, are chiefly lyrical, and were, we understand, written with the view of their being sung by school children. The author does not pretend to any high inspiration or flights of poetic genius, and will probably be quite content that we should say of his verses that, whilst they flow on smoothly and rhyme correctly, they have at least one charm—a natural and warm glow of pervading piety.

INDEX.

- ACHARYA, Madhava. The Sarva-Darsana-Sangraha, translated, *noticed*, 243.
- Africa, Decline of Christianity in North, 128; revival of Religion in, 129; actual missions in, 131; stations in oases of, 143; people, &c., of R'damès in, 144; the Kabyles, 152; Christian archæology in, 156.
- "Agnostic Poetry, The Vices of," 104; the Pantheism of, 105; hopelessness of, 107; redundant imagery of, 110; paganism of, 112; impiety of, 117; anti-Catholic spirit of, 112; contrasted with Christian poetry and hymns, 123.
- Algeria, The Church in, 131; projected inland sea in, 134; Christian traditions among tribes of, 136.
- Allies, T. W., Church and State, *noticed*, 469.
- Alzog's Church History, vol. iv., translated, *noticed*, 247.
- Anslem, St., as drawn in Mr. Freeman's William Rufus, 161; 170.
- Apostolic Woman, An, *noticed*, 475.
- Auerbach, Berthold, 354; birth and childhood of, *ib.*; Suabian dialect of, 358; travels of, 360; his "Dorfgeschichten" critized: "Barfüssele," 362; "Edelweiss," 364; and other stories, 365; his "Waldfried" and the "Année Terrible," 367; his "Auf der Höhe," an apology for Spin-
oza, *ib.*; last years and death of, 369; his place among recent German writers, 371.
- BARDENHEWER, Otto, Die pseudo-aristotelische Liber de Causis, *noticed*, 466.
- Barry, Rev. W., on "Berthold Auerbach," 354.
- Bellecius, Father, Solid Virtue, translated, *noticed*, 523.
- Bellesheim, A., Notices by, 213, 441, 466, 468.
- Blunt, Wilfrid Scawen, The Future of Islam, *noticed*, 516.
- Bougaud's Argument for the Divinity of Jesus Christ, translated, *noticed*, 506.
- Books of Devotion and Spiritual Reading, *noticed*, 517.
- Bourke, Rev. Ulick J., Life of John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, *noticed*, 503.
- Buddhism, in the series of "Sacred Books of the East," 18; and the growth of religions, 347 *seq.*
- Bute, Marquess of, The Altus of Columba, *noticed*, 510.
- VOL. VIII.—NO. II. [*Third Series.*]

- CABALLERO, Fernan, national pictures from the Spanish of, *noticed*, 504.
 Camus, Mgr., Spirit of St. Francis de Sales, *noticed*, 523.
 Capecelatro's Life of St. Philip Neri, F. Pope's translation, *noticed*, 467.
 Casey, Rev. James, Verses, *noticed*, 524.
 "Catholic Memories of an old English City," 417.
 Catholic and other religions, statistics of, 2.
 "Catholicism in North Africa," 127; in the North of England, 417.
 "Childhood of Religions, The," 331.
 China, Native Faiths of, 5.
 Clerke, E. M., The Flying Dutchman, *noticed*, 252; on "Alessandro Manzoni and his Works," 273.
 Clodd, E., his Childhood of World and of Religion criticized, 331 *seq.*; his books mischievous, 331; his errors in regard of religion, 338; his theory refuted by history of Jews, Romans, Indians, &c., 343; his mistakes as to Christian doctrine, 353.
 Conductors, New Electric, 42.
 Confucianism, 5.
 "Corea, The," 373; a forbidden land, 374; Government and people of, 375; first Christians and martyrs in, 377; persecutions of Christians, 381; first Corean priest a martyr, 482; change of dynasty in 1864, and hopes of toleration, 383; more martyrs, 384, 386; recent confessors and their prison life, 389; a recent probable change of policy, 391; present state and prospects of religion, 395.
 Cox, Rev. G. B., Matriculation English Papers, *noticed*, 460.
 Cuthbert, Saint, Story of, and the foundation of, Durham, 418.
- DAILY Prayer Book, The, *noticed*, 524.
 Davidson, Thomas, The Parthenon Frieze, *noticed*, 509.
 Days of the Week, Nomenclature of, in Latin, 59; in the Greek Church, 63; in the Slavonic language, 64; in the Teutonic dialects, 65; in Basque, *ib.*; in Irish, 66; comparative table of, in various tongues, 68 *seq.*
 Debrett's Peerage, *noticed*, 254.
 Decès, J. B. L., Science et Vérité, *noticed*, 241.
 Drew, Rev. Francis, Ave Maria, *noticed*, 517.
 Duffy, Sir C. Gavan, Histoire d'Irlande, translated, *noticed*, 242.
 Durham Cathedral built, 419; historical memories of town of, 422; fidelity of people to old faith, 424; part enacted by in rising of 1569, 426 *seq.*; execution of priests near and in, 431.
- EARLE, John Charles, on "The Vices of Agnostic Poetry," 104.
 "East, The Sacred Books of the," 1.
 "Electric Lighting," 33; Paris Exhibition of apparatus for, 35; the "arc" and "incandescent" methods of, 44; practical uses of, 49; question of cost of, 55.
 Electricity, important recent development of, 33 *seq.*; new methods of generating, 37; new methods of conducting, 42; new "arc" lamps, 44; new "incandescent" lamps, 46; methods of storing, 51; the "Faure" and other "accumulators" described, 53.

Emmelia, St., Life of, *noticed*, 520.

Eucalyptus, The, and Roman malaria, 209.

Extracts from Civil and Ecclesiastical Laws regarding marriage, *noticed*, 519.

FAITHS of the World, The, *noticed*, 518.

Foley, H., Records of the English Province S.J., *noticed*, 519.

Fournier, P., La Question Agraire en Irlande, *noticed*, 242.

Francis de Sales, St., Eminent doctrine of, 74; Leigh Hunt's testimony to, 76; estimate of various biographies of, 77; training of, by his mother, 79; college life of, 81; extent of the writings of, 83; the "Controversies" of, analysed, 84; preaching powers of, 92; doctrinal works of, 94; "Letters" of, 96; "Introduction to Devout Life" of, 99; lesser treatises of, 103.

Francis of Assisi, St., Works of, *noticed*, 522.

Freeman, Mr., "William Rufus," 158; faults of style, &c., of, 159 *seq.*; serious faults as an historian, 168; his charges against St. Anselm, 170, *seq.*; errors as to investiture, 176; he makes St. Anselm appear as an "Anglican," 179.

GENERATORS, New Electric, described, 38.

Golden Sands, translated, *noticed*, 522.

Guthberlet, Dr. C., Lehrbuch der Philosophie, *noticed*, 433.

HALL, Rev. F., Fasting Reception of the B. Sacrament, *noticed*, 251.

Hatch, Edwin, Organization of Early Christian Church, *noticed*, 511.

Heine, H., Religion and Philosophy in Germany, translated, *noticed*, 259.

Hinduism, Study of, in Sacred Books of the East, 14.

History of England Reader, No. iii., *noticed*, 249.

Holmes-Forbes, W., The Science of Beauty, *noticed*, 240.

Hymn-Book, Catholic Child's Complete, *noticed*, 524.

"IRELAND," 182; origin of present troubles in, 187; legislative independence of, 189; Prevention of Crime Bill for, 190; evictions, continuance of, in, 191; dangers for, 196; "Land Corporation," 199; the "Resurrection of," 302; Mr. Lecky on, 304; state of, before George III., 305; change in condition of, 309; effects of Continental revolutions on, 312; abatement of bigotry in, 318; amelioration of commercial and civil codes, 312; the "Volunteer" Movement, 323; emancipatory measures for, 326; religious disabilities of, dealt with, 328.

Irish Episcopate, Joint Letter of, 183; significance of letter of, 185.

Islamism, and the "Sacred Books of the East," 27; place of, in theory of growth of religions, 350.

JERVIS, W. Henley, Gallican Church and the Revolution, *noticed*, 244.

KEATS's paganism the germ of Agnostic, 115.

Kenny, Charles, Half-hours with the Saints, *noticed*, 522.

- Kershaw, Frances J. M., Bobbie and Birdie, *noticed*, 473.
 Kettlewell, Rev. S., Thomas-à-Kempis, *noticed*, 235.
 Khabye and Touareg tribes and their Christianity, 137.
 Kleutgen, Father, Institutiones Theologicæ, *noticed*, 232.
 Knabenbauer, J., Erklärung des Propheten Isaias, *noticed*, 233.
- LAVIGERIE, Mgr., Elevation of, to the purple, 127.
 Lear, H. L. Sydney, Henri Dominique Lacordaire, *noticed*, 502.
 Lecky, Mr., on the state of Ireland, 302 *seq.*
 Lee, Rev. F. G., Reginald Barentyne, *noticed*, 263.
 Leo XIII., Letter of, to Bishops of Sicily, 201; on Reform of Order of St. Basil in Galicia, 204; to Bishops of Ireland, 434, translation, 436.
 Lilly, W. S., on "The Sacred Books of the East," 1; on "The Resurrection of Ireland," 302; notice by, 491.
 Lloyd, Rev. W., Saints of 1851, *noticed*, 522.
- McCALLAN, Rev. J. A., Sanctuary Boys' Illustrated Manual, *noticed*, 501.
 Mallock, W. H., Social Equality, *noticed*, 493.
 Malone, Rev. Sylvester, on "The Nomenclature of the Days of the Week," 56 *seq.*
 Manning, Cardinal, on "William George Ward," 265.
 Manzoni, A., and his Works, 273; unique place of, in Italian literature, 274; life of, 275; first verses, 278; marriage and re-conversion, 280; writes "I promessi sposi," 283; death and character of, 287; his three great works criticized, 289; he created a new Italian prose, 298; effect of his writings, 302.
 Maskell, W., Ancient Liturgy of the Church of England, *noticed*, 255; Monumenta Ritualia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ, *noticed*, *ib.*
 Meredith, M. A., Theotokos, *noticed*, 251.
 Mohammed, Character of, 28.
 Moigno, L'Abbé, Les Splendeurs de la Foi, *noticed*, 479.
 Moriarty, Rev. James J., All for Love, *noticed*, 523.
 Morocco, Missions in, 131.
 Mozley, Rev. T., Reminiscences, *noticed*, 505.
- NATURAL Religion, *noticed*, 491.
 Nilles, Father N., Kalendarium Utriusque Ecclesiæ, tom. ii., *noticed*, 234.
 "Nomenclature of the Days of the Week, The," 56.
- OFFICE of the Holy Ghost under the Gospel, *noticed*, 524.
 Orsini's Life of the Blessed Virgin, translated, *noticed*, 523.
 Our Little Ones, *noticed*, 474.
- PARSIS, The Religion of the, 8.
 Pennell, H., Agnes Wilmott's History, *noticed*, 262.
 Pergmayr, Father, Truths of Salvation, *noticed*, 520.
 Periodicals, *noticed*: French, 221, 449; German, 213, 441; Italian, 217, 444.

Persia, Ancient Religion of, 8.

Pimont, L'Abbé S. G., Hymnes du Bréviaire Romain, *noticed*, 225.

"Poetry, The Vices of Agnostic," 104.

Poets, Necessity of Christianity to Great, 125.

Preston, Mgr., Protestantism and the Church, *noticed*, 515.

Prevention of Crime Bill, 190; analysis of, 195.

RALSTON, L., Tibetan Tales in English, *noticed*, 243.

Religions of the world, 2; question of the origin of, 332; difficulties of studying origin of, 334; Mr. Clodd's theory of origin of, 337; historical proof against, 343.

Remote Antiquity of Man not proven, *noticed*, 477.

"Revolution, Taine's French," 397.

Rogers, J. Guinness, Church Systems of Nineteenth Century, *noticed*, 241.

Romanes, G. J., Animal Intelligence, *noticed*, 476.

Rousseau, Apostle of French Revolution, 404.

Ryder, Father, Poems, *noticed*, 508.

SAINT among Saints, A, *noticed*, 522.

Science Notices: A new antiseptic process, 209; Eucalyptus and Roman malaria, *ib.*; Dr. Siemens on Solar Energy, 211; photography of rapid motions, 212; British Association, 438; Channel Tunnel, 439; the Canada meeting, *ib.*; the lunar atmosphere, 440.

Seton, Mgr., Essays, *noticed*, 507.

Shelley's Paganism a Germ of Agnostic, 113.

Simcox, W. H., The Beginnings of the Christian Church, *noticed*, 511.

Skeat, Rev. W. W., Etymological Dictionary, *noticed*, 517.

Speaker's Commentary N.T., vol. iv., *noticed*, 260.

"TAINE'S French Revolution," 397; impartiality of, 399; on causes of revolution: the *ancien régime*, 400; the *Noblesse*, 402; Rousseau, 404; on the taxation and education of the people, 406; destructive character of the Revolution, 408; state of religion before, 411; attachment of people to religion, 415.

Taunton, M. T., My Lady at Last, *noticed*, 262.

Tiele, Dr. C. P., History of Egyptian Religion, translated, *noticed*, 513.

Tripoli a base of missionary operations, 142.

ULLATHORNE, Bishop, The Groundwork of Christian Virtues, *noticed*, 454.

VERE, Aubrey de, The Foray of Queen Meave, *noticed*, 461.

Volckxson, E. W. V., Catechism of Chemistry, *noticed*, 460.

WARD, Dr. W. G., 265; connection with DUBLIN REVIEW, 266 *seq.*

Webster, Rev. Wentworth, Spain, *noticed*, 490.

"Week, Nomenclature of the Days of the," 56.

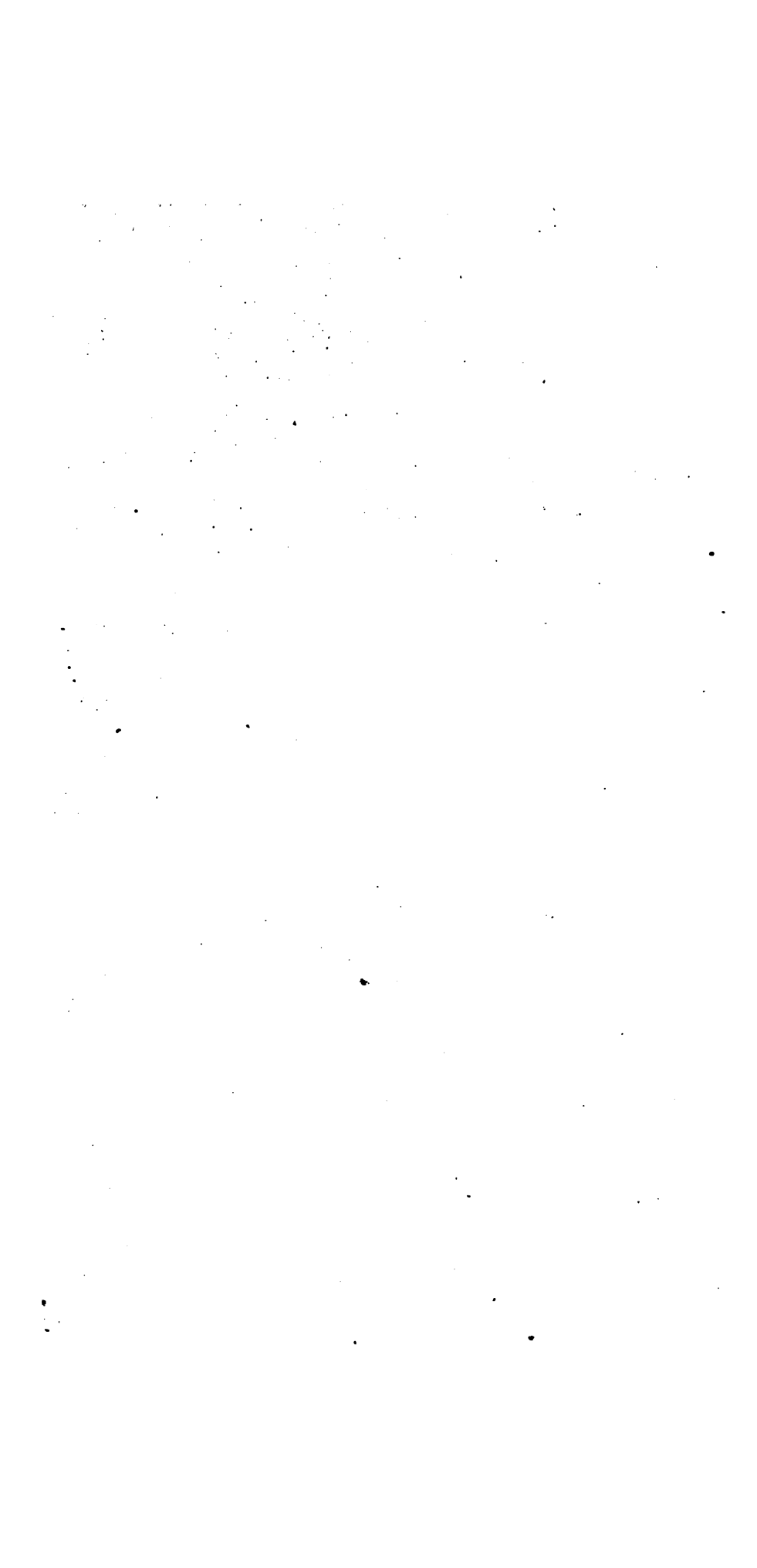
Westcott and Horts, New Testament, *noticed*, 229.
Wetzer and Welte's Kirchenlexicon, new edition, *noticed*, 468
Wilberforce, Father, Life of St. Lewis Bertrand, *noticed*, 482.
William Rufus, Mr. Freeman's, 158.

YAUZHUL, J., Angliiskaya Svobodnaya torgcvlya, *noticed*, 459
Young, C. A., The Sun, *noticed*, 253.
Youth's Cabinet, *noticed*, 474.

ZEND-AVESTA, The Study of in Europe, 9.
Zoroaster's age and doctrine, 11.

END OF VOL. VIII.









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